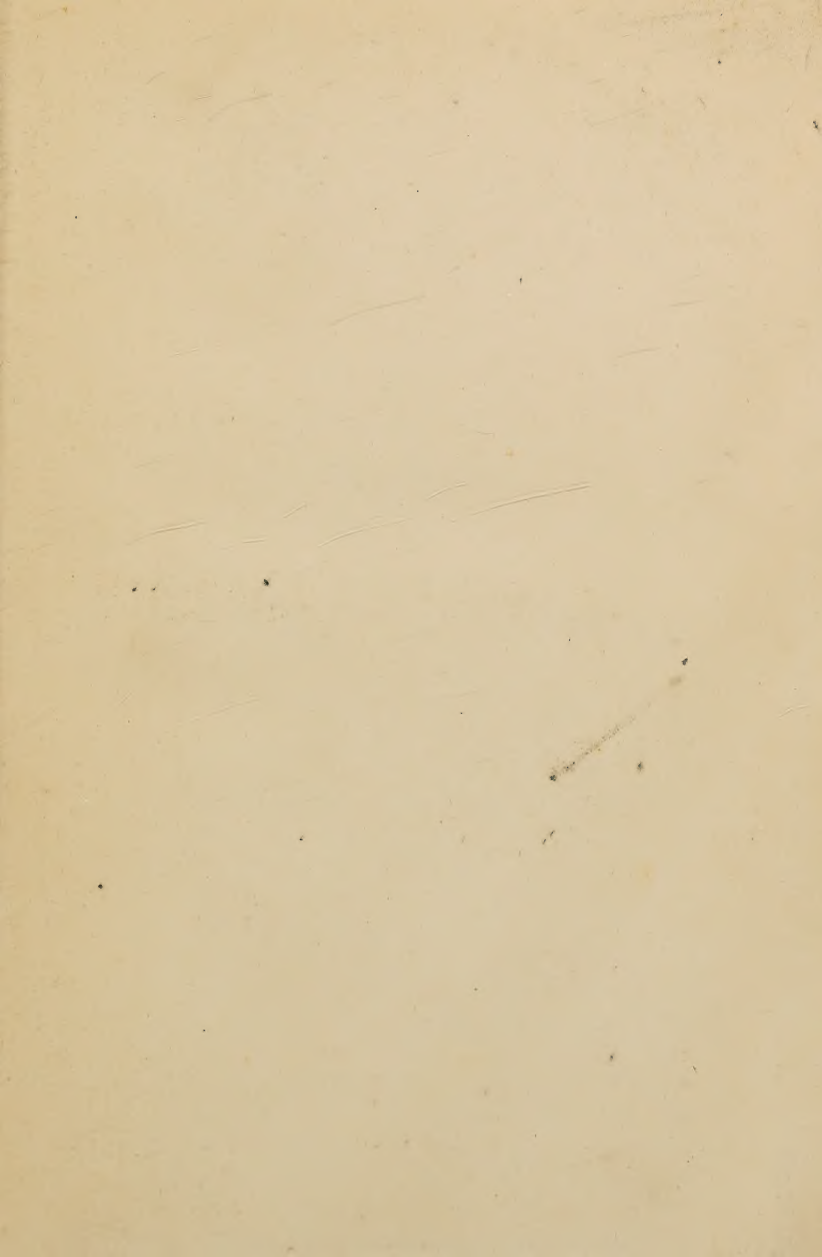


Geo. White



POEMS OF
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

INCLUDING
EVANGELINE
THE SONG OF HIAWATHA
THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH
AND
TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND
EXPLANATORY NOTES
By HENRY KETCHAM

A. L. BURT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
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LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND NOTES.

BY

HENRY KETCHAM.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

ONLY the circumstance that Longfellow lived after Irving instead of before him prevented his becoming, in at least one sense, the *first* American man of letters. Irving, who was the first to win a transatlantic reputation, was essentially a man of letters; Hawthorne had much of the poet in his intellectual character, though he wrote only in prose; Longfellow was distinctly a poet, a fact that is plainly discernible in "*Hyperion*" and "*Outre-Mer*," as well as in "*Evangeline*" and "*Hiawatha*." In him the reputation established by Irving and sustained by Hawthorne suffered no dimming. There is no one American author whose genius towers conspicuously above all others, but Longfellow, by the nobility of his thought and the perfection of his form, whether he wrote in verse or in prose, easily holds a place among the greatest. One of his characteristics is poetic maturity. Any collection of his best poems would include something that was written in his teens and something that was written after he was seventy years old. There was certainly growth in his boyhood and youth, but there were no evidences of decay in his old age. His early work was mature but not precocious, and his later work is simple but not childish.

Like most people, especially those of talent or genius, his work and his interest in it were not absolutely even, but were subject to a tidal ebb and flow. Thus we find him at the age of twenty-two writing from Germany, "*My poetic career is finished*." He was mistaken. He was born a poet and such he remained to his last year. Again when he was about forty-five years of age, he feared he would write no more poetry. But he was soon at work with new subjects, treating them with undiminished grace. To his native talent he added habits of industry, regularity of life and of work, patience in revision:

and the result is a large collection of poems every line of which reflects credit on the author.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, Feb. 27, 1807. He was a descendant of William Longfellow of Hampshire, England, who emigrated to this country and settled in Newbury, Mass., in 1676. On his mother's side he was a lineal descendant of John Alden and Priscilla, of Mayflower fame, and whom he charmingly celebrated in his poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." His father, a lawyer, was a graduate of Harvard and an intimate friend of Channing, and his mother was a daughter of Gen. Peleg Wadsworth. Thus Henry was not only entitled to an "aristocracy of brains," but his childhood was passed amid influences of the finest intellectual and social culture. His first lines, written at the age of thirteen, he had the pleasure of seeing in print in a local paper, and the anguish of hearing severely criticised. During his college life he published some poems, and it is in keeping with his character that his first receipts were invested in the complete works of Chatterton.

At the age of fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, from which he was graduated in 1825. Hawthorne was a classmate, and though the two were not intimate in college, yet they became fast friends in after-life, when both had successfully entered the field of literature. The basis of their friendship seems to have been the mutual and generous appreciation of the literary triumphs of each, and this friendship continued until the death of Hawthorne in 1864, and was placed in permanent remembrance by Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Hawthorne." This friendship is deserving of mention, not merely because of the striking talent of the two men, but specifically because the theme of "Evangeline" was first given to Hawthorne and he generously passed it over to his friend, believing that the latter would be able to give it a more perfect treatment.

After graduation he began the study of the law, not because he was satisfied with that, but because it was the least unsatisfactory within his reach at that time. Soon the trustees of Bowdoin made him an informal offer of the Professorship of

Modern Languages. He at once went to Europe to fit himself for these duties. More than three years he devoted to close study in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, and England. After a term of successful, not to say eminent, service in his *alma mater* he was, in 1835, elected Professor of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College.

This was the occasion of a second trip to Europe, when he spent his time mostly in Denmark and Sweden, Holland and Germany, Switzerland and the Tyrol. It was at this time that his wife, whom he had married four years previously, died in Rotterdam. Her memory he later enshrined in "Footsteps of Angels:"

"The Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven."

In 1837 Longfellow took up his residence in Cambridge, living, first as lodger and afterwards as owner, in the historic "Craigie House," celebrated as the residence of George Washington and later as that of various eminent and scholarly men. In this house he passed nearly a half-century, and for more than a generation it has been inseparably associated with his name. In 1842 he married Miss Frances Appleton, whose father purchased for him the house and the neighboring grounds. After nine years of married life she died a tragic death. Her light summer clothing accidentally caught fire and she was burned, dying from the burns and the shock. Eighteen years later he wrote "The Cross of Snow," but showed the lines to no one,—they were found in his portfolio after his death:

"Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died."

This leads to the remark that not a few of his poems are in a sense autobiographical,—at least they grew directly out of his own experience. Among this number may be mentioned: "To the River Charles," "The Children's Hour," "Resignation,"

“The Open Window.” This list might be lengthened indefinitely. The exquisite poem, “The Two Angels,” was written upon the birth of his daughter and the death of the wife of James Russell Lowell.

In 1854, after holding his professorship in Harvard for nearly twenty years, he resigned to give his entire time to literary production. The duties of his professorship were not light, and to these he had added the labors of authorship, so that for some years his labors were irksome and he surely earned the luxury of literary leisure. The succeeding years, however, show that he was not idle, for much of his work and some of his best work, including “Hiawatha,” “Evangeline,” and “Tales of a Wayside Inn,” were the fruit of his “leisure.”

Though he was never a man of wealth, he was at all times possessed of a competency, so that he never suffered from poverty nor was he driven to uncongenial work. His success was continuous, so that he was always able to gratify his taste for art, music, the drama, travel, and chiefly for “the divine art of hospitality,” which he so generously and gracefully dispensed. From the middle of his life to its close his Craigie House was the Mecca of a continually increasing stream of pilgrims, including all sorts and conditions of men, from the learned to the mere sight-seer, coming from both continents, to do him honor. Thus he spent his last years in receiving homage and dispensing truth, beauty, and goodness until his death, March 24, 1882.

One element of his poetry which is evident to even the most cursory reader is the tone of deep religious emotion which pervades it all. So early as his inaugural at Bowdoin he said: “It is this *religious* feeling,—this changing of the finite for the infinite, this constant grasping after the invisible things of another and a higher world,—which makes the spirit of modern literature.” Towards this ideal he steadily worked through a long and active life. To those poems which merely breathe the spirit of Christian piety may be added a large number which are religious in form. A volume of considerable size could be culled under some such title as “Poems of Sorrow and Comfort,” Special mention may be made of those which touch the subject of

death, including "The Reaper and the Flowers," "Two Angels," "Resignation," "Auf Wiedersehen," and a host of others not less devout.

The reader observes also the absence of the wit and humor which is almost universal in poets. While Longfellow was always cheerful, he was never droll.

It is to be noted that his lyrics are genuine *lyrics*,—that is to say, they can be sung. Many of them have been set to music and have been cordially received both in parlors and in concerts. Among these may be mentioned "The Day is Done," "The Arrow and the Song," "Daybreak," "The Bridge," "Good-night, Beloved," and "Stars of a Summer Night."

To the present writer it seems as if Longfellow will hold a permanent place in literature. Hawthorne, who was surely a good judge, wrote: "I read your poems over and over, and over again, and continue to read them at all my leisure hours; and they grow upon me at every re-perusal."

The perspicacity of his style is by some considered a fault and by others a virtue. His meaning is expressed with absolute clearness. There is no more doubt as to what he intended to say than there is of the Ten Commandments or the Beatitudes. His meaning is so plain that the reader misses the intellectual gymnastics required to discover the poet's thought. The poet does all the work, leaving none for the reader. If this be a fault, it is shared by Wordsworth, Byron, and Burns.

It is not easy to classify Longfellow's poetry, including, as it does, so wide a range of subject and of treatment. There are dramas, lyrics, narratives, and, not least, translations. His subjects are drawn from France, Spain, Scandinavia, Italy, and the Great West. All these widely different subjects are, with astonishing equality, treated delicately, beautifully, and with refinement. He exhibits "a soul clothed with human affections and divine aspirations." He was a good, pure, true man, and he gave the best that was in him.

Where all is wrought out with so much care, it is not easy to name his best poem, or to give a list of what may be called his best poems, for there are dozens of them any one of which

would cause his name long to be held in loving remembrance, had he written no other. But the one which will always be very closely linked to his fame is "Evangeline." The outline of this poem is the separation of two lovers and the long search of the heroine for her betrothed. The lovers have grown up from childhood in their simple, unaffected, affectionate life in Acadia until the deportation by the British, when they are separated. Evangeline starts on a pilgrimage of search for Gabriel which takes her through the South and the West. At last in old age, she finds him dying in a hospital in Philadelphia and ministers to him in his last hours. The pathetic story is narrated with profound sympathy, and the descriptions of natural scenery which are frequently introduced are beautiful in the last degree. The poem cannot be criticised, it can only be admired. Emerson confessed to a tear on reading it. Dr. S. G. Howe wrote to the author: "You feed five times five thousand souls with spiritual food which makes them forever better and stronger. . . . I can [but] admire the instructive story, the sublime moral, the true poetry, which it contains. Patience, forbearance, long-suffering, love, faith,—these are the things which 'Evangeline' teaches." Hawthorne wrote: "I have read 'Evangeline' with more pleasure than it would be decorous to express."

The verse chosen is hexameter. At that time it was a dictum of critics that that measure, while perfect for Greek and Latin, was unsuitable for the English language. Longfellow chose the form deliberately and never doubted the wisdom of it. With very few exceptions the critics agreed with him—in this particular case. Lowell's judgment, both of the verse and the thought, will doubtless be final:

"Tis truth that I speak,
Had Theocritus written in English, not Greek,
I believe that his exquisite sense would scarce change a line
In that rare, tender, virgin-like pastoral, Evangeline.
That's not ancient nor modern, its place is apart,
Where time has no sway, in the realm of pure Art.
'Tis a shrine of retreat from Earth's hubbub and strife,
As quiet and chaste as the author's own life."

Pressing close to "Evangeline" in popularity, at least, is the "Song of Hiawatha." This embodies certain legends of the Indian race. It is not a copy of Indian life, it is an idealization of the best of that race which is so rapidly disappearing. From a note by the author we learn that the foundation of this epic is the tradition of Hiawatha, a person of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. Into this tradition the author wove other curious legends. The scene of the poem is on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable. The narrative is fascinating, and the fidelity with which it portrays the mythology and customs of the people with whom it deals is fully attested by Mr. Schoolcraft, who is the standard authority on the subject.

The "Tales of a Wayside Inn" is a series of narrative poems supposed to be told by a company of men who met at the old Sudbury Inn, the tales being introduced by a prelude and connected by interludes.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" is a picture of Puritan days, not less fascinating than the cadences of "Hiawatha." The story of the love of John Alden, and the beautiful Priscilla is told with every grace of poetry, but not sacrificing fidelity to truth.

"The Building of the Ship," modelled after Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," is charming in its conception and perfect in its details. It leads up to the climax, which is a clarion ring of patriotism :

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State,
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!"

The dramas, including "The Spanish Student," "Michael Angelo," and a trilogy, "Christus," fill the greatest bulk of any one class of Longfellow's poems, but they are not his greatest works in any other sense. They are dramatic in form and in name, but not in fact, because, while they are good poetry they are lacking in the action which is essential to the drama.

His translations are noteworthy. Not to mention the large number of brief poems, the translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy" is a monumental work, quite enough in itself to establish the reputation of one scholar and poet.

During the closing years of his life, after nearly all of his intimate friends had died, he felt the loneliness of his situation,—despite the unparalleled and affectionate honors which he continually received,—and this fact is made apparent in his verse. At the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation he returned to Bowdoin College as poet. His subject, *Morituri Salutamus*, was taken from the words of the gladiator who, upon entering the arena, made his obeisance to the emperor in the words, "O Cæsar, we who are about to die salute thee." In a different spirit, but in the same words, the poet, nearly seventy years of age, saluted the college, the scenes of his youth, the instructors, the younger generation of scholars.

The last collection of his poems bore the significant title of "Ultima Thule," suggesting the last resting-place of land before the ocean of eternity. However, it was in him to work and he could not rest in idleness. His very last verses were still more prophetic. These were "The Bells of San Blas," and ended with the following lines :

"Out of the shadow of night
The world moves into light ;
It is daybreak everywhere !"

Longfellow was a noble type of the cultivated scholar, the polished gentleman, the sterling patriot, and the generous host. As was fitting, the honors which came to him through a long life accumulated during his last years. His books found a place, not only in the libraries of scholars, but equally in the homes of the common people. For many years there was a stream of pilgrims to Craigie House, including both famous and plain people, not only Americans, but also Europeans. Among the latter his biographer mentions the following names : Hughes, Froude, Trollope, Wilkie Collins, William Black, Kingsley, Professor Bonamy Price, Dr. Plumptre, Dean Stanley, Lord

Houghton, Lord and Lady Dufferin, the Duke of Argyll, Coquerel, Salvini, Christine Nilsson, and Madame Titjens. To these may be added Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil. When he was last in England he was honored by Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and Gladstone,—which meant the entire English people. He was decorated by both the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

But an honor which was certainly not less than that of royalty and the universities was found in the devotion of the school children of the neighborhood: When “the spreading chestnut-tree,” under which the village smithy stood, was cut down, seven hundred children contributed their dimes to have a library chair made from this for the poet. The chair was placed in his library on his seventy-second birthday. After this large numbers of public schools, not only in New England, but equally in distant parts of the land, began the practice of celebrating his birthday by reciting selections from his poems, and by biographical essays. The zest with which the children carried out these plans everywhere attested the sincerity of their homage.

The highest honor England confers on her illustrious dead is a memorial in Westminster Abbey. This honor had been extended across the sea to Longfellow, to whom a memorial bust was placed in the famous Poets’ Corner. His life was passed without a stain, and his verse is without a flaw. “He wrote no line which dying he would wish to blot, or which living he might not justly be proud of.”

HENRY KETCHAM.

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VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

1839.

PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were
green,

And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs
between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground ;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound ;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that
brings
The feelings of a dream,—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea ;

Dreams that the soul of youth en-
gage
Ere Fancy has been quelled ;

Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old
themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny
gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which
brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their
wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and
mild ;
It was a sound of joy !
They were my playmates when a
child,
And rocked me in their arms so
wild !
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
“ Come, be a child once more ! ”
And waved their long arms to and
fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;
O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar ;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,

Solemn and silent everywhere !
 Nature with folded hands seemed
 there,
 Kneeling at her evening prayer !
 Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
 Of tall and sombrous pines ;
 Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
 And, where the sunshine darted
 through,
 Spread a vapor soft and blue,
 In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
 Like a fast-falling shower,
 The dreams of youth came back
 again ;
 Low lisps of the summer rain,
 Dropping on the ripened grain,
 As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! Stay, O stay !
 Ye were so sweet and wild !
 And distant voices seemed to say :—
 “It cannot be ! They pass away !
 Other themes demand thy lay ;
 Thou art no more a child !

“The land of Song within thee lies,
 Watered by living springs ;
 The lids of Fancy’s sleepless eyes
 Are gates unto that Paradise,
 Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
 Its clouds are angels’ wings.

“Learn, that henceforth thy song
 shall be,
 Not mountains capped with snow,
 Nor forests sounding like the sea,
 Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
 Where the woodlands bend to see
 The bending heavens below.

“There is a forest where the din
 Of iron branches sounds !
 A mighty river roars between,
 And whosoever looks therein,
 Sees the heavens all black with sin.—
 Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

“Athwart the swinging branches
 cast,
 Soft rays of sunshine pour ;

Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;
 Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall
 fast ;
 Pallid lips say, ‘It is past !
 We can return no more !’

“Look, then, into thine heart, and
 write !
 Yes, into Life’s deep stream !
 All forms of sorrow and delight,
 All solemn Voices of the Night,
 That can soothe thee, or affright,—
 Be these henceforth thy theme.”

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Ἀσπασίη, τριλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the
 Night
 Sweep through her marble halls !
 I saw hersable skirts all fringed with
 light
 From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of
 might,
 Stoop o’er me from above ;
 The calm, majestic presence of the
 Night,
 As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and de-
 light,
 The manifold, soft chimes,
 That fill the haunted chambers of the
 Night,
 Like some old poet’s rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the mid-
 night air
 My spirit drank repose ;
 The fountain of perpetual peace
 flows there,—
 From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to
 bear
 What man has borne before !
 Thou layest thy finger on the lips of
 Care,
 And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe
 this prayer !
 Descend with broad-winged flight,
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed for,
 the most fair,
 The best-beloved Night !

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG
 MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream !"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they
 seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and
 brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beat-
 ing
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act,—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is
 Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a
 breath,
 And the flowers that grow be-
 tween.

"Shall I have nought that is fair ?"
 saith he,
 "Have nought but the bearded
 grain ?"
 Though the breath of these flowers
 is sweet to me,
 I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful
 eyes,
 He kissed their drooping leaves ;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flower-
 ets gay,"
 The Reaper said, and smiled ;
 "Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of
 light,
 Transplanted by my care,
 And saints, upon their garments
 white,
 These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and
 pain,
 The flowers she most did love ;
 She knew she should find them all
 again
 In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 'The Reaper came that day ;
 'T was an angel visited the green
 earth,
 And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;
 And sinking silently,
 All silently, the little moon
 Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
 But the cold light of stars ;
 And the first watch of night is given
 To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ?
 The star of love and dreams ?
 O no ! from that blue tent above,
 A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me
 rise,
 When I behold afar,
 Suspended in the evening skies,
 The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand
 And smile upon my pain ;
 Thou beckonest with thy mailed
 hand,
 And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
 But the cold light of stars ;
 I give the first watch of the night
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
 He rises in my breast,
 Serene, and resolute, and still,
 And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
 That readeast this brief psalm,
 As one by one thy hopes depart,
 Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know ere long,
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are num-
 bered,
 And the voices of the Night
 Wake the better soul, that slum-
 bered,
 To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light
 Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door ;
 The beloved, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who
 cherished
 Noble longings for the strife,
 By the roadside fell and perished,
 Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
 Who the cross of suffering bore,
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,
 Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,
 Who unto my youth was given,
 More than all things else to love me,
 And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
 Comes that messenger divine,
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,
 Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
 With those deep and tender eyes,
 Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
 Looking downward from the
 skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
 Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died !

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint
and olden,

One who dwelleth by the castled
Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue
and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do
shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our
history,
As astrologers and seers of eld ;
Yet not wrapped about with awful
mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they
beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as
wondrous,
God hath written in those stars
above ;
But not less in the bright flowerets
under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revela-
tion,
Written all over this great world
of ours ;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth,—these
golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-see-
ing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a
part
Of the self-same, universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain
and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight
shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of
day,

Tremulous leaves, with soft and sil-
ver lining,
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gor-
geous tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden
light ;

Large desires, with most uncertain
issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at
night !

These in flowers and men are more
than seeming ;
Workings are they of the self-
same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glow-
ing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring
is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears
o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden
corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bear-
ing,
And in Summer's green-embra-
zoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's
wearing,
In the center of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green
alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the
brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland
valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop
to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast
alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and
hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in
stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumb-
ling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Pres-
ent,
Tell us of the ancient Games of
Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and
 soul-like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive
 reasons,
 How akin they are to human
 things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
 We behold their tender buds expand ;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better
 land.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous
 tale,
 Some legend strange and vague,
 That a midnight host of spectres
 pale
 Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
 With the wan moon overhead,
 There stood, as in an awful dream,
 The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
 The spectral camp was seen,
 And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
 The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
 No drum, nor sentry's pace ;
 The mist-like banners clasped the
 air,
 As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the old cathedral bell
 Proclaimed the morning prayer,
 The white pavilions rose and fell
 On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
 The troubled army fled ;
 Up rose the glorious morning star,
 The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart
 of man,
 That strange and mystic scroll,
 That an army of phantoms vast and
 wan
 Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing
 stream,
 In Fancy's misty light,
 Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
 Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
 The spectral camp is seen,
 And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
 Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,
 In the army of the grave ;
 No other challenge breaks the air,
 But the rushing of Life's wave.

And, when the solemn and deep
 church-bell
 Entreats the soul to pray,
 The midnight phantoms feel the
 spell
 The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
 The spectral camp is fled ;
 Faith shineth as a morning star,
 Our ghastly fears are dead.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,
 And his eye is pale and bleared !
 Death, with frosty hand and cold,
 Plucks the old man by the beard,
 Sorely,—sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,
 Solemnly and slow ;
 Caw ! caw ! the rooks are calling,
 It is a sound of woe,
 A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain passes
 The winds, like anthems, roll ;

They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing ; " Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—pray ! "

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers ;—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain !

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with
heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice !
His joy ! his last ! O, the old man
gray,
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,—
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's
breath,—
" Pray do not mock me so !
Do not laugh at me ! "

And now the sweet day is dead ;
Cold in his arms it lies ;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain !

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
" Vex not his ghost ! "

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind !

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away !
Would the sins that thou thus ab-
horrest,
O Soul ! could thus decay
And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day ;
And the stars from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away !
Kyrie, eleyson !
Christe, eleyson !

EARLIER POEMS.

[These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches, on a similar occasion: "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb."]

AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned
again,
'T is sweet to visit the still wood,
where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with
bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds
foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance,
and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with
winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and
colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that
moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the
green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the
hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reach-
ing far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips
her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling
shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by
side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are
wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn
brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

AUTUMN.

WITH what glory comes and goes
the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful
harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times,
enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture
spread out;
And when the silver habit of the
clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun,
and with
A sober gladness the old year takes
up
His bright inheritance of golden
fruits.
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid
scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breath-
ing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered
trees,

And, from a beaker full of richest
 dyes,
 Pouring new glory on the autumn
 woods,
 And dipping in warm light the pil-
 lared clouds.
 Morn on the mountain, like a sum-
 mer bird,
 Lifts up her purple wing, and in the
 vales
 The gentle wind, a sweet and pas-
 sionate wooer,
 Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs
 up life
 Within the solemn woods of ash
 deep-crimsoned,
 And silver beech, and maple yellow-
 leaved,
 Where autumn, like a faint old man,
 sits down
 By the wayside a-weary. Through
 the trees
 The golden robin moves. The purple
 finch,
 That on wild cherry and red cedar
 feeds,
 A winter bird, comes with its plain-
 tive whistle,
 And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst
 aloud,
 From cottage roofs the warbling
 bluebird sings,
 And merrily, with oft-repeated
 stroke,
 Sounds from the threshing-floor the
 busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world
 put on
 From him who, with a fervent heart,
 goes forth
 Under the bright and glorious sky,
 and looks
 On duties well performed, and days
 well spent!
 For him the wind, ay, and the yellow
 leaves
 Shall have a voice, and give him
 eloquent teachings;
 He shall so hear the solemn hymn,
 that Death
 Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
 To his long resting-place without a
 tear.

WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing
 chill,
 And through the hawthorn blows
 the gale,
 With solemn feet I tread the hill,
 That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
 Through the long reach of desert
 woods,
 The embracing sunbeams chastely
 play,
 And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren
 oak,
 The summer vine in beauty clung,
 And summer winds the stillness
 broke,
 The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute
 springs
 Pour out the river's gradual tide,
 Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
 And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas ! how changed from the fair
 scene,
 When birds sang out their mellow
 lay,
 And winds were soft, and woods
 were green,
 And the song ceased not with the
 day.

But still wild music is abroad,
 Pale, desert woods ! within your
 crowd ;
 And gathering winds, in hoarse ac-
 cord,
 Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds ! my
 ear
 Has grown familiar with your
 song ;
 I hear it in the opening year,—
 I listen and it cheers me long.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN
NUNS OF BETHLEHEM,AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S
BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its
ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head ;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The blood-red banner, that with
prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nun's sweet hymn was heard
the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious
aisle.

"Take thy banner ! May it
wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave ;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict
shakes,
And the strong lance shivering
breaks.

"Take thy banner ! and, be-
neath
The battle-cloud's encircling
wreath,
Guard it !—till our homes are
free !
Guard it !—God will prosper
thee !
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee
then.

"Take thy banner ! But, when
night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him !—By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,

Spare him !—he our love hath
shared !
Spare him !—as thou wouldst
be spared !

"Take thy banner !—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's
bier,
And the muffled drum should
beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for
thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and
shroud !

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I stood upon the hills, when heav-
en's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's return-
ing march,
And woods were brightened, and
soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me ;—
bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the
wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting
glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its
shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and
cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and
below
Glowed the rich valley, and the
river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade ;
Where upward, in the mellow blush
of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral
way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash

And richly, by the blue lake's silver
beach,
The woods were bending with a
silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving
hills ;
And the wild horn, whose voice the
woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden
shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches,
from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst
forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that
will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy
soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills !—no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature
wears,

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these
woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle
south wind blows ;
Where, underneath the white-thorn,
in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing
the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms
outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned
voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of
thought,
When the fast-ushering star of morn-
ing comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden
scarf ;
Or when the cowed and dusky-
sandalled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the
western gate,

Departs with silent pace! That
spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver
brook,
From its full laver, pours the white
cascade ;
And, babbling low amid the tangled
woods,
Slips down through moss-grown
stones with endless laughter.
And frequent, on the everlasting
hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap
itself
In all the dark embroidery of the
storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind.
And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep
woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts
from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure,
bright air
Their tops the green trees lift.
Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet
shades.
For them there was an eloquent
voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the
golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on
its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and
gentle winds,—
The swelling upland, where the
sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening,
goes,—
Groves, through whose broken roof
the sky looks in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and
sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains,—and
mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeat-
ing
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that
doth fill
The world ; and, in these wayward
days of youth,

My busy fancy oft embodies it,
 As a bright image of the light and
 beauty
 That dwell in nature,—of the heav-
 enly forms
 We worship in our dreams, and the
 soft hues
 That stain the wild bird's wing, and
 flush the clouds
 When the sun sets. Within her eye
 The heaven of April, with its chang-
 ing light,
 And when it wears the blue of May,
 is hung,
 And on her lip the rich, red rose.
 Her hair
 Is like the summer tresses of the
 trees,
 When twilight makes them brown,
 and on her cheek
 Blushes the richness of an autumn
 sky,
 With ever-shifting beauty. Then
 her breath,
 It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
 As, from the morning's dewy flow-
 ers, it comes
 Full of their fragrance, that it is a
 joy
 To have it round us,—and her silver
 voice
 Is the rich music of a summer bird,
 Heard in the still night, with its
 passionate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,
 The shadowed light of evening fell ;
 And, where the maple's leaf was
 brown,
 With soft and silent lapse came
 down
 The glory, that the wood receives,
 At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
 Rose the blue hills. One cloud of
 white,
 Around a far uplifted cone,
 In the warm blush of evening shone ;
 An image of the silver lakes,
 By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was
 heard
 Where the soft breath of evening
 stirred
 The tall, gray forest; and a band
 Of stern in heart, and strong in
 hand,
 Came winding down beside the
 wave,
 To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native
 bowers
 He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
 And thirty snows had not yet shed
 Their glory on the warrior's head ;
 But, as the summer fruit decays,
 So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
 Covered the warrior, and within
 Its heavy folds the weapons, made
 For the hard toils of war, were laid ;
 The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
 And the broad belt of shells and
 beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
 Chanted the death dirge of the slain ;
 Behind, the long procession came
 Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
 With heavy hearts, and eyes of
 grief,
 Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial
 dress,
 Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
 With darting eye, and nostril spread,
 And heavy and impatient tread,
 He came; and oft that eye so proud
 Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief, they
 freed
 Beside the grave his battle steed ;
 And swift an arrow cleaved its
 way
 To his stern heart! One piercing
 neigh
 Arose,—and, on the dead man's
 plain,
 The rider grasps his steed again.

TRANSLATIONS.

[Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valor. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on—calm, dignified, and majestic.]

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and
awake ;

Awake to see

How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently !

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs ;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past,—the
past,—
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current
sweeps,
Till life is done ;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hape and all her shadowy
train
Will not decay ;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave !
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill
There all are equal. Side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few ;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant
leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and
Wise,—
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common
lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode

Of peace above ;
 So let us choose that narrow way,
 Which leads no traveller's foot astray
 From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
 In life we run the onward race,
 And reach the goal ;
 When, in the mansions of the blest,
 Death leaves to its eternal rest
 The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
 This world would school each wandering
 dering thought
 To its high state.
 Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
 Up to that better world on high,
 For which we wait.

Yes,—the glad messenger of love,
 To guide us to our home above,
 The Saviour came ;
 Born amid mortal cares and fears,
 He suffered in this vale of tears
 A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
 The bubbles we pursue on earth,
 The shapes we chase,
 Amid a world of treachery !
 They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
 And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us,—chances
 strange,
 Disastrous accidents, and change,
 That come to all ;
 Even in the most exalted state,
 Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate ;
 The strongest fall.

Tell me,—the charms that lovers
 seek
 In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
 The hues that play
 O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
 When hoary age approaches slow,
 Ah, where are they ?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
 The glorious strength that youth
 imparts
 In life's first stage ;

These shall become a heavy weight,
 When Time swings wide his out-
 ward gate
 To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
 Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
 In long array ;
 How, in the onward course of time,
 The landmarks of that race sublime
 Were swept away !

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
 Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
 Shall rise no more ;
 Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
 The scutcheon, that, without a stain,
 Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
 With what untimely speed they
 glide,
 How soon depart !
 Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
 The vassals of a mistress they,
 Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are
 found ;
 Her swift revolving wheel turns
 round,
 And they are gone !
 No rest the inconstant goddess
 knows,
 But changing, and without repose,
 Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
 Its gilded baubles, till the grave
 Reclaimed its prey,
 Let none on such poor hopes rely ;
 Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
 And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
 Are passions springing from the
 dust,—
 They fade and die ;
 But, in the life beyond the tomb,
 They seal the immortal spirit's doom
 Eternally !

The pleasures and delights, which
 mask
 In treacherous smiles life's serious
 task,

What are they, all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay,—but onward speed
With loosened rein ;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace,—

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power !
What ardor show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
In weeds of woe !

Monarchs, the powerful and the
strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion ? who the
strong ?

Pontiff and priest, and sceptred
throng ?

On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's
breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes ;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious
dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and
read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,

Nor how they rolled ;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan ?
Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon ?
Where are the courtly gallantries ?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done ?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the
eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume,—
What were they but a pageant scene ?
What but the garlands, gay and
green,
That deck the tomb ?

Where are the high-born dames, and
where
Their gay attire and jewelled hair,
And odors sweet ?
Where are the gentle knights, that
came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent
flame,
Low at their feet ?

Where is the song of Troubadour ?
Where are the lute and gay tam-
bour
They loved of yore ?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with
gold,
The dancers wore ?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride ;
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside !

But O ! how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a
smile
But to betray !
She, that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts,—the stately
walls,
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold ;
Plate with armorial bearings
wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures
fraught
Of wealth untold ;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart
knight,
In rich array,—
Where shall we seek them now ?
Alas !
Like the bright dewdrops on the
grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign ;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train !

But he was mortal ; and the breath,
That flamed from the hot forge of
Death,
Blasted his years ;
Judgment of God ! that flame by
thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears !

Spain's haughty Constable,—the
true
And gallant Master, whom we knew
Most loved of all.
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,—
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall !

The countless treasures of his care,
His hamlets green, and cities fair,
His mighty power,—
What were they all but grief and
shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when
came
The parting hour ?

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,

Might rival kings ;
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings ;

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride ?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died ?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire
wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou con-
cealed
In the dark grave !

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten
nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed ;
High battlements intrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and
mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and
deep,—
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their
path
Unerringly.

O World ! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost
give
Were life indeed !
Alas ! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom ;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair ;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a
groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts ;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and
shade,
To whom all hearts their homage
paid,
As Virtue's son,—
Roderic Manrique,—he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion ;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy,—
Ye saw his deeds !
Why should their praise in verse be
sung ?
The name, that dwells on every
tongue,
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend ;—how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief !
To foes how stern a foe was he !
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief !

What prudence with the old and
wise :
What grace in youthful gayeties ;
In all how sage !
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely
brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call ;
His, Scipio's virtue ; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness,—his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws ;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause ;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine.
Firm, gentle, still ;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will ;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command ;
The faith of Constantine ; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate ;
He fought the Moors, and, in their
fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave ;
And there the warrior's hand did
gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old

'T was his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that
more
And fairer regions, than before,
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he
traced

On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served ;
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the
glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;
When he had served, with patriot
zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,—

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care

With joyful mien ;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray,—
The closing scene.

" Since thou hast been, in battle-
strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

" Think not the struggle that draws
near
Too terrible for man,—nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

" A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,—
'T is but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which
leads
To want and shame.

" The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the
high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid,—the spirit
Corrupt with sin,—shall not inherit
A joy so great.

" But the good monk, in cloistered
cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm
endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

" And thou, brave knight, whose
hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at
length,
The guerdon of thine earthly
strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise
 sure,
 Strong in the faith entire and pure
 Thou dost profess,
 Depart,—thy hope is certainty,—
 The third—the better life on high
 Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more de-
 lay :
 My spirit longs to flee away,
 And be at rest;
 The will of Heaven my will shall
 be,—
 I bow to the divine decree,
 To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,
 No thought rebels, the obedient
 heart
 Breathes forth no sigh ;
 The wish on earth to linger still
 Were vain, when 't is God's sover-
 eign will
 That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst
 take
 A human form, and humbly make
 Thy home on earth;
 Thou, that to thy divinity
 A human nature didst ally
 By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer
 here
 Torment, and agony, and fear,
 So patiently;
 By thy redeeming grace alone,
 And not for merits of my own,
 O, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
 Without one gathering mist or
 shade
 Upon his mind;
 Encircled by his family,
 Watched by affection's gentle eye,
 So soft and kind;

His soul to Him who gave it, rose;
 God lead it to its long repose.

Its glorious rest!
 And, though the warrior's sun has set,
 Its light shall linger round us yet,
 Bright, radiant, blest.¹

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

SHEPHERD! that with thine amor-
 ous, sylvan song
 Hast broken the slumber which
 encompassed me,—
 That mad'st thy crook from the
 accursed tree,
 On which thy powerful arms were
 stretched so long!

¹ This poem of Manrique is a great favorite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the *Glosa del Cartujo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle:—

"O World! so few the years we live,
 Would that the life which thou dost give
 Were life indeed!
 Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
 Our happiest hour is when at last
 The soul is freed.

"Our days are covered o'er with grief,
 And sorrows neither few nor brief
 Veil all in gloom;
 Left desolate of real good,
 Within this cheerless solitude
 No pleasures bloom.

"Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
 And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
 Or dark despair;
 Midway so many toils appear,
 That he who lingers longest here
 Knows most of care.

"Thy goods are bought with many a
 groan,
 By the hot sweat of toil alone,
 And weary hearts;
 Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
 But with a lingering step and slow
 Its form departs."

Lead me to mercy's ever flowing
fountains ;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and
guide shalt be ;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the
mountains.
Here, Shepherd !—thou who for thy
flock art dying,
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for
thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
O, wait !—to thee my weary soul is
crying,—
Wait for me !—Yet why ask it, when
I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou
'rt waiting still for me !

TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE
VEGA.

LORD, what am I, that, with un-
ceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me,—that
thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before
my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of
winter there ?
O strange delusion !—that I did not
greet
Thy blest approach, and O, to
Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly
frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds
upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently
cried,
“Soul, from thy casement look, and
thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait
for thee !”
And, O ! how often to that voice of
sorrow,
“To-morrow we will open,” I re-
plied,
And when the morrow came I an-
swered still, “To-morrow.”

THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE
ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light ! my native
land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never
fade !
Mansion of truth ! without a veil or
shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's
eye.
There dwells the soul in its ethereal
essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble
breath ;
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glori-
ous presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears
not, death.
Beloved country ! banished from thy
shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of
clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs
for thee !
Heavenward the bright perfections
I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers
the way,
That, whither love aspires, there
shall my dwelling be.

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO
DE ALDANA.

O LORD ! that seest, from yon starry
height
Centred in one the future and the
past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see
how fast
The world obscures in me what once
was bright !
Eternal Sun ! the warmth which
thou hast given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast
decays ;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my
days,

Forever green shall be my trust in
Heaven.
Celestial King ! O let thy presence
pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from
on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who
seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

THE BROOK.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain !—lyre of
bird and tree !
Pomp of the meadow ! mirror of
the morn !
The soul of April, unto whom are
born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild
in thee !
Although, where'er thy devious cur-
rent strays,
The lap of earth with gold and sil-
ver teems
To me thy clear proceeding brighter
seems
Than golden sands, that charm each
shepherd's gaze.
How without guile thy bosom, all
transparent
As the pure crystal, lets the curious
eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round
pebbles count !
How, without malice murmuring,
glides thy current !
O sweet simplicity of days gone by !
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to
dwell in limpid fount !

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold ! as at the ap-
proach of morning,
Through the gross vapors, Mars
grows fiery red
Down in the west upon the ocean
floor,

Appeared to me,—may I again be-
hold it !—
A light along the sea, so swiftly
coming.
Its motion by no flight of wing is
equalled.
And when therefrom I had with-
drawn a little
Mine eyes, that I might question
my conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and
larger.

Thereafter, on all sides of it, ap-
peared
I knew not what of white, and un-
derneath,
Little by little, there came forth an-
other.

My master yet had uttered not a
word,
While the first brightness into wings
unfolded ;
But, when he clearly recognized the
pilot,

He cried aloud : “ Quick, quick,
and bow the knee !
Behold the Angel of God ! fold up
thy hands !
Henceforward shalt thou see such
officers !

“ See, how he scorns all human
arguments,
So that no oar he wants, nor other
sail
Than his own wings, between so
distant shores !

“ See, how he holds them, pointed
straight to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal
pinions,
That do not moult themselves like
mortal hair !”

And then, as nearer and more near
us came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious
he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain
his presence,

But down I cast it ; and he came to
 shore
 With a small vessel, gliding swift
 and light,
 So that the water swallowed naught
 thereof.

Upon the stern stood the Celestial
 Pilot !
 Beatitude seemed written in his
 face !
 And more than a hundred spirits sat
 within.

“*In exitu Israel* out of Egypt !”
 Thus sang they all together in one
 voice,
 With whatso in that Psalm is after
 written.

Then made he sign of holy rood
 upon them,
 Whereat all cast themselves upon
 the shore,
 And he departed swiftly as he came.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXVIII.

LONGING already to search in and
 round
 The heavenly forest, dense and liv-
 ing-green,
 Which to the eyes tempered the
 new-born day,

Withouten more delay I left the
 bank,
 Crossing the level country slowly,
 slowly,
 Over the soil, that everywhere
 breathed fragrance,

A gently-breathing air, that no mu-
 tation
 Had in itself, smote me upon the
 forehead,
 No heavier blow, than of a pleasant
 breeze.

Whereat the tremulous branches
 readily
 Did all of them bow downward to-
 wards that side
 Where its first shadow casts the
 Holy Mountain ;

Yet not from their upright direction
 bent
 So that the little birds upon their
 tops
 Should cease the practice of their
 tuneful art ;

But, with full-throated joy, the
 hours of prime
 Singing received they in the midst
 of foliage
 That made monotonous burden to
 their rhymes,

Even as from branch to branch it
 gathering swells,
 Through the pine forests on the
 shore of Chiassi,
 When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.

Already my slow steps had led me
 on
 Into the ancient wood so far, that I
 Could see no more the place where
 I had entered.

And lo ! my farther course cut off a
 river,
 Which, towards the left hand, with
 its little waves,
 Bent down the grass, that on its mar-
 gin sprang.

All waters that on earth most limpid
 are,
 Would seem to have within them-
 selves some mixture,
 Compared with that, which nothing
 doth conceal,

Although it moves on with a brown,
 brown current,
 Under the shade perpetual, that
 never
 Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the
 moon.

BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXX.,
XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, in the new
covenant,
Shall rise up quickened, each one
from his grave,
Wearing again the garments of the
flesh,

So, upon that celestial chariot,
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,
Ministers and messengers of life
eternal.

They all were saying : “ *Benedictus
qui venis*,”
And scattering flowers above and
round about,
“ *Manibus o date lilia plenis*.”

I once beheld, at the approach of day
The orient sky all stained with rose-
ate hues,
And the other heaven with light
serene adorned,

And the sun's face uprising, over-
shadowed,
So that, by temperate influence of
vapors,
The eye sustained his aspect for long
while ;

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of
flowers,
Which from those hands angelic
were thrown up
And down descended inside and
without,

With crown of olive o'er a snow-
white veil,
Appeared a lady, under a green
mantle,
Vested in colors of the living flame.

Even as the snow, among the living
rafters
Upon the back of Italy, congeals,
Blown on and beaten by Sclavonian
winds,

And then, dissolving, filters through
itself,
When'er the land, that loses shadow,
breathes,
Like as a taper melts before a fire,

Even such I was, without a sigh or
tear,
Before the song of those who chime
forever
After the chiming of the eternal
spheres ;

But, when I heard in those sweet
melodies
Compassion for me, more than had
they said,
“ O wherefore, lady, dost thou thus
consume him ? ”

The ice, that was a boutmy heart
congealed,
To air and water changed, and, in
my anguish,
Through lips and eyes came gushing
from my breast.

Confusion and dismay, together
mingled,
Forced such a feeble “ Yes ! ” out
of my mouth,
To understand it one had need of
sight.

Even as a cross-bow breaks, when
't is discharged,
Too tensely drawn the bow-string
and the bow,
And with less force the arrow hits
the mark ;
So I gave way under this heavy
burden,
Gushing forth into bitter tears and
sighs,
And the voice, fainting, flagged
upon its passage.

SPRING

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES
D'ORLÉANS.

XV. CENTURY.

GENTLE Spring !—in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display !

For Winter maketh the light heart
sad,
And thou,—thou makest the sad
heart gay.

He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy
train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the
wind, and the rain ;
And they shrink away, and they
flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the
trees, so old,

Their beards of icicles and snow ;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and
cold,

We must cower over the embers
low ;
And, snugly housed from the wind
and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing
feather.

But the storm retires, and the sky
grows clear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy
sky

Wrap him round with a mantle of
cloud ;

But, Heaven be praised, thy step is
nigh ;

Thou tearest away the mournful
shroud,

And the earth looks bright, and
Winter surly,

Who has toiled for naught both late
and early,

Is banished afar by the new-born
year,

When thy merry step draws near.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy
father's face,
Sleep on the bosom, that thy lips
have pressed !

Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently
place

Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's
breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little
friend,

Soft sleep shall come, that cometh
not to me !

I watch to see thee, nourish thee,
defend ;—

'T is sweet to watch for thee,—
alone for thee !

His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon
his brow ;

His eye is closed ; he sleeps, nor
dreams of harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy
glow,

Would you not say he slept on
Death's cold arm ?

Awake, my boy !—I tremble with
affright !

Awake, and chase this fatal
thought !—Unclose

Thine eye but for one moment on
the light !

Even at the price of thine, give
me repose !

Sweet error !—he but slept,—I
breathe again ;—

Come, gentle dreams, the hour of
sleep beguile !

O ! when shall he, for whom I sigh
in vain.

Beside me watch to see thy wak-
ing smile ?

THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

For thee was a house built
Ere thou wast born,
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen

How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be ;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is unhigh and low ;
When thou art therein
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh,
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within ;
There thou art fast detained
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends ;
Thou hast no friend,
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee ;
Who will ever open
The door for thee,
And descend after thee,
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES EVALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty
mast

In mist and smoke ;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it
past ;
Then sank each hostile hulk and
mast,

In mist and smoke.
“ Fly ! ” shouted they, “ fly, he who
can !
Who braves of Denmark’s Christian
The stroke ? ”

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest’s
roar,
Now is the hour !
He hoisted his blood-red flag once
more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tem-
pest’s roar,
“ Now is the hour ! ”
“ Fly ! ” shouted they, “ for shelter
fly !
Of Denmark’s Juel who can defy
The power ? ”

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky !
Then champions to thine arms were
sent ;
Terror and Death glared where he
went ;
From the waves was heard a wail,
that rent
Thy murky sky !
From Denmark, thunders Tordens-
kiol’,
Let each to Heaven commend his
soul,
And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !
Dark-rolling wave !
Receive thy friend, who, scorning
flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest’s might,
Dark-rolling wave !
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave !¹

¹ Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Ad-
miral, and Peder Wessel a Vice-Admiral,
who for his great prowess received the
popular title of Tordenskiold, or *Thunder
shield*. In childhood he was a tailor’s ap-
prentice, and rose to his high rank before
the age of twenty-eight, when he was
killed in a duel.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their
cups,
Around the rustic board ;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with
wine,
"Long live the Swabian land !

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare ;
With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens
there."

"Ha !" cried a Saxon, laughing,—
And dashed his beard with wine ;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine !

"The goodliest land on all this
earth,
It is the Saxon land !
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand !"

"Hold your tongues ! both Swabian
and Saxon !"
A bold Bohemian cries ;
"If there's a heaven upon this
earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

"There the tailor blows the lute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,

And said, "Ye may no more con-
tend,—
There lies the happiest land !"

THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

"WHITHER, thou turbid wave ?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou ?"

"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust,
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK

How they so softly rest,
All, all the holy dead,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near !
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking !

And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still !
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies ?
And, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber !

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

"THE rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go ;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and
high,
We little birds in them play ;
And everything, that can sing and
fly,
Goes with us, and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat ! Whith-
er, or whence,
With thy fluttering golden
band ?"—
"I greet thee, little bird ! To the
wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail ;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding
gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with
us ?
Thou mayest stand on the main-
mast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all."—

"I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone ;
For the mainmast tall too heavy
am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my
own.

"High over the sails, high over the
mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys ?
When thy merry companions are
still, at last,
Thou shalt hear the sound of my
voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen
may,
God bless them every one !
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

"Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow ;
And this same song, my whole life
long,
Neither Poet nor Printer may
know."

WHITHER ?

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave ;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave ;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside ;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going ?
Whither, O brooklet, say !
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur ?
That can no murmur be ;
'T is the water-nymphs, that are
singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them
murmur,
And wander merrily near ;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

BEWARE!

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care !
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care !
She gives a side-glance and looks
down,

Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to
show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BELL! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;
Teldest thou at evening,
Bed-time draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully
Teldest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,

Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop down-
ward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty
chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's
rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of
wail,
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson
mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?"

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds
of woe,
No maiden was by their side!"

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'T WAS Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.

Thus began the King and spake ;
" So from the halls
Of ancient Holfburg's walls,
A luxuriant Spring shall break."

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly.
From balcony the King looked on ;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers,
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable Knight.

" Sir Knight ! your name and
scutcheon, say !"
" Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear ;
I am a Prince of mighty sway !"

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle 'gan to rock.
At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torch-light through the high halls
glances ;
Waves a mighty shadow in ;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin ;

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every Knight and every Dame.

" Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient King reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took ;
" Golden wine will make you
whole !"
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank ;
" O that draught was very cool !"

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter ; and their faces
Colorless grow utterly.
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

" Woe ! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth ;
Take me, too, the joyless father !"
Spake the grim Guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast,
" Roses in the spring I gather !"

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

INTO the Silent Land !
Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?
Clouds in the evening sky more
darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on
the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection ! Tender morning
visions
Of beauteous souls ! The Future's
pledge and band !
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !
For all the broken-hearted

The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
 Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
 To lead us with a gentle hand
 Into the land of the great Departed,
 Into the Silent Land !

Ye sounds, so low and calm,
 That in the groves of balm
 Seemed to me like an angel's psalm !

Go, mingle yet once more
 With the perpetual roar
 Of the pine forest dark and hoar !

L'ENVOI

YE voices, that arose,
 After the Evening's close,
 And whispered to my restless heart
 repose !

Go, breathe it in the ear
 Of all who doubt and fear,
 And say to them, "Be of good
 cheer!"

Tongues of the dead, not lost,
 But speaking from death's frost,
 Like fiery tongues at Pentecost !

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,
 Amid the chills and damps
 Of the vast plain where Death en-
 camps.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

PREFACE.

THERE is one poem in this volume, in reference to which a few introductory remarks may be useful. It is "The Children of the Lord's Supper," from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér ; a poem which enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe, and for its beauty and simplicity merits the attention of English readers. It is an Idyl, descriptive of scenes in a Swedish village ; and belongs to the same class of poems, as the "Luise" of Voss and the "Hermann und Dorothea" of Göthe. But the Swedish Poet has been guided by a surer taste than his German predecessors. His tone is pure and elevated ; and he rarely, if ever, mistakes what is trivial for what is simple.

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land,—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Underfoot is a carpet of yellow leaves ; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream ; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass ; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you." The houses in the

villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons,—an heirloom,—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant women travelling homeward or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch Cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babies that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child, that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in the southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer

are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind ; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber ; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the Spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreens ; and as they pass beneath it the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd ; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you ?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer, and to this the host replies, "Yes ; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome ; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale : and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist ; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair ; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul ! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart ! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich ; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of heaven be upon thee ! So thanks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones,—"I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy king Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The Spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth

Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass around between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked, while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table ; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the magic circle and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed ; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced, and her kirtle taken off, and like a vestal virgin, clad all in white, she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave ; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one ;—no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summer. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day ; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword ; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw, and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsmen come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed ! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls, and the great Yulecake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jofis Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.¹

And now the glad, leafy mid-summer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come ! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder ; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night, and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors

¹ Titles of Swedish popular tales.

are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness ! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday ! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight. From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime, and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn, for each stroke of the hammer, and four times to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chants,—

“Ho ! watchman, ho !
Twelve is the clock !
God keep our town
From fire and brand
And hostile hand !
Twelve is the clock ! ”

From his swallow’s nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long ; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

I trust that these remarks will not be deemed irrelevant to the poem, but will lead to a clearer understanding of it. The translation is literal, perhaps to a fault. In no instance have I done the author a wrong, by introducing into his work any supposed improvements or embellishments of my own. I have preserved even the measure ; that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English Muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains ; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, “the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all.”

Esaias Tegnér, the author of this poem, was born in the parish of By in Wärmeland, in the year 1782. In 1799 he entered the University of Lund, as a student ; and in 1812 was appointed Professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824 he became Bishop of Wexiö, which office he still holds. He stands first among all the poets of Sweden, living or dead. His principal work is *Frithiofs Saga* ; one of the most remarkable poems of the age. This modern Scald has written his name in immortal runes. He is the glory and boast of Sweden ; a prophet, honored in his own country, and adding one more to the list of great names that adorn her history.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

1841.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

[THE following Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Wind-Mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord* for 1838-1839, says:—

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the 12th century; that style, which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round-arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all, who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture, will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE 12TH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses, for example as the substructure of a wind-mill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a wind-mill is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purposes of a ballad; though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho. "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a wind-mill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head."]

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
 Tracked I the grisly bear,
 While from my path the hare
 Fled like a shadow;
 Oft through the forest dark
 Followed the were-wolf's bark,
 Until the soaring lark
 Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
 Joining a corsair's crew,
 O'er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.
 Wild was the life we led;
 Many the souls that sped,
 Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
 Wore the long Winter out;
 Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,
 As we the Berserk's tale
 Measured in cups of ale,
 Draining the oaken pail,
 Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
 Tales of the stormy sea,
 Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender;
 And as the white stars shine
 On the dark Norway pine,
 On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
 Yielding, yet half afraid,
 And in the forest's shade
 Our vows were plighted.
 Under its loosened vest
 Fluttered her little breast,
 Like birds within their nest
 By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
 Shields gleamed upon the wall,
 Loud sang the minstrels all,
 Chaunting his glory;
 When of old Hildebrand
 I asked his daughter's hand,
 Mute did the minstrels stand
 To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
 Loud then the champion laughed.
 And as the wind gusts waft
 The sea-foam brightly,
 So the loud laugh of scorn,
 Out of those lips unshorn,
 From the deep drinking-horn
 Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
 I but a Viking wild,
 And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded!
 Should not the dove so white
 Follow the sea-mew's flight,
 Why did they leave that night
 Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
 Bearing the maid with me,—
 Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen!—
 When on the white sea-strand,
 Waving his armed hand,
 Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
 Bent like a reed each mast,
 Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us;
 And with a sudden flaw
 Came round the gusty Skaw,
 So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
 Round veered the flapping sail,
 Death! was the helmsman's hail,
 Death without quarter!
 Mid-ships with iron keel
 Struck we her ribs of steel,
 Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
 Sails the fierce cormorant,
 Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden,
 So toward the open main,
 Beating to sea again,
 Through the wild hurricane
 Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward ;
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

“There lived we many years ;
Time dried the maiden’s tears ;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother ;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies ;
Ne’er shall the sun arise
On such another !

“Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen !
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful !
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful !

“Thus, seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior’s soul,
Skoal! to the Northland ! *skoal!*”
—Thus the tale ended.

THE WRECK OF THE HES- PERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little
daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of
day,

* In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

And her bosom white as the haw-
thorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the
helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering
flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now
South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
“I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night the moon had a golden
ring,
And to-night no moon we see !”
The skipper he blew a whiff from
his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed
he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like
yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote
amain,
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a
frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable’s length.

“Come hither ! come hither ! my
little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale.
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his sea-
man’s coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“O father ! I hear the church-bells
ring,
O say, what may it be ?”

"T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—

And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,

O say, what may it be?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live

In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"

But the father answered never a word,

A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,

With his face turned to the skies,

The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow

On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed

That saved she might be;

And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,

On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,

Through the whistling sleet and snow,

Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept

Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;

It was the sound of the trampling surf,

On the rocks and the hard sea-sand,

The breakers were right beneath her bows,

She drifted a dreary wreck,

And a whooping billow swept the crew

Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves

Looked soft as carded wool,

But the cruel rocks, they gored her side

Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,

With the masts went by the board;

Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,

Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,

To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,

The salt tears in her eyes;

And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,

On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!

Christ save us all from a death like this

On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

[The tradition, upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exists in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.]

Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers
all,

"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,

The house's oldest seneschal,

Takes slow from its silken cloth
again
The drinking glass of crystal tall;
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord. "This glass to
praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The gray-beard with trembling hand
obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it
light,
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-
Sprite;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!"

"'T was right a goblet the Fate
should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right will-
ingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Eden-
hall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and
mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thun-
der's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of
might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow
than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the wild flames
start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Eden-
hall!

In storms the foe, with fire and
sword;

He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful
Lord,

But holds in his hand the crystal
tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes
alone,

The gray-beard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth
fall aside,

Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Eden-
hall!"

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

[The following strange and somewhat
mystical ballad is from Nyerup and
Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle
Ages. It seems to refer to the first
preaching of Christianity in the North,
and to the institution of Knight-Erran-
try. The three maidens I suppose to be
Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irreg-
ularities of the original have been care-
fully preserved in the translation.]

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven
miles wide,
But never, ah never can meet with
the man
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hillside
A Knight full well equipped;
His steed was black, his helm was
barred;
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds;
Anon he spurred his steed with a
clang,
And there sat all the birds and
sang.

He wore upon his spurs
 Twelve little golden wheels ;
 Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
 And round and round the wheels
 they flew.

He wore before his breast
 A lance that was poised in rest ;
 And it was sharper than diamond-
 stone,
 It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm,
 A wreath of ruddy gold ;
 And that gave him the Maidens
 three.
 The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight
 eftsoon
 If he were come from heaven
 down ;
 " Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth
 he,
 " So will I yield me unto thee."

" I am not Christ the Great,
 Thou shalt not yield thee yet ;
 I am an Unknown Knight,
 Three modest Maidens have me
 bedight."

" Art thou a Knight elected,
 And have three Maidens thee be-
 dight ;
 So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
 For all the Maidens' honor! "

The first tilt they together rode
 They put their steeds to the test .
 The second tilt they together rode,
 They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,
 Neither of them would yield ;
 The fourth tilt they together rode,
 They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
 And their blood runs unto death . :
 Now sit the Maidens in the high
 tower,
 The youngest sorrows till death.

THE

CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNER.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the vil-
lage
Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the bel-
fry,
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of the Spring-
sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned
with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the
brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! with lips rosy-
tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing
branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-
woven arbor
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron
Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of af-
fection.
Even the dial, that stood on a hillock among the departed,
(There full a hundred years had it stood), was embellished with
blossoms.
Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,
Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's
children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron

Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its
changes,
While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of
heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the
dust was
Blown from the walls and ceilings, and from the oil-painted
benches
There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy
Pavilions¹
Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church
wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-
wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove,
washed with silver,
Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by
Hörberg,²
Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the Shadowy leaf-
work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceil-
ing,
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was as-
sembled

Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him his mantle,

¹ The Feast of the Tabernacles; in Swedish, *Läshydaohögtiden*, the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

² The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice

Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
Of the sublime Wallin,¹ of David's harp in the North-land
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its powerful pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.
Father he hight and he was in the parish; a christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead as clear, as on moss-covered gravestone a
sunbeam.

As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in
Patmos,

Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old
man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of
silver.

All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old
man,
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old
man.

Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the
desert.

Afterwards, when all was finished, the Teacher re-entered the
chancel,
Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the boys had
their places,

¹ A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-bloom-
ing.

But on the left hand of these, there stood the tremulous lilies,
Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the diffident
maidens,—

Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the
pavement.

Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the be-
ginning

Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the
old man's

Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines
eternal

Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips un-
polluted.

Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the
Redeemer,

Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.

Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among
them,

And to the children explained he the holy, the highest, in few
words,

Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.

Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when Springtide ap-
proaches,

Leaf by leaf is developed, and warmed by the radiant sunshine,
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,

Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well-worded
answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar;—and straightway
transfigured

(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.

Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as
Judgment

Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward
descending.

Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts, that to him were trans-
parent

Shot he ; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he ques-
tioned.

“ This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles de-
livered,

This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still
ye

Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom ;
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant
splendor

Rains from the heaven downward ;—to-day on the threshold of
childhood

Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,
For she knows nought of compulsion, and only conviction de-
sireth.

This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,
Seed for the coming days ; without revocation departeth
Now from your lips the confession ; Bethink ye, before ye make
answer !

Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the questioning
Teacher.

Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey ; the multitude hears you,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and
holy

Standeth before your sight as a witness ; the Judge everlasting
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting be-
side him

Grave your confession in letters of fire, upon tablets eternal.
Thus then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world
created ?

Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are
united ?

Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise !) to cherish
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother ?
Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,
Th' heavenly faith of affection ! to hope, to forgive, and to
suffer,

Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in up-
rightness ?

Will ye promise me this before God and man ?"—With a clear
voice

Answered the young men Yes ! and Yes ! with lips softly-breath-
ing

Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of
the Teacher

Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake in accents more
gentle,

Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all ! To the heirdom of heaven be ye
welcome !

Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and
sisters !

Yet,—for what reason not children ? Of such is the kingdom of
heaven.

Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one
Father,

Ruling them all as his household,—forgiving in turn and chas-
tising,

That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.

Blessed are the pure before God ! Upon purity and upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith ; she herself from on high is de-
scended.

Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine,
Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the
cross for.

O ! as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill
valley,

O ! how soon will ye come,—too soon !—and long to turn back-
ward

Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judgment
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,
Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of
heaven !

Seventy years have I lived already ; the Father eternal
Gave me gladness and care ; but the loveliest hours of exist-
ence,

When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly
known them,

Known them all again ;—they were my childhood's acquaintance.
Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of exist-
ence,

Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of
a man's childhood.

Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the
blessed,

Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on life's roaring billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is
sleeping.

Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men ; in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her ; she herself knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance ; but follows faithful and
humble,

Follows so long as she may her friend ; O do not reject her,
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the
heavens.—

Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and willingly flyeth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, The Spirit
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flames ever up-
ward.

Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions,
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly
the flowers,

Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the wingèd
angels.

Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ; and homesick for
heaven

Longs the wanderer again ; and the Spirit's longings are worship ;

Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty.

Ah ! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard,—

Then it is good to pray unto God ; for his sorrowing children
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and consoles them.

Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune
Kneels down before the Eternal's throne ; and, with hands interfolded,

Praises, thankful and moved, the only giver of blessings.
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven ?

What has mankind forsooth, the poor ! that it has not received ?
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray ! The seraphs adoring
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of him who
Hung his masonry pendant on naught, when the world he created.
Earth declareth his might, and the firmament uttereth his glory.
Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,
Downward like withered leaves ; at the last stroke of midnight,
millenniums

Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts them as nothing,

Who shall stand in his presence ? The wrath of the judge is terrific,

Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his anger

Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck.
Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children ? This awful avenger,
Ah ! is a merciful God ! God's voice was not in the earthquake,

Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes.

Love is the root of creation ; God's essence ; worlds without number

Lie in his bosom like children ; he made them for this purpose only.

Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his spirit Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.

Quench, O quench not that flame ! It is the breath of your being. Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother Loved you, as God has loved you ; for 't was that you may be happy

Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in the death-hour

Solemnized Love its triumph ; the sacrifice then was completed. Lo ! then was rent on a sudden the vail of the temple, dividing Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising

Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—
Atonement !

Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement. Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father ; Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection ;

Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that loveth is willing ; Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only. Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren ;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also. Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead ? Readest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is he not sailing Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided By the same stars that guide thee ? Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother ?

Hateth he thee, forgive ! For 't is sweet to stammer one letter Of the Eternal's language ;—on earth it is called Forgiveness ! Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns round his temples ?

Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers ? Say, dost thou know him ?

Ah ! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,
Guide the erring aright ; for the good, the heavenly shepherd
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.
Love is the creature's welfare, with God ; but Love among
mortals

Is but an endless sigh ! He longs, and endures, and stands
waiting,

Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.
Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense,—Hope, the be-
friending,

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and
faithful

Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and be-
neath it

Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shad-
ows !

Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,
Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in
heaven,

Him, who has given us more ; for to us has Hope been trans-
figured,

Groping no longer in night ; she is Faith, she is living assur-
ance.

Faith is enlightened Hope ; she is light, is the eye of affection,
Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in
marble.

Faith is the son of life ; and her countenance shines like the
Hebrew's,

For she has looked upon God ; the heaven on its stable foun-
dation

Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem
sinketh

Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapors descending.

There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figure majestic,
Fears not the wingèd crowd, in the midst of them all is her
homestead.

Therefore love and believe ; for works will follow spontaneous

Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the Good is an off-spring,

Love in a bodily shape ; and Christian works are no more than Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the animate springtide. Works do follow us all unto God ; there stand and bear witness Not what they seemed,—but what they were only. Blessed is he who

Hears their confession secure ; they are mute upon earth until death's hand

Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you ?

Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in the arms of affection,

Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its father. Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions, Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them ! I fear not before him.

Death is only released, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast ; and face to face standing

Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapors ; Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic, Nobler, better than I ; they stand by the throne all transfigured, Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,

Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels. You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather, Never forgets he the weary ;—then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter !

Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,

Wander from holiness onward to holiness ; earth shall ye heed not ; Earth is but dust and heaven is light ; I have pledged you to heaven.

God of the Universe, hear me ! thou fountain of Love everlasting, Hark to the voice of thy servant ! I send up my prayer to thy heaven !

Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,
Whom thou hast given me here ! I have loved them all like a
father.

May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of
salvation,

Faithful, so far as I knew of thy word ; again may they know
me,

Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place
them,

Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with
gladness,

Father, lo ! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given
me ! ”

Weeping he spake in these words ; and now at the beck of the
old man

Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's en-
closure.

Kneeling he read them the prayers of the consecration, and
softly

With him the children read ; at the close, with tremulous ac-
cents,

Asked he the peace of heaven, a benediction upon them.

Now should have ended his task for the day ; the following Sun-
day

Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.

Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and
laid his

Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward ; while thoughts
high and holy

Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with
wonderful brightness.

“ On the next Sunday, who knows ! perhaps I shall rest in the
grave-yard !

Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,

Bow down his head to the earth ; why delay I ? the hour is ac-
complished.

Warm is the heart ;—I will so ! for to-day grows the harvest of
heaven.

What I began accomplish I now ; for what failing therein is
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.
Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement?
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you
often.

Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement a token,
'Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and
transgressions

Far hath wandered from God, from his essence. 'T was in the
beginning

Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown
o'er the

Fall to this day ; in the Thought is the Fall ; in the Heart the
Atonement.

Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement infinite likewise.

See ! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.
Brought forth is sin full-grown ; but Atonement sleeps in our
bosoms

Still as the cradled babe ; and dreams of heaven and of angels,
Cannot awake to sensation ; is like the tones in the harp's strings,
Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,

Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes
all resplendent,

Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes
her,

Downward to earth he came and transfigured, thence reascended,

Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the
Spirit,

Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.

Therefore with reverence receive this day her visible token.

Tokens are dead if the things do not live. The light everlasting

Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.

Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed

Lieth forgiveness enshrined ; the intention alone of amendment
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all
Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,

Penitence weeping and praying : the Will that is tried, and
whose gold flows

Purified forth from the flame ; in a word, mankind by Atonement

Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,
And the Redeemer's blood ! To himself he eateth and drinketh
Death and doom ! And from this, preserve us, thou Heavenly
Father !

Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement ? ”
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children
Yes ! with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,

Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and
anthem ;

O ! Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,
Hear us ! give us thy peace ! have mercy, have mercy upon us !
Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his
eyelids,

Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical
symbols.

O ! then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of mid-day,

Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the
churchyard

Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves
'gan to shiver.

But in the children, (I noted it well ; I knew it) there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through their icy cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth,
and above it

Heaven opened itself, as of old, before Stephen ; they saw there
Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.

Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from
gold clouds

Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of
purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts
and their faces,

Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed
he

Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of
blessings,

Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

EVANGELINE,

A TALE OF ACADIE.

1847.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the
hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the
twilight,
Stand like Druids of old,¹ with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that be-
neath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of
the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian
farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of
heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever de-
parted!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of
October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the
ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of
Grand-Pré.

¹ *Druids*.—An ancient order of priests, chiefly in Great Britain, whose sacred rites were performed mostly in forests. Some of these were also bards.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is
patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the
forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley.¹ Vast meadows stretched to the
eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without
number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor
incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-
gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the
meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn-
fields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the
northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station
descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of
chestnut,

¹ "Hunting and fishing gave way to agriculture, which had been established in the marshes and lowlands, by repelling, with dikes, the sea and rivers which covered these plains. At the same time these immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks."—*Haliburton*.

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the
Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables pro-
jecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-way.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the
sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of
the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and
maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun
sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the
belfry

Softly the Angelus¹ sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and content-
ment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free
from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of re-
publics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the
owners;

Where the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.²

¹ *Angelus*.—The ringing of the church bell, calling to prayer. The celebrated picture of "The Angelus," by J. F. Millet, has given an added interest to the subject.

² "Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren."—*Abbé Reynal*.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as
the oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the
wayside,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of
her tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the
meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its
turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop¹
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them.
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and
her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-
rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-
loom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confes-
sion,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon
her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite
music.

¹ *Hyssop*.—An aromatic plant mentioned in Psalm lv. 7. Of it is made a sort of brush which the Roman Catholic priest dips into holy water and sprinkles, with his blessing, the congregation.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around
it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a foot-
path

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the Sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its
moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns
and the farmyard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs
and the harrows ;

There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered
seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-
same

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In
each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-
Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his house-
hold.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,¹
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion ;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her gar-
ment !

¹ *Missal*.—The book which contains the service of the Mass.

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her foot-
steps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of
iron ;

Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint¹ of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.

But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome ;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men ;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest child-
hood

Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their
letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the
plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold
him

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire of the cart-
wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny
and crevice,

Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.

¹ In Roman Catholic communities each city or village has its particular Saint, to whom it looks for protection and defence. This Saint's Day is observed as a holiday with much rejoicing.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the
 rafters,
 Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
 Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledg-
 lings ;
 Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow !
 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
 He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morn-
 ing,
 Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into
 action.
 She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
 "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie"¹ was she called ; for that was the
 sunshine
 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with
 apples ;
 She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abun-
 dance,
 Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and
 longer,
 And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion² enters.
 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from the ice-bound,
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
 Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the winds of September
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
 All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their 'honey
 Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters asserted
 Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
 Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful
 season,
 Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints !

¹ *Eulalie*.—The name is derived from the Greek and means "Fair Speech."

² *Sign of the Scorpion*.—The eighth sign of the zodiac. The sun enters this the latter part of October.

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light ; and the
landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the
ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-
yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the
great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around
him ;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the
forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles
and jewels.¹

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight de-
scending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the
homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each
other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of even-
ing.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from
her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flock from the
seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the
watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,

¹ Xerxes saw in Asia Minor a plane-tree, and was so impressed with its beauty that he decorated it with jewels.

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers ;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence the
wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their
fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.

Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-
yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness ;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-
doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the
smoke-wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the
dresser

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vine-
yards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a
bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the
altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock
clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly
lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its
hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the black-
smith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
“Welcome !” the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused
on the threshold,
“Welcome, Basil, my friend ! Come, take thy place on the
settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee ;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco ;
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face
gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the
marshes.”
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the black-
smith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside :—
“Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy
ballad !
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horse-
shoe.”
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly con-
tinued :—

“Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown ; but all are commanded On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty’s mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in the mean time Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.”

Then made answer the farmer :—“ Perhaps some friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted, And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children.”

“ Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said, warmly, the blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt ; then, heaving a sigh, he continued :—

“Louisburg¹ is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.²

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts, Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow. Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds ;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith’s sledge and the scythe of the mower.”

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer :—

“Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our corn-fields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean, Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy’s cannon. Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night of the contract.

¹ *Louisburg*.—A village on Cape Breton which was, in 1758, captured by the British and utterly destroyed.

² *Port Royal*.—An abbey of the Jansenists situated near Paris—Port Royal des Champs. In 1709 the nuns refused to subscribe to the papal decree against Jansen and were scattered and imprisoned, and the buildings were entirely destroyed.

Built are the house and the barn.¹ The merry lads of the village

Strongly have built them and well ; and, breaking the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelve-month.

René Leblanc² will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?'

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's, Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken, And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean, Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public ; Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and glasses with horn-bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.

Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,

Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children ;

For he told them tales of the Loup-garou³ in the forest,

And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children ;

¹ "As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the land about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks."—*Abbé Reynal*.

² "René Leblanc (our public notary) was taken prisoner by the Indians when actually traveling in your Majesty's service, his house pillaged, and himself carried to the France fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty, but with great difficulty, after four years' captivity."—*Petition of the Acadians to the King*.

³ *Loup-garou*.—The were-wolf, a human being transformed into a wolf.

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horse-
shoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right
hand,

“Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “thou hast heard the talk in
the village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their
errand.”

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public,—
“Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser ;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?”
“God’s name !” shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible black-
smith ;

“Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the
wherefore ?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!”
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—
“Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice
Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.”
This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done
them.

“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the
people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above
them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted ;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and
the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo ! o'er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left
hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."'
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the
blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language ;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the
vapors

Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of
Grand-Pré ;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver ;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their walfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew,¹ and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.

Ah ! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber !

¹ *The Curfew*.—The signal to extinguish all lights and retire.

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her
shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moon-
light

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.

And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon
pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar !

IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at
anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the
morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighbor-
ing hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young
folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the
greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the high-
way.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people ; and noisy groups at the
house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted ;

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,

All things were held in common, and what one had was an-
other's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant :
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and
 gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary
 seated ;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the bee-
 hives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of
 waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his
 snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind, and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the
 embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,¹
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among
 them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter !
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith !

So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons
 sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum
 beat,
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the
 churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the
 headstones

¹ Translated: "All citizens of Chartres," and "The Chimes of Dunkerque." The latter is the French spelling for Dunkirk.

Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers. Then up rose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission, “You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.

Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous. Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch ; Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people !

Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty’s pleasure !’

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer, Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones Beats down the farmer’s corn in the field and shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures ; So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger, And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the heads of
the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and wildly he
shouted,—

“Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have sworn them
allegiance !

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our
harvests !”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pave-
ment.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his people ;
Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured and mourn-
ful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock
strikes.

“What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness has seized
you ?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught
you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !

Is this the fruits of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and
privations ?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness ?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred ?

Lo ! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you !

See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compas-
sion !

Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ‘O Father, forgive
them !’

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them !' "
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his
people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate out-
break ;
And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive
them !"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the
altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people
responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion
translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on
all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descend-
ing,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed
each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its win-
dows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table ;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild
flowers ;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from
the dairy,
And at the head of the board the great armchair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial mead-
ows.
Ah ! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience !
Then, all-forgotful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the
women

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their
children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from
Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within ; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion
“Gabriel !” cried she aloud with tremulous voice ; but no
answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the
living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her
father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper
untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of
terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the Sycamore-tree by the
window.

Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of the echoing
thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he
created !

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of
heaven ;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till
morning.

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian
women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-
shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the
woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of play-
things.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ; there on the sea-
beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply ;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting.
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the
churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the
church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy
procession
Followed the long-prisoned, but patient Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their
country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-
worn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their
daughters.
Foremost the young men came ; and, raising together their
voices,

Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions :—
“ Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible fountain !
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and
patience ! ”
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood
by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above
them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and
whispered,—
“ Gabriel ! be of good cheer ! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may
happen ! ”
Smiling she spake these words ; then suddenly paused, for her
father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas ! how changed was his aspect !
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and
his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his
bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced
him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed
not.
Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that mournful pro-
cession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats ; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw
their children ¹

¹ “ Parents were separated from children, and husbands from wives, some of whom

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the
twilight

Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste the reflux
ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-
weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the
wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their
pastures ;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their
udders ;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the
farmyard,—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the
milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no Angelus
sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the
windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been
kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the
tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,

have not to this day met again ; and we were so crowded in the transport vessels,
that we had not room even for all our bodies to lay down at once, and, consequently,
were prevented from carrying with us proper necessaries, especially for the support
and comfort of the aged and weak, many of whom quickly ended their misery with
their lives."—*Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.

"*Benedicite!*"¹ murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals,

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like² stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,

¹ *Benedicite*.—The priest's greeting. It is a Latin word meaning "Bless you!"

² The Titans were the ancient giants of mythology.

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish, "We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré !"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards, Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the lowing of cattle Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted. Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska, When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them ;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion, Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber ;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude
near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon
her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around
her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—

“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our
exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the
seaside,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book,¹ they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congrega-
tion,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.

’T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying
landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking ;
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in
ruins.

¹That is, without religious service.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Prê,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from
the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of New-
foundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savan-
nas,—¹
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father
of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mam-
moth.
Friends they sought and homes ; and many, despairing, heart-
broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a
fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the church-
yards.²
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wan-
dered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered
before her,

¹ Describing the extent of their wanderings, which included the entire length and breadth of the United States.

² "We have already seen, in this province of Pennsylvania, two hundred and fifty of our people, which is more than half the number that were lauded here, perish through misery and various diseases."—*Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sun-
shine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfin-
ished ;

As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within
her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor ;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and
tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its
bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and
known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

" Gabriel Lajeunesse ! " said they ; " O, yes ! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the
prairies ;

*Coueurs-des-Bois*¹ are they, and famous hunters and trappers."

" Gabriel Lajeunesse ! " said others ; " O, yes ! we have seen
him.

He is a *Voyageur*¹ in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say,—“ Dear child ! why dream and wait for
him longer ?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal ?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year ; come, give him thy hand and be happy !

¹ *Coureur-des-Bois*. *Voyageur*.—The words have practically the same meaning, the latter replacing the former, which had fallen into disrepute. They designate the employes of the Hudson Bay Company, whose business it was to transport men and supplies between trading posts. They were skilful woodsmen, travelling with marvellous ease and accuracy through forests afoot, and navigating rivers and lakes in canoes.

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,—“ I cannot !
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the
pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.”
And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said, with a smile,—“ O daughter ! thy God thus speaketh within thee !

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted ;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment ;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience ; accomplish thy labor ; accomplish thy work of affection !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of
heaven !”

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered,
“ Despair not !”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wanderer's footsteps ;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence ;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley :
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only ;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur ;
Happy, at length, if we find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,¹
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles : a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfor-
tune ;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by
hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred
farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father
Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with
forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-
like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the
current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their mar-
gin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gar-²dens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual
summer,
Where through the Golden Coast,² and groves of orange and
citron,

¹ *Beautiful River*.—This is the meaning of the word Ohio, which the Iroquois Indians applied to the river. The name was definitely fixed by La Salle.

² *Golden Coast*.—A name applied to the Louisiana shore, on account of the yellow color of the tropical fruit growing there.

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course ; and, entering the Bayou
of Plaquemine,¹

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the
cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the
water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the
arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a
ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around
them ;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a
phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

¹ Plaquemine, at the delta which is formed by the mouths of the Mississippi river.

Then, in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the
oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on
his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast
rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the
music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches ;
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the
silence.
Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the
midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the
desert,
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim
alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades ; and
before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the green-
sward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-
vine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to
blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening
heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and
beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and care-
worn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the
willows,

And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the
sleepers ;

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the dis-
tance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest,—“ O Father Felician !
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit ? ”

Then, with a blush, she added,—“ Alas for my credulous fancy !
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning.”

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—

“ Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche,¹ are the towns of St. Maur and St.
Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bride-
groom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees ;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.”

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their
journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape ;
Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of
singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent
to listen.

¹ *Têche*.—A bayou west of the Mississippi River and near the Gulf. It is 180 miles long and is navigable by steamboats.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring to madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.¹
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the
branches.

With such a prelude as this, hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green
Opelousas,

And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling ;—

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from
whose branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe² flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof ; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.

At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sun-
shine

Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself was in
shadow,

¹ *Bacchantes*.—Priestesses of Bacchus, the god of wine, whose rites were celebrated with dancing and revelry.

² *Mystic Mistletoe*.—The custom of using mistletoe at Yule-tide or Christmas celebrations has come from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and is here ascribed to the Druids.

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless
prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the
tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish
sombrero

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were
grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the
evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the
prairie,

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of
the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to
meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and
forward

Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder ;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the black
smith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not ; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said,—“ If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous ? ”
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,—
“ Gone ? is Gabriel gone ? ” and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
“ Be of good cheer, my child ; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy ! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and, tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,¹
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the fugitive lover ;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are
against him.

¹ *Ozark Mountains.*—A group of hills in Missouri and Arkansas.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would
take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering
lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened :—

“Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one !

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer ;

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies ;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle.”

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,

And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,

So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician, astonished,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer :—

“Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever”

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck in a nutshell !”

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and floor of the breezy veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors :
 Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who before were as
 strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
 Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
 But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
 From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
 Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
 All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the madden-
 ing

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the
 herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;
 While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
 Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall¹ of the forest,
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the
 moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit,
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
 Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and
 confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.²
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and
 night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moon-
 light

¹ *Behind the black wall, etc.*—In observing the beauty of this passage, one may quote appropriately from Gilfillan's Second Gallery of Literary Portraits: "The light of the Golden Age—itsself joy, music and poetry—is shining above. There are evenings of summer or autumntide so exquisitely beautiful, so complete in their own charms, that the entrance of the moon is felt almost as a painful and superfluous addition. It is like a candle dispelling the weird darkness of a twilight room. . . . But even as the moon by-and-by vindicates her intrusion and creates her own 'holier day,' so with the delicate and lovely heroine of this simple story : she becomes the centre of the entire scene."

² *Carthusian.*—An austere religious establishment at Chartreuse, France.

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the
oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie,
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and wor-
ship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."¹
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried,—“O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?”
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring
thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
“Patience!” whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of
darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, “To-mor-
row!”

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the
garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
“Farewell!” said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy thresh-
old;
“See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and
famine,

¹ *Upharsin*.—The writing by the mysterious hand upon the palace wall at Belshazzar's feast. The word is translated, "Thy kingdom is divided." See the Book of Daniel, v. 28.

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom
was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil
descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were
waiting,

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and
gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before
them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.

Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,

Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and
uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate
country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,

Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous
landlord

That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road to the prairies.

IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous sum-
mits.

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a
gateway,

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish
sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the
desert,

Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful
prairies,

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roe-
buck ;

Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses ;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with
travel ;

Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,¹
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their terrible war-
trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage
marauders ;

Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running
rivers ;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk² of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his
camp-fire

Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and
ashes.

And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies
were weary,

¹ *Ishmael's children*.—See Genesis xvi. 12 : " And he [Ishmael] shall be a wild man ; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him."

² *Anchorite monk*.—One who lives the solitary life of a hermit.

Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana¹
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished
before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been
murdered.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friend-
liest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among
them

On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers,
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and
the bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quiver-
ing firelight

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in
their blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and
reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compas-
sion,

Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near
her,

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the
Mowis ;

¹ *Fata Morgana*.—Mirage.

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the
forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incan-
tation,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a
phantom,

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the
twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the
maiden,

Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.

Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the en-
chantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the
woodland.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a
secret,

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night ; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom
had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed ; and the
Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along,—“ On the western slope of these
mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus ;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they
hear him."

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,—
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us !"
Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a spur of the
mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fast-
ened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath
it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aërial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of
the sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade
them

Welcome ; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant ex-
pression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the
maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the
teacher.

Soon was their story told ; and the priest with solemnity
answered :—

"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,

Told me this same sad tale ; then arose and continued his journey !”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness ;

But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

“ Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest ; “ but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,—

“ Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all ; and betimes on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—

Days and weeks and months ; and the fields of maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.

“ Patience !” the priest would say ; “ have faith, and thy prayer will be answered !

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,

See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet ;

It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended

Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller’s journey

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of
nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel
came not ;
Blossomed the opening spring and the notes of the robin and
blue-bird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden ;—
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey ;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the
shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her
forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they
molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Lablanc¹ had died ; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a
stranger ;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her
footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below
her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the
distance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,

¹ René Lablanc, the notary public before mentioned, was seized, confined, and brought away among the rest of the people, and his family, consisting of twenty children and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren, were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York, with only his wife and youngest children, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than any of us, notwithstanding his many years' labor and deep sufferings for your Majesty's service."—*Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but trans-
figured ;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent ;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sun-
light,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman
repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the
suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the
market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watch-
ings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild
pigeons,

Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws
but an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the
meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the op-
pressor ;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger ;—
Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and wood-
lands ;—

Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gateway and
wicket

Meek, in the midst of splendc. , its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord :—" The poor ye always have with
you."

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The
dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and
silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden ;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and
beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the
east wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of
Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were
wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in the church
at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit ;
Something within her said,—“ At length thy trials are ended ;”
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sick-
ness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,

Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their
faces,

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the road-
side.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her
presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a
prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time ;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and forgotten, the flowerets dropped
from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morn-
ing.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples ;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood ;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its
portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the dark-
ness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint like,

“Gabriel ! O my beloved !” and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood ;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and, walking under
their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.

Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would
have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience !
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, “Father, I thank
thee !”

STILL stands the forest primeval ; but far away from its shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their
labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade of its
branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.

Only along the shores of the mournful and misty Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants whose fathers from exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy ;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of home-
spun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

NUREMBERG.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient,
stands.

Quaint old towns of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and
song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round
them throng :

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and
bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth
rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every
clime.¹

In the courtyard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand ;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.²

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art :
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the com-
mon mart ;

¹ *That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.* An old popular proverb of the town runs thus :—

“ *Nürnberg's Hand
Geht durch alle Land.* ”

Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land.

² *Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's Praise.* Melchior Pfinzing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian ; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*.

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in
stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,¹
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their
trust ;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture
rare,²
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted
air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;
Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed
its air !

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and
dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.
From remote and sunless suburbs, came they to the friendly
guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows
build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime ;

¹ *In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.* The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who labored upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

² *In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.* This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly-painted windows cover it with varied colors.

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of
poesy bloom

In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters,¹ in huge folios sang and
laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door ;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,²
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white
and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and
care,

Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique
chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's re-
gard ;

But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-
bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought; his
careless lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil.

¹ *Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.* The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century ; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

² *As in Adam Puschman's song.* Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision :—

“ An old man,
Gray and white, and dove-like,
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,
And read in a fair, great book,
Beautiful, with golden clasps.”

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH.

MYLES STANDISH—for so he spelled the name, and so his lineal descendant of the same name spells it to-day—was one of the most picturesque figures of the Plymouth Colony. The soldier is always an interesting figure. But this soldier had traits that made him doubly interesting, especially in the circumstances of his position in Plymouth Colony.

The story of his courtship rests upon tradition, and the few historical references narrated in Longfellow's poem are given with substantial accuracy. John Standish was one of the king's servants, and was one of the first who wounded Wat Tyler after he had been felled by the Lord Mayor of London. For this he, along with others, was knighted.

The family estate was in Lancashire. There were two branches of the family, one at Standish Hall, and the other at Duxbury Hall, near by. Myles is supposed to have sprung from the Duxbury branch, the chief reason for this being that he gave the name Duxbury to the town which he founded. The parish church for both estates was at Chorley.

The armorial bearings of the family are thus given: Azure, three Standishes argent. The crest: On a wreath, a cock argent, combed and wattled gules.

In this blazonry the three Standishes mentioned seem to be simply three dishes (stan-dishes, or stand-dishes?), and are represented by three circles. It may here be said that the baronetcy of Standish was created in 1676, and became extinct in 1812.

The only positive evidence as to the precise date of his birth is found in Queen Elizabeth's commission, which gives it as 1584. His birth was undoubtedly recorded in the parish register at Chorley. But although the records of this registry are otherwise complete from 1549 to 1652, the leaf for 1584-85 has been pumiced so carefully as to leave no trace of the writing. The conclusion is inevitable that "legal proof of Standish's birth and descent has been destroyed to secure a fraudulent transfer of his inheritance."

According to Morton, he was "heir-apparent unto a great estate of lands and livings surreptitiously kept from him, his great-grandfather being a second or younger brother from the house of Standish." He was thus compelled to seek his own fortune, and, from various motives which can be easily divined, he chose the profession of arms, which in those days represented an animus widely different from that of to-day.

He was sent by Her Majesty to serve in the Netherlands, in aid of the Dutch and Flemish against Philip II. of Spain. He was quartered at Leyden at the time Pastor John Robinson, with his Pilgrim Church, settled there. He was not a member of that church—the Standish family had always been Roman Catholic—but he formed warm friendships among the members. When, therefore, the Pilgrims emigrated,

he came with them. His first wife, Rose, accompanied him. There had been one death during the voyage, but hers was the first death after the landing. The date was Jan. 29, 1621, or less than six weeks after reaching Plymouth.

The condition of the colony was more serious than the imagination will readily grasp. There were but thirty-four adult male colonists out of which Captain Standish was free to choose, so that "my great, invincible army, twelve men," is a tolerably accurate description. The first winter at Plymouth was unspeakably hard. About one-half of the little band of colonists died, and most of the survivors were much of the time prostrated with sickness. They were surrounded by savages, many of whom were hostile and treacherous. Standish, being the recognized military leader, developed qualities which have deservedly placed him high in the temple of fame.

But he was not only a military leader, for he came to have influence as a man of affairs and a counsellor in civil matters. For many years he was one of the governors of the Council. In 1626 he was sent by the colonists to England as their representative, to adjust business matters with the merchant adventurers.

In 1623, the Indians had plotted to annihilate the settlement at Weymouth. This plot was revealed by a friendly Indian, Massasoit. Standish and his "army" of eight soldiers went to the rescue, and he, by his wonderfully good sense and his nerve, accomplished his purpose as narrated by Longfellow. Pecksuot had said: "Though you are a great captain, yet you are but a little man; and though I be no sachem, yet I am a man of great strength and courage." The following day, in a hand-to-hand conflict, four of the Colonists killed three Indians and captured a fourth, who was subsequently hung. It was of this conflict that Hobomok, Standish's Indian friend and interpreter, said: "Yesterday Pecksuot bragged of his own strength and stature, and told you that though you were a great captain, yet you were a little man; but to-day I see that you are big enough to lay him on the ground."

This one adventure illustrates the fact that Captain Standish's courage and prompt decision of action inspired in the savages a wholesome awe of the little colony, and saved the latter from much harassing.

The story of his courtship, as has already been stated, is founded on tradition; it is nevertheless accurate in its leading points. It was according to the custom of those days that Captain Standish sent his friend to make an offer of marriage. John Alden first consulted the father of Priscilla Mullins, who approved. The offer was then formally made to Priscilla—who did not approve.

But there were others, and the captain persuaded Barbara to come to this country and become his second wife.

In 1631 he moved across the bay and settled in a locality which he called Duxbury. He built his house on the top of a hill, which to this day is known as the Captain's Hill. The house was long ago destroyed by fire, but the spring which he curbed still flows with excellent water, and the curbing which was laid by the captain's own hands is said to be in perfect condition.

John Alden settled with him in Duxbury, and the friendship of these two remarkable men lasted until death. They were neighbors, companions, fellow counsellors, and Justin Winsor says that they were communicants in the same church. Their descendants intermarried.

Captain Standish died in 1756, being seventy-two years of age. He was buried in Duxbury, but the exact location of his grave is unknown. He left what was for those days a considerable fortune, amounting to 358 pounds and seven shillings. One clause of his will is of special interest: "My will is, that out of my whole estate my funeral charges to be taken out, and my body to be buried in a decent manner, and if I die in Duxburrow, my body to be laid as neare as conveniently may be to my two deare daughters, Lora Standish, my daughter, and Mary Standish, my daughter-in-law."

It is true that he had an irascible temper. That was in those days expected of a professional soldier. At the same time he had great self-control and much practical wisdom. His various qualities were more evenly balanced than is commonly found in men, great or small.

Says Goodwin: "For Standish, no work was too difficult or dangerous, none too humble or disagreeable. As captain and magistrate, as engineer and explorer, as interpreter and merchant, as a tender nurse in pestilence, a physician at all times, and as the Cincinnati of his colony, he showed a wonderful versatility of talent and the highest nobility of character. Great as a ruler over others, he was far greater as a ruler over himself. His services merit our warmest gratitude and challenge our admiration. He was the man of men whom the Pilgrims most needed to come to them, and nothing was more improbable than that such a one would do so, or, if he did, that he would long remain loyal, steadfast, and submissive to the voice of the people. No man ever more decidedly had a mission, and none ever more nobly fulfilled it."

These words are none too strong. It is not possible to believe that Plymouth Colony could have escaped destruction had it not been for the aid of Captain Standish.

The Captain's Hill of Duxbury is to-day crowned with a fitting monument. It consists of a tower surmounted by a statue of the redoubtable soldier. Many relics, including the Damascus blade, with its Arabic inscription, are preserved by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

HENRY KETCHAM.

[NOTE.—The Psalm book of Ainsworth is mentioned in Part III. of the poem. This was the book of praise used in New England for many years. The volume is now rare, but some copies may be found in the larger libraries. In the Lenox Library of New York City there is a copy "Imprinted in the yere 1619." The musical notes are, to modern eyes, very quaint, and unintelligible. They fully justify Longfellow's spirited description. The book should be seen to be appreciated, and the curious reader will find it worth his while to examine an original copy. Following is a copy of the Twenty-third psalm, reproduced as accurately as can be done with modern type and paper.]

PSALME 23.

Sing this as the 8, Psalme.

- 1 Jehovah feed-
eth me, I shall not lack.
- 2 In grassy folds,
he down doth make me lye:

- he gently—leads
me, quiet waters by.
- 3 He doth return
my soule ; for his names sake,
in paths of justice leads—me—quietly.
- 4 Yea, though I walk,
in dale of deadly shade,
Ile fear none yll ;
for with me thou *wilt bee* :
thy rod thy staffe
eke, they shall comfort me.
- 5 Fore me, a table thou hast ready-made ;
in their presence
that my distressers be :
Thou makest fat
mine head with oincting-oil ;
my cup abounds.
- 6 Doubtless, good and mercie
shall all the dayes
of my life folow me :
also within
Jehovahs house, I shall
to length of dayes,
repose—me—quietlie.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

I.

MILES STANDISH

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan¹ Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and
pausing

Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sen-
tence,

While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and
matchlock.

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews
of iron ;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and household com-
panion,²

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window ;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,

¹ Captain Standish was one of the band of Pilgrims, not Puritans. The two are often confused.

² John Alden boarded with Captain Standish.

Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives¹

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels."

Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May Flower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,

Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.

"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here

Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection !
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders ; this breastplate,

Well I remember the day ! once saved my life in a skirmish ;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.²
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish

Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing :

"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet ;

He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon !"

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripping :

"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging ;

That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage ;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens³ and your ink-horn.

¹ These Captives were brought by the army to Rome from England. Pope Gregory, in the year 596, appointed Augustin as missionary to carry the gospel to their countrymen.

² A harquebusier, or one who uses a harquebus or matchlock.

³ The pens were of goose-quill, and it was a matter of necessity that each writer

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men,¹ all equipped, having each his rest and his match-
lock,

Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers !”
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sun-
beams

Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.

Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued :

“Look ! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer
planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the
purpose,

Steady, straight-forward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians ;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the
better,—

Let them come if they like, be it sagamore,² sachem, or pow-
wow,

Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon !”

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the land-
scape,

Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east
wind,

Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the land
scape,

Gloom intermingled with light ; and his voice was subdued with
emotion,

Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded :

“Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish ;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside !

should make and mend his own pens. The ink-horns were, like powder-horns, made of horns of cattle.

¹ This was about the number of men in Captain Standish's “army.”

² Sagamore, sachem,—two grades of chiefs. The pow-wow was the medicine man or conjurer.

She was the first to die¹ of all who came in the May Flower !
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown
there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have
perished ! ”
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was
thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among
them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding ;
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the
Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if
doubtful
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and
comfort,
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the
Romans,
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in
silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on
the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the
stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May Flower,
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing !
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla.²
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan³ maiden Priscilla !

¹ She died about six weeks after landing.

² Her surname, variously spelled, was Molines, Mullines or Mullins.

³ Historically this should be Pilgrim, not Puritan. So throughout the poem.

II.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.

After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,

Heavily on the page : " A wonderful man was this Cæsar !
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful ! "

Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful :

" Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.

Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."

" Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,

" Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar !

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.

Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after ;

Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered ;

He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded ;

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus !

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,

When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,

And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords ? Why, he seized a shield
from a soldier,
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded
the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns ;
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons ;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
That's what I always say ; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others !”

All was silent again ; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling
Writing epistles important to go next day by the May Flower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla ;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla !
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth :
“ When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.
Be not however in haste ; I can wait ; I shall not be impatient ! ”
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention :
“ Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish.”
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases :
“ ’Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it ;

Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary ;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heavens,
Two have I seen and known : and the angel whose name is
Priscilla

Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to
reveal it,

Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning ;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of
lovers,

Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fairhaired, taciturn
stripling,

All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with light-
ness,

Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his
bosom,

Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than
answered :

"Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it ;
If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your
maxim,—

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others !"

But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,

Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth,

“Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it ;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.

I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering “No !” point-blank from the mouth of a woman,

That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it !
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases.”
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,

Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added :
“Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me ;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship !”

Then made answer John Alden : “The name of friendship is sacred ;

What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you !”

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III.

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where blue-birds and robins were build-
ing

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and con-
flict,

Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous
impulse.

To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean !

"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion ?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in
silence ?

Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England ?
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion ;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.¹
All is clear to me now ; I feel it, I see it distinctly !
This is the hand of the Lord ; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth² blindly, and impious idols of Baal.²
This is the cross I must bear ; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his er-
rand ;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and
shallow,

¹ The reference is to 2 Cor. xi. 14.

² Baal and Ashtaroth, the supreme male and female divinities of the Phœnicians and Canaanites.

Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers¹ blooming around him,

Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness, Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves² in their slumber.

“Puritan flowers,” he said, “and the type of Puritan maidens, Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla ! So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,

Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them ; Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,

Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.”

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand ; Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean, Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind ;

Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow ; Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla Singing the hundreth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem, Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist, Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many. Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle, While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.

Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth, Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together, Rough-hewn, angular notes,³ like stones in the wall of a church-yard,

Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses. Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,

She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,

¹ The English May-flower, for which the vessel was named is the hawthorn blossom The New England May-flower is the trailing arbutus.

² The trailing arbutus blooms underneath the dead leaves. The reference is to the nursery story of the Babes in the Wood.

³ A spirited description of the musical notation of that day. For specimen of the words, see appendix to introduction.

Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being !
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relent-
less,

Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of
his errand ;

All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had
vanished,

All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,

Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.

Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,

“ Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look back-
wards ;¹

Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its
fountains,

Though it pass o’er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the
living,

It is the will of the Lord ; and his mercy endureth for ever ! ”

So he entered the house : and the hum of the wheel and the
singing

Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the thresh-
old,

Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, “ I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the
passage ;

For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning.”

Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had
been mingled

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an an-
swer,

Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in
the winter,

After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the
village,

Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered
the doorway,

¹ Luke ix. 62. “ No man, having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.”

Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and
Priscilla

Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the
snow-storm.

Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he spoken ;
Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had vanished !
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an
answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful
Spring-time,
Talked of their friends at home, and the May Flower that sailed
on the morrow.

“I have been thinking all day,” said gently the Puritan maiden,
“Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedgerows of
England,—

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden ;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark¹ and the
linnet,

Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together, ‘
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the church-
yard.

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion ;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched.”

Thereupon answered the youth :—“Indeed I do not condemn
you ;
Stouter hearts than a woman’s have quailed in this terrible
winter.

Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of
Plymouth ! ”

¹These birds are practically identified with England.

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-
boy ;

Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her
speechless ;

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence :

“ If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo
me ?

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the win-
ning ! ”

Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—
Had no time for such things ;—such things ! the words grating
harshly

Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as a flash she made
answer :

“ Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is
married,

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding ?

That is the way with you men ; you don't understand us, you
cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one
and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden
avowal,

And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a
woman

Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been
climbing.

This is not right nor just : for surely a woman's affection

Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.

When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.

Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have
won me,
Old and rough as he is ; but now it never can happen.”

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding ;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth ;

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,

Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish ;

Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded.
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest¹ a cock argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature ;
Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how during the
winter

He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's ;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,
Not, to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of
stature ;

For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous ;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent
language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with
laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, “ Why don't you speak for yourself,
John ? ”

¹ Crest, argent, gules, and blazon, are terms of heraldry.

IV.

JOHN ALDEN.

INTO the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the seaside;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-
wind;

Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendors,
Sank the City of God,¹ in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

“Welcome, O wind of the East!” he exclaimed in his wild
exultation,

“Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty
Atlantic!

Blowing o’er fields of dulse,² and measureless meadows of sea-
grass,

Blowing o’er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!”

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions con-
tending;

Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and
bleeding,

Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!

“Is it my fault,” he said, “that the maiden has chosen between
us?

Is it my fault that he failed,—my fault that I am the victor?”

Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the
Prophet:

¹ Rev. xxi. 2, 10, ff.

² Dulse, a sea weed.

“It hath displeased the Lord!”—and he thought of David’s transgression,¹

Bathsheba’s beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle !

Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,

Overwhelmed him at once ; and he cried in the deepest contrition :

“It hath displeased the Lord ! It is the temptation of Satan !”

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there Dimly the shadowy form of the May Flower riding at anchor, Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow ; Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors’ “ Ay, ay, Sir ! ”

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight. Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,

Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom, Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.

“ Yes, it is plain to me now,” he murmured ; “ the hand of the Lord is

Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error, Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me, Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.

Back will I go o’er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon, Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended. Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,

Close by my mother’s side, and among the dust of my kindred ; Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor ! Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness,—

Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter !”

¹ 2 Samuel x.

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,

Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.

“Long have you been on your errand,” he said with a cheery demeanor,

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.

“Nor far off is the house, although the woods are between us ;
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming

I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened.”

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened ;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,

Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
Words so tender and cruel : “Why don’t you speak for yourself,
John ?”

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor,
till his armor

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
Even as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.
Wildly he shouted, and loud : “John Alden ! you have betrayed me !

Me, Miles Standish, your friend ! have supplanted, defrauded,
betrayed me !

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler ;¹

¹See biographical sketch.

Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart
of a traitor ?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship !
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as
a brother ;

You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose
keeping

I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and
secret,—

You too, Brutus !¹ ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter !
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but hencefor-
ward

Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable
hatred ! ”

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the
chamber,

Chafing and choking with rage ; like cords were the veins on his
temples.

But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians !
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question
or parley,

Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, de-
parted.

Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in child-
hood,

Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the
council,

Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming ;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,

¹ Dying words of Cæsar, quoted by Shakespeare : “ Et tu, Brute ! ” Julius Cæsar, III. 1.

Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder¹ of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation ;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people !
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect ;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows ; a signal and challenge of
warfare,

Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of
defiance.

This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them
debating

What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting ;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior !²
Then outspoke Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger,
“ What ! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of
roses ?

Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils ?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the
cannon ! ”

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language :
“ Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles ;
Not from the cannon’s mouth were the tongues of fire³ they spake
with ! ”

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing :

¹ William Brewster.

² This was the remark of John Robinson, who wrote them from Leyden.

³ See Acts ii. 1-4.

“Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade ; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder ; and thus I answer the challenge !”

Then from the rattlesnake’s skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws,¹ and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones : “Here, take it ! this is your answer !”
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent’s skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

V.

THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER.

JUST in the gray of the dawn, as the mists up-rose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth ;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative,
“Forward !”
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David ;²
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning ;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

¹ This act is usually attributed to Governor Bradford.

² See 2 Samuel xxiii. 8 ff.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of
Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft ; and slowly the smoke from the
chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward ;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the
weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the
May Flower ;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that
menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his com-
ing ;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains ;
Beautiful on the sails of the May Flower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward ; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure !
Ah ! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people !
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty !
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of
Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea shore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May Flower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the
desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain with-
out slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.

He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,

Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.

Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence ;

Then he had turned away, and said : " I will not awake him ;
Let him sleep on, it is best ; for what is the use of more talking ! "

Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,

Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning,—

Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders,—

Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.

But with the dawn he arose ; in the twilight Alden beheld him

Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,

Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,

Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.

Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,

Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon ;

All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions ;

But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,—

Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.

So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,

Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not !

Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,

Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,

Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,

Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a
door-step
Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation !

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the east-
ward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about
him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and
parcels

Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gun-
wale,

One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts,¹ all ready and eager for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and
pursue him.

But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was pass-
ing.

Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts !
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adaman-
tine !

“ Here I remain ! ” he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens
above him,

Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the
madness,

Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
“ Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,

¹ Thwarts, seats for the oarsmen.

Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether !

Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me ; I heed
not

Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil !
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her foot-
steps.

Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her for ever, protecting, supporting her weak-
ness ;

Yes ! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the
landing,

So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving ! ”

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and import-
ant,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the
weather,

Walked about on the sands ; and the people crowded around
him

Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel !
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pil-
grims.

O strong hearts and true ! not one went back in the May Flower !
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this plough-
ing !¹

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,

¹ See note, p. 124.

Blowing steady and strong ; and the May Flower sailed from the harbor,

Rounded the point of the Gurnet, ¹ and leaving far to the southward

Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Born on the send ² of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human ;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, " Let us pray ! " and they prayed, and thanked the Lord
and took courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them

Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred

Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.

Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard ;
Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of escaping.

Lo ! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill ; but while they spake with each other,

Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, " Look ! " he had vanished.

So they returned to their homes ; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,

Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

¹ At the North side of the entrance to Plymouth Harbor. There are now two light-houses there.

² The pushing motion of the wave.

VI.

PRISCILLA.

THUS for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla ;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the load-
stone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtle laws of its nature,
Lo ! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me ?" said she.

" Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading

Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum ?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying

What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it ;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,

That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish

Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,

As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,

Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken !"

¹ This phenomenon is to-day recognized under the name of telepathy.

Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish :

"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry, Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."

"No !" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive ;

"No ; you were angry with me for speaking so frankly and freely.

It was wrong, I acknowledge ; for it is the fate of a woman Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women

Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers

Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women :

"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla ; and truly they seem to me always More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden, More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah¹ flowing,

Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden !"

"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,

"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.

When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,

Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness, Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,

Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you ; For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble, Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.

¹ See Gen. ii. 11, 12. "The land of Havilah where there is gold ; and the gold of that land is good : there is bdellium and the onyx stone."

Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly

If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden ; and listened and looked at
Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her
beauty.

He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an
answer.

So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and
speechless.

"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in
all things

Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of
friendship.

It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare :
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles
Standish.

For I must tell you the truth : much more to me is your friend-
ship

Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think
him."

Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped
it,

Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding
so sorely,

Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full
of feeling :

"Yes, we must ever be friends, and of all who offer you friend-
ship

Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest !"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the May Flower.

Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,

That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,

Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly :

“Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,

Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,

You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,

When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me.”

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,—

Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,

“He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment !”

But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how much he had suffered,—

How he had even determined to sail that day in the May Flower,
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened,—

All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,

“Truly I thank you for this : how good you have been to me always !”

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition ;
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

VII.

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily
northward,

Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the
sea-shore,

All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the
forest.

Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort ;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had
trusted !

Ah ! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in
his armor !

“ I alone am to blame,” he muttered, “ for mine was the folly.
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens ?
'T was but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many
others !

What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless ;
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and hence-
forward

Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers ! ”
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the
forest ;

Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-
paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together ;

Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,

Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,

Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present ;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.

Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan ;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,

Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
“ Welcome, English ! ” they said,—these words they had learned from the traders

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,

Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,

Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,

Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man !
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,

Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.

Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of 'he other,
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain :

“ Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart ; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat

Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,

Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat ?' "

Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,

Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning :

" I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle ;
By and by they shall marry ; and there will be plenty of children ! "

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish :

While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,

Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,

" By and by it shall see ; it shall eat ; ah, ah ! but shall speak not !
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us !
He is a little man ; let him go and work with the women ! "

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly ;

So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.

But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,

All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,

Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.

Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage

Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.

Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,

And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the
lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder ; and death unseen ran before it.
Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset ; but their sachem, the brave Watta-
wamat,
Fled not ; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching
the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and
above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of
Plymouth :
“Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and
his stature,—
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man ; but I
see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you !”

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles
Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church
and a fortress,¹
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took
courage.
Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles
Standish ;
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his
valor.

¹ In Plymouth Colony the house of worship was fortified and men habitually carried their muskets as they attended church on Lord's Day.

VIII.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

MONTH after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of
the merchants

Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the
Pilgrims.

All in the village was peace ; the men were intent on their
labors,

Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with
merestead,¹

Busy with breaking the glebe,² and mowing the grass in the
meadows,

Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest

All in the village was peace ; but at times the rumor of warfare

Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.

Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land with
his forces,

Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,

Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations. .

Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and con-
trition

Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,

Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,

Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with
rushes ;

Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.

There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard :

Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the
orchard.

Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from
annoyance,

¹ Farmstead.

² The word here means simply the turf.

Raghorn, the snow-white steer, that had fallen to Alden's allotment

In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet penny royal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer

Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,

Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.

Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling ;

Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden ;

Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,¹—

How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,

How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving !

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,

As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,

After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.

"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,

Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;

¹ Proverbs xxxi. 10-31.

You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha¹ the Beautiful Spinner." Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter ; the spindle

Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers ;

While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued :

" You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia ;

She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton, Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,

Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle. She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb. So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer

Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music. Then shall the mothers, reproving relate how it was in their childhood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner ! "

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden, Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning, Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden :

" Come, you must not be idle ; if I am a pattern for housewives, Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands. Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting ;

Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden ! "

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted, He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,

¹ Bertha, mother of Charlemagne, and known as Bertha of the Great Feet. She died in 783, and during the Middle Ages many poems and legends were written of her. Longfellow refers to her in his volume entitled *Driftwood*.

She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought them
the tidings,—

Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the
hearers.

Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sun-
dered

Once and for ever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as for ever his own, and exclaim-
ing:

“Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asun-
der!”

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursu-
ing

Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asun-
der,

Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and
scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest,¹ in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver !

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together ; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and
the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of
heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's
presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day
in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring divine benedictions.

Lo ! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the
threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure !
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition ?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder ?
Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spectral illusion ?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal ?

¹ The dress of the High-Priest is fully described in Exodus xxxix. 1-31.

Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden
beneath them,

As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.

But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last
benediction,

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plym-
outh!

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "For-
give me!

I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cherished the
feeling;

I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.

Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh
Standish,

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John
Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten
between us,—

All save the dear, old friendship, and that shall grow older and
dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in
England,

Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, com-
mingled,

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her
husband.

Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the
adage,—

If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and more-
over,

No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sun-burnt face of their captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead ; and they gathered and crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation ;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows ;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white steer, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday ;

Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her
husband,

Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.

"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the
distaff ;

Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha !"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,

Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.

Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the
forest,

Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through
its bosom,

Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.

Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his
splendors,

Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them
suspended,

Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the
fir-tree,

Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of
Eshcol.¹

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,

Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and
Isaac,

Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,

Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.

So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

¹ See Num. xiii. 23. "And they came unto the valley of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it upon a staff between two."

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

INTRODUCTION.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories?

Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,

With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,
"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes¹ of the North-land,

From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dakotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,

Where the heron, and Shuh-shuh-gah,

Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,

Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
"In the bird's-nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyrie of the eagle!

"All the wild-fowl sang them to him,

In the moorlands and the fen-lands,
In the melancholy marshes;
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose,
Wawa,

¹The chain of lakes from Superior to Ontario.

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!"

If still further you should ask me,
Saying, "Who was Nawadaha?

Tell us of this Nawadaha,"

I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow:

In the Vale of Tawasentha,²

In the green and silent valley,

By the pleasant watercourses,

Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.

Round about the Indian village

Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,

And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of the singing pine-trees,

Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.

"And the pleasant watercourses,
You could trace them through the valley,

By the rushing in the Spring-time,

By the alders in the Summer,

By the white fog in the Autumn,

By the black line in the Winter;

And beside them dwelt the singer,

In the vale of Tawasentha,

In the green and silent valley.

"There he sang of Hiawatha,

Sang the Song of Hiawatha,

Sang his wondrous birth and being,

How he prayed and how he fasted,

How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,

That the tribes of men might prosper,

That he might advance his people!"

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,

Love the sunshine of the meadow,

Love the shadow of the forest,

Love the wind among the branches,

²A creek now called Norman's Kill, running into the Hudson River, four miles below Albany, N. Y.

And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,

And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pinetrees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries ;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye whose love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken ;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,

Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, striv-
ings

For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that dark-
ness

And are lifted up and strength-
ened ;—

Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye, who sometimes in your ram-
bles

Through the green lanes of the
country,

Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-
craft,

Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope, and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter ;—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha !

I.

THE PEACE-PIPE.

On the Mountains of the Prairie,¹
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging down-
ward

Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way !"
From the red stone of the quarry

¹ Mr. Catlin, in his *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Conditions of the North American Indians*, Vol. II., p. 160, gives an interesting account of the *Coteau des Prairies*, and the Red-Pipe stone Quarry. He says :—

"Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent ; which has visited every warrior and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here also the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage.

"The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red,—that it was their flesh,—that they must use it for their pipes of peace,—that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed ; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire ; and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-cos-tre and Tso-me-cos-te-won-dee), answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicine-men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place."

With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures ;

From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it ;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow ;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,

Made its great boughs chafe together,

Till in flame they burst and kindled ;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,

As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly,
slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,

First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana¹ of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations
Said : " Behold it, the Pukwana,
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council ! "

Down the rivers o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omawhas,²

Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the Great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,

With their weapons and their war-gear,

Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other ;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity ;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling

But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children !

Over them he stretched his right hand,

To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and feyer,
By the shadow of his right hand ;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise :—

" O my children ! my poor children !

Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you :

" I have given you lands to hunt in,

I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild fowl,

being on the second syllable which makes the word euphonious,—very different from the pronunciation of the present day. A similar remark may be made of the Indian words *Ida'ho*, *Otta'wa*, and others.

¹ Smoke.

² Note the pronunciation, the accent

Filled the rivers full of fishes ;
 Why then are you not contented ?
 Why then will you hunt each other ?

"I am weary of your quarrels,
 Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
 Weary of your prayers for vengeance,

Of your wranglings and dissensions ;
 All your strength is in your union,
 All your danger is in discord ;
 Therefore be at peace henceforward,
 And as brothers live together.

"I will send a Prophet to you,
 A Deliverer of the nations,
 Who shall guide you and shall teach
 you,

Who shall toil and suffer with you.
 If you listen to his counsels,
 You will multiply and prosper ;
 If his warnings pass unheeded,
 You will fade away and perish !

"Bathe now in the stream before
 you,

Wash the war-paint from your faces,
 Wash the blood-stains from your
 fingers,

Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,

Break the red stone from this quarry,
 Mould and make it into Peace-
 Pipes,

Take the reeds that grow beside
 you,

Deck them with your brightest
 feathers,

Smoke the calumet¹ together,
 And as brothers live hencefor-
 ward !"

Then upon the ground the war-
 riors

Threw their cloaks and shirts of
 deerskin,

Threw their weapons and their war-
 gear,

Leaped into the rushing river,
 Washed the war-paint from their
 faces.

Clear above them flowed the water,
 Clear and limpid from the foot-
 prints

Of the Master of Life descending ;
 Dark below them flowed the water,

Soiled and stained with streaks of
 crimson,

As if blood were mingled with it !

From the river came the warriors,
 Clean and washed from all their
 war-paint ;

On the banks their clubs they buried,
 Buried all their warlike weapons.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
 The Great Spirit, the creator,
 Smiled upon his helpless children !

And in silence all the warriors
 Broke the red stone of the quarry.
 Smoothed and formed it into Peace-
 Pipes,

Broke the long reeds by the river,
 Decked them with their brightest
 feathers,

And departed each one homeward,
 While the Master of Life, ascend-
 ing,

Through the opening of cloud-cur-
 tains,

Through the doorway of the heaven,
 Vanished from before their faces,
 In the smoke that rolled around him,
 The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe !

II.

THE FOUR WINDS.

"HONOR be to Mudjekeewis !"²
 Cried the warriors, cried the old men,
 When he came in triumph home-
 ward

With the sacred Belt of Wampum,
 From the regions of the North-Wind,
 From the kingdom of Wabasso,³
 From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wam-
 pum

From the neck of Mishe Mokwa,
 From the Great Bear of the moun-
 tains,

From the terror of the nations,
 As he lay asleep and cumbrous
 On the summit of the mountains,
 Like a rock with mosses on it.

² The father of Hiawatha, the Wind,
 afterwards Kabeyun the West Wind.

³ This word means both the North and
 the white rabbit.

¹ The pipe of peace.

Spotted brown and gray with
mosses.

Silently he stole upon him,
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched him, almost scared
him,

Till the hot breath of his nostrils
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,
As he drew the Belt of Wampum
Over the round ears, that heard not,
Over the small eyes, that saw not,
Over the long nose and nostrils,
The black muffle of the nostrils,
Out of which the heavy breathing
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,
Shouted loud and long his war-cry,
Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of the forehead,
Right between the eyes he smote
him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,
Rose the Great Bear of the moun-
tains;

But his knees beneath him trembled,
And he whimpered like a woman,
As he reeled and staggered forward,
As he sat upon his haunches;
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Standing fearlessly before him,
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spake disdainfully in this wise:—

“Hark you, Bear! you are a cow-
ard,¹

And no Brave, as you pretended;
Else you would not cry and whimper
Like a miserable woman!

Bear! you know our tribes are
hostile,

Long have been at war together;
Now you find that we are strongest,
You go sneaking in the forest,
You go hiding in the mountains!

¹ This anecdote is from Heckewelder. In his account of the *Indian Nations*, he describes an Indian hunter as addressing a bear in nearly these words. “I was present,” he says, “at the delivery of this curious invective; when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it? ‘O,’ said he in answer, ‘the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashamed he looked while I was upbraiding him?’” — *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. I., p. 240.

Had you conquered me in battle
Not a groan would I have uttered;
But you, Bear! sit here and whimper,
And disgrace your tribe by crying,
Like a wretched Shaugodaya,
Like a cowardly old woman!”

Then again he raised his war-club,
Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of his forehead,
Broke his skull, as ice is broken
When one goes to fish in Winter.
Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,
He the Great Bear of the mountains,
He the terror of the nations.

“Honor be to Mudjekeewis!”
With a shout exclaimed the people,
“Honor be to Mudjekeewis!

Henceforth he shall be the West-
Wind,

And hereafter and forever
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the winds of heaven.
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!”

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen
Father of the Winds of Heaven.
For himself he kept the West-Wind,
Gave the others to his children;
Unto Wabun gave East-Wind,
Gave the South to Shawondasee,
And the North-Wind, wild and
cruel,

To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun;
He it was who brought the morning,
He it was whose silver arrows
Chased the dark o’er hill and valley;
He it was whose cheeks were painted
With the brightest streaks of crim-
son,

And whose voice awoke the village,
Called the deer, and called the
hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun;
Though the birds sang gayly to him,
Though the wild-flowers of the
meadow

Filled the air with odors for him,
Though the forests and the rivers
Sang and shouted at his coming.
Still his heart was sad within him,
For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earth-
ward,

While the village still was sleeping,
And the fog lay on the river,
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,
He beheld a maiden walking
All alone upon a meadow,
Gathering water-flags and rushes
By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward,
Still the first thing he beheld there
Was her blue eyes looking at him,
Two blue lakes among the rushes.
And he loved the lonely maiden,
Who thus waited for his coming ;
For they both were solitary,
She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,
Wooed her with his smile of sun-
shine,

With his flattering words he wooed
her,

With his sighing and his singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odors,
Till he drew her to his bosom,
Folded in his robes of crimson,
Till into a star he changed her,
Trembling still upon his bosom ;
And forever in the heavens
They are seen together walking,
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka
Had his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snowdrifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.
He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and
yellow ;

He it was who sent the snowflakes,
Sifting, hissing through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the
rivers,

Drove the loon and sea-gull south-
ward,

Drove the cormorant and curlew
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang
In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka
Issued from his lodge of snowdrifts,
From his home among the icebergs,
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,
Streamed behind him like a river,

Like a black and wintry river,
As he howled and hurried south-
ward,

Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and rushes
Found he Shingebis, the diver,
Trailing strings of fish behind him,
O'er the frozen fens and moorlands,
Lingering still among the moorlands,
Though his tribe had long departed
To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,
" Who is this that dares to brave
me ?

Dares to stay in my dominions,
When the Wawa has departed,
When the wild-geese has gone south-
ward,

And the hearn, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Long ago departed southward ?

I will go into his wigwam,
I will put his smouldering fire out ! "

And at night Kabibonokka
To the lodge came wild and wailing,
Heaped the snow in drifts about it,
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,
Flapped the curtain of the doorway.
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,
Shingebis, the diver, cared not ;
Four great logs had he for firewood,
One for each moon of the winter,
And for food the fishes served him.
By his blazing fire he sat there,
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,
Singing " O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal ! "

Then Kabibonokka entered,
And though Shingebis, the diver,
Felt his presence by the coldness,
Felt his icy breath upon him,
Still he did not cease his singing,
Still he did not leave his laughing,
Only turned the log a little,
Only made the fire burn brighter,
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-
flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,
Making dints upon the ashes,
As along the eaves of lodges,
As from drooping boughs of hem-
lock,

Drips the melting snow in spring-time,
Making hollows in the snowdrifts.

Till at last he rose defeated,
Could not bear the heat and laughter,
Could not bear the merry singing,
But rushed headlong through the doorway,
Stamped upon the crusted snowdrifts,

Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,
Made the snow upon them harder,
Made the ice upon them thicker,
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
To come forth and wrestle with him,
To come forth and wrestle naked
On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,
Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,

Wrestled naked on the moorlands
With the fierce Kabibonokka,
Till his panting breath grew fainter,
Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,
Till he reeled and staggered backward,

And retreated, baffled, beaten,
To the kingdom of Wabasso,
To the land of the White Rabbit,
Hearing still the gusty laughter,
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to southward,
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
In the never-ending Summer.

He it was who sent the wood-birds,
Sent the Opechee, the robin,
Sent the blue-bird, the Owaisa,
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,

Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,

Sent the melons and tobacco,
And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,
Filled the air with dreamy softness,
Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,

Brought the tender Indian Summer
To the melancholy north-land,

In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless, Shawondasee !
In his life he had one shadow,
In his heart one sorrow had he.
Once, as he was gazing northward,
Far away upon a prairie
He beheld a maiden standing,
Saw a tall and slender maiden
All alone upon a prairie ;
Brightest green were all her garments

And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,
Day by day he sighed with passion,
Day by day his heart within him
Grew more hot with love and longing

For the maid with yellow tresses.
But he was too fat and lazy
To bestir himself and woo her ;
Yes, too indolent and easy
To pursue her and persuade her.
So he only gazed upon her,
Only sat and sighed with passion
For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking northward,

He beheld her yellow tresses
Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,

Covered as with whitest snowflakes,
"Ah! my brother from the North-land,

From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit !
You have stolen the maiden from me,
You have laid your hand upon her,
You have wooed and won my maiden,

With your stories of the North-land !"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee
Breathed into the air his sorrow ;
And the South-Wind o'er the prairie
Wandered warm with sighs of passion

With the sighs of Shawondasee,
Till the air seemed full of snowflakes,

Full of thistle-down the prairie,
And the maid with hair like sunshine

Vanished from his sight forever ;
Nevermore did Shawondasee

See the maid with yellow tresses !
 Poor, deluded Shawondasee !
 'T was no woman that you gazed at,
 'T was no maiden that you sighed for,
 'T was the prairie dandelion
 That through all the dreamy Summer
 You had gazed at with such longing,
 You had sighed for with such passion
 And had puffed away forever,
 Blown into the air with sighing.
 Ah ! deluded Shawondasee !
 Thus the Four Winds were divided ;
 Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
 Had their stations in the heavens,
 At the corners of the heavens ;
 For himself the West-Wind only
 Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

III.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

DOWNWARD through the evening twilight,
 In the days that are forgotten,
 In the unremembered ages,
 From the full moon fell Nokomis,
 Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
 She a wife, but not a mother.
 She was sporting with her women
 Swinging in a swing of grapevines,
 When her rival, the rejected,
 Full of jealousy and hatred,
 Cut the leafy swing asunder,
 Cut in twain the twisted grapevines,
 And Nokomis fell affrighted
 Downward through the evening twilight,
 On the Muskoday, the meadow,
 On the prairie full of blossoms.
 "See ! a star falls !" said the people ;
 "From the sky a star is falling !" ²
 There among the ferns and mosses,
 There among the prairie lilies,
 On the Muskoday the meadow,
 In the moonlight and the starlight,
 Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.
 And she called her name Wenonah,¹

¹ Now spelled Winona, but should be pronounced as above.

As the first-born of her daughters.
 And the daughter of Nokomis
 Grew up like the prairie lilies,
 Grew a tall and slender maiden,
 With the beauty of the moonlight,
 With the beauty of the starlight.
 And Nokomis warned her often,
 Saying oft, and oft repeating,
 "O, beware of Mudjekeewis,
 Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis ;
 Listen not to what he tells you ;
 Lie not down upon the meadow,
 Stoop not down among the lilies,
 Lest the West-Wind come and harm you !"

But she heeded not the warning,
 Heeded not those words of wisdom,
 And the West-Wind came at evening,
 Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
 Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
 Bending low the flowers and grasses,
 Found the beautiful Wenonah,
 Lying there among the lilies,
 Wooed her with his words of sweetness,
 Wooed her with his soft caresses,
 Till she bore a son in sorrow,
 Bore a son of love and sorrow.
 Thus was born my Hiawatha,
 Thus was born the child of wonder ;
 But the daughter of Nokomis,
 Hiawatha's gentle mother,
 In her anguish died deserted
 By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
 By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly
 Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis ;
 "O that I were dead !" she murmured,
 "O that I were dead, as thou art !
 No more work, and no more weeping,
 Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !" ²
 By the shores of Gitche Gumee,³
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
 Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis,
 Dark behind it rose the forest,

² A cry of lamentation.

³ Lake Superior.

Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,

Rose the firs with cones upon them ;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear¹ will get thee!"

Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?"

Ewa-yea!² my little owlet!"
Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven ;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,

Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,

Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter ;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,

Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on Summer evenings

¹ Heckewelder, in a letter published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. IV., p. 260, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawares.

"Their reports," he says, "run thus: that among all animals had been formerly in this country, this was the most ferocious; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied; all over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white color) naked. . . ."

"The history of this animal used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a-hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying: 'Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you.'"

² Lullaby.

Sat the little Hiawatha ;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,

Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,

With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him :
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little cradle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered :
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her

Up into the sky at midnight ;
Right against the moon he threw her ;
"T is her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered :
"'T is the heaven of flowers you see there ;

All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,

Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror ;
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered :
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha,

Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their
secrets,

How they built their nests in Summer,

Where they hid themselves in Winter,

Talked with them whene'er he met them,

Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,

Learned their names and all their secrets,

How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,

How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,

Talked with them whene'er he met them,

Called them Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,

He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,

Made a bow for Hiawatha :
From a branch of ash he made it,

From an oak-bough made the arrows,

Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,

And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :

"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,

Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers !"

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha

Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,

"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !"
Sang the Opechee, the robin,

Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !"

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,

In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,

Laughed, and said between his laughing,

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !"

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance

Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,

Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,

For his thoughts were with the red deer ;

On their tracks his eyes were fastened,

Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,

And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder bushes,

There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,

Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,

And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.

And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,

Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow ;

Scarce a twig moved with his motion,

Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,

Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,

Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;
Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow,

Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him !

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river ;

Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha

Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward

And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applause.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,

From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.

All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,

Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-
getaha !
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-
taysee !

IV.

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

OUT of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha,
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha ;
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleet-
ness,

That the arrow fell behind him !
Strong of arm was Hiawatha ;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and
swiftness,

That the tenth had left the bowstring
Ere the first to earth had fallen !

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
Magic mittens made of deer-skin ;
When upon his hands he wore them,
He could smite the rocks asunder,
He could grind them into powder,
He had moccasins enchanted,
Magic moccasins of deer-skin ;
When he bound them round his
ankles,

When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he measured !

Much he questioned old Nokomis
Of his father Mudjekeewis ;
Learned from her the fatal secret
Of the beauty of his mother,
Of the falsehood of his father ;
And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,
" I will go to Mudjekeewis,
See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the West-Wind,
At the portals of the Sunset ! "

From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for hunt-
ing ;

Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leg-
gings,
Richly wrought with quills and
wampum ;

On his head his eagle feathers,
Round his waist his belt of wam-
pum,

In his hand his bow of ash-wood,
Strung with sinews of the reindeer ;
In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with
feathers ;

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,
" Go not forth, O Hiawatha !

To the kingdom of the West-Wind.
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,
Lest he harm you with his magic,
Lest he kill you with his cunning ! "

But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her woman's warning ;
Forth he strode into the forest,
At each stride a mile he measured ;
Lurid seemed the sky above him,
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,
Hot and close the air around him,
Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,
As of burning woods and prairies,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, west-
ward,

Left the fleetest deer behind him,
Left the antelope and bison ;
Crossed the rushing Esconawbaw,¹
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,
Passed the dwellings of the Black
feet,

Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
Where upon the gusty summits
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha
At the aspect of his father.
On the air about him wildly
Tossed and streamed his cloudy
tresses,

¹ The Escanoba is on the upper Peninsula of Michigan and empties into Green Bay of Lake Michigan.

Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis
When he looked on Hiawatha,
Saw his youth rise up before him
In the face of Hiawatha,
Saw the beauty of Wenonah
From the grave rise up before him.

"Welcome!" said he, "Hia-
watha,

To the kingdom of the West-Wind!
Long have I been waiting for you!
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;
You bring back the days departed,
You bring back my youth of pas-
sion,

And the beautiful Wenonah!"

Many days they talked together,
Questioned, listened, waited, an-
swered

Much the mighty Mudjekeewis
Boasted of his ancient prowess,
Of his perilous adventures,
His indomitable courage,
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,
Listening to his father's boasting;
With a smile he sat and listened,
Uttered neither threat nor menace,
Neither word nor look betrayed him,
But his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis,
Is there nothing that can harm you?
Nothing that you are afraid of?"
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Grand and gracious in his boasting,
Answered, saying, "There is noth-
ing,

Nothing but the black rock yonder,
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek?"

And he looked at Hiawatha
With a wise look and benignant,
With a countenance paternal,
Looked with pride upon the beauty
Of his tall and graceful figure,
Saying, "O my Hiawatha!
Is there anything can harm you?
Anything you are afraid of?"

But the wary Hiawatha
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,

Held his peace, as if resolving,
And then answered, "There is noth-
ing.

Nothing but the bulrush yonder,
Nothing but the great Apukwa!"

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,
Stretched his hand to pluck the bul-
rush,

Hiawatha cried in terror,
Cried in well-dissembled terror,
"Kago! kago!"¹ do not touch it!"
"Ah, kaween!"² said Mudjekeewis,
"No, indeed, I will not touch it!"

Then they talked of other matters;
First of Hiawatha's brothers,
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,
Of the South Wind, Shawondasee,
Of the North, Kabibonokka;
Then of Hiawatha's mother,
Of the beautiful Wenonah,
Of her birth upon the meadow,
Of her death, as old Nokomis
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,
It was you who killed Wenonah,
Took her young life and her beauty,
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your footsteps;
You confess it! you confess it!"
And the mighty Mudjekeewis
Tossed his gray hairs to the west
wind

Bowed his hoary head in anguish,
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,
And with threatening look and ges-
ture

Laid his hand upon the black rock,
On the fatal Wawbeek³ laid it.
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Rent the jutting crag asunder,
Smote and crushed it into fragments,
Hurled them madly at his father,
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind
Blew the fragments backwards from
him,

With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger,
Blew them back at his assailant;

¹ Do not.

² No indeed.

³ Black rock.

Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,
Dragged it with its roots and fibres
From the margin of the meadow,
From its ooze, the giant bulrush ;
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha !

Then began the deadly conflict,
Hand to hand among the mountains ;
From his eyrie screamed the eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sat upon the crags around them,
Wheeling flapped his wings above
them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush ;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek ;
Till the earth shook with the tumult
And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shoutings,
And the thunder of the mountains,
Starting, answered, "Baim-wa-
wa !" ¹

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the moun-
tains,
Stumbling westward down the
mountains,

Three whole days retreated fighting,
Still pursued by Hiawatha
To the doorways of the West-Wind,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes.

"Hold !" at length cried Mudje-
keewis,

"Hold, my son, my Hiawatha !

'Tis impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal.
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your cour-
age ;

Now receive the prize of valor !

"Go back to your home and
people,

Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that
harms it,

Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,
Slay all monsters and magicians,

All the giants, the Wendigoes,
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,
Slew the Great Bear of the moun-
tains,

"And at last when Death draws
near you.

When the awful eyes of Pauguk ²
Glare upon you in the darkness,
I shall share my kingdom with you,
Ruler shall you be thenceforward
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keeway-
din,

Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin."
Thus was fought that famous
battle

In the dreadful days of Shah-shah, ³
In the days long since departed,
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.
Still the hunter sees its traces
Scattered far o'er hill and valley ;
Sees the giant bulrush growing
By the ponds and watercourses,

Sees the masses of the Wawbeek-
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha ;
Pleasant was the landscape round
him,

Pleasant was the air above him,
For the bitterness of anger
Had departed wholly from him,
From his brain the thought of
vengeance,

From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,

Where the Falls of Minnehaha ⁴
Flash and gleam among the oak
trees,

Laugh and leap into the valley.

² Death.

³ Long ago.

⁴ In a park now included in the city of
Minneapolis.

"The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich
in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are
familiar to travellers, and to readers of
Indian sketches. Between the fort and
these falls are the 'Little Falls,' forty
feet in height, on a stream that empties
into the Mississippi. The Indians call
them Mine-hah-hah, or 'laughing leg-
gers.'"—Mrs. Eastman's *Dacotah, or Leg-
ends of the Sioux*, Introduction, p. ii.

¹ The sound of thunder.

There the ancient Arrow-maker
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the
edges,

Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed
daughter,

Wayward as the Minnehaha,

With her moods of shade and sun-
shine,

Eyes that smiled and frowned alter-
nate,

Feet as rapid as the river,

Tresses flowing like the water,

And as musical a laughter;

And he named her from the river,

From the waterfall he named her,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,

Arrow-heads of chalcedony,

Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,

That my Hiawatha halted

In the land of the Dacotahs?

Was it not to see the maiden,

See the face of Laughing Water,

Peeping from behind the curtain,

Hear the rustling of her garments

From behind the waving curtain,

As one sees the Minnehaha

Gleaming, glancing through the
branches,

As one hears the Laughing Water

From behind its screen of branches?

Who shall say what thoughts and
visions

Fill the fiery brains of young men?

Who shall say that dreams of beauty

Filled the heart of Hiawatha?

All he told to old Nokomis,

When he reached the lodge at sunset,

Was the meeting with his father,

Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;

Not a word he said of arrows,

Not a word of Laughing Water.

V.

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,

Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-
time,

In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions many,
Seven whole days and nights he
fasted.

On the first day of his fasting
Through the leafy woods he wan-
dered;

Saw the deer start from the thicket,

Saw the rabbit in his burrow,

Heard the pheasant, Bena, drum-
ming,

Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,

Rattling in his hoard of acorns,

Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,

Building nests among the pine-trees,

And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,

Flying to the fen-lands northward,

Whirring, wailing far above him.

"Master of Life!" he cried, despond-
ing,

"Must our lives depend on these
things?"

On the next day of his fasting

By the river's bank he wandered,

Through the Muskoday, the mead-
ow,

Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,¹

Saw the blueberry, Mcenahga,

And the strawberry, Odahmin,

And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,

And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,

Trailing o'er the alder-branches,

Filling all the air with fragrance!

"Master of Life!" he cried, de-
sponding,

"Must our lives depend on these
things?"

On the third day of his fasting

By the lake he sat and pondered,

By the still, transparent water;

¹ The word is preserved in Menom'onie, Wis., and Menom'inee, Mich. The pronunciation of the present day is not that of the Indian tongue.

Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
Scattering drops like beads of wam-
pum,

Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
And the herring, Okahahwis,
And the Shawgashee, the crawfish !
"Master of Life !" he cried de-
sponding,

"Must our lives depend on these
things ?"

On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted ;
From his couch of leaves and
branches

Gazing with half-open eyelids,
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yel-
low

Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset ;
Plumes of green bent o'er his fore-
head,

And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
Looked with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, "O my Hiawatha !

All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others ;
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life de-
scending,

I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayer
for.

Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with
me !"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin ;
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and strug-
gled,

Stronger still grew Hiawatha ;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-
lands,

Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

"'Tis enough !" then said Mon-
damin,

Smiling upon Hiawatha,
"But to-morrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you."

And he vanished, and was seen not ;
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above him.
On the morrow and the next day,
When the sun through heaven de-
scending,

Like a red and burning cinder
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,
Fell into the western waters,
Came Mondamin for the trial,
For the strife with Hiawatha ;
Came as silent as the dew comes,
From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning,
Taking shape when earth it touches,
But invisible to all men

In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there to-
gether

In the glory of the sunset,
Till the darkness fell around them,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-
lands,

Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow ;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breath-
ing,

And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, " O Hiawatha !
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with
me,

And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph ! "

Then he smiled, and said : " To-
morrow

Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.

You will conquer and o'ercome me :
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm
me ;

Strip these garments, green and yel-
low,

Strip this nodding plumage from
me,

Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

" Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine. "

And thus saying, he departed.
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoor-will complain
ing,

Perched upon his lonely wigwam ;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest ;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slumber
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers :
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,

Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome
him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched
not,

Only said to her, " Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended. "

Homeward weeping went Noko-
mis,

Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail
him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.

He meanwhile sat weary waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,¹
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the
heaven,

Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold ! the young Mon-
damin,

With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the land
scape,

Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within
him,

As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.

Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward

¹ Indian Corn. See detailed description
below.

All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle ;
And before him, breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,

Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,

Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him ;
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish !

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin ;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments

Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it ;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,

Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses ;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, " It is Mondamin !
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin ! "

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,

Told them of his wondrous vision,

Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,

And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,

As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

VI.

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand

Of his heart, in joy and sorrow ;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it ;
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,

For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened .

All the warriors gathered round him,

All the women came to hear him ;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned

Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood-birds ceased from singing,

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, " O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing ! "

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Envious, said, " O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,

Teach me songs as full of frenzy ! "

Yes, the Opechee, the robin,
Joyous, said, " O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
Teach me songs as full of gladness ! "

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,

Sobbing, said, " O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness ! "

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing ;

All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music ;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing ;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers ;
For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,

He the mightiest among many ;
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other children,
Never fished and never hunted,
Not like other children was he ;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

" Lazy Kwasind ! " said his mother,

" In my work you never help me !
In the Summer you are roaming
Idly in the fields and forests ;
In the Winter you are cowering
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam !
In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing ;
With my nets you never help me ;
At the door my nets are hanging,
Dripping, freezing with the water ;
Go and wring them, Yenadizze ! ¹
Go and dry them in the sunshine ! "

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry answer ;
From the lodge went forth in silence,
Took the nets, that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,

Like a wisp of straw he broke them,
Could not wring them without breaking,

Such the strength was in his fingers.

" Lazy Kwasind ! " said his father,
" In the hunt you never help me ;
Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow ;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,

Where a brooklet led them onward,
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,

¹ Indian dude.

And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,

"O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,

Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before him;

All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,

As they sported in the meadow:

"Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and, slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,
Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his companions,
In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing currents,

Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,

Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,

Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,

Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwasind!"
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders

Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,

Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving

How the tribes of men might prosper.

VII.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.¹

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!

Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!

I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!

Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taqaumenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Gheczis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots he cut it,

¹ This beautiful description of the building of the canoe reminds one of Longfellow's more elaborate poem "The Building of the Ship."

Till the sap came oozing outward ;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O
Cedar !

Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath
me !"

Through the summit of the cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance ;
But it whispered, bending down-
ward,

"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha !"

Down he hewed the boughs of
cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a frame-
work,

Like two bows he formed and shaped
them,

Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tama-
rack !

Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree !
My canoe to bind together.

So to bind the ends together

That the water may not enter,

That the river may not wet me !"

And the larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tas-
sels,

Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha !"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-
Tree,

Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-
Tree !

Of your balsam and your resin,

So to close the seams together

That the water may not enter,

That the river may not wet me !"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of dark-
ness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles,

Answered wailing, answered weep-
ing,

"Take my balm, O Hiawatha !"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and
fissure,

Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedge-
hog !

All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedge-
hog !

I will make a necklace of them,

Make a girdle for my beauty,

And two stars to deck her bosom !"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog

With his sleepy eyes looked at him,

Shot his shining quills, like arrows,

Saying, with a drowsy murmur,

Through the tangle of his whiskers,

"Take my quills, O Hiawatha !"

From the ground the quills he
gathered,

All the little shining arrows,

Stained them red and blue and yel-
low,

With the juice of roots and berries ;

Into his canoe he wrought them,

Round its waist a shining girdle,

Round its bows a gleaming necklace,

On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded

In the valley, by the river,

In the bosom of the forest ;

And the forest's life was it,

All its mystery and its magic,

All the lightness of the birch-tree,

All the toughness of the cedar,

All the larch's supple sinews ;

And it floated on the river

Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,

Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,

Paddles none he had or needed,

For his thoughts as paddles served
him,

And his wishes served to guide him ;

Swift or slow at will he glided,

Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,

To his friend, the strong man,

Kwasind,

Saying, "Help me clear this river

Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind

Plunged as if he were an otter,

Dived as if he were a beaver,
 Stood up to his waist in water,
 To his armpits in the river,
 Swam and shouted in the river,
 Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
 With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,

With his feet the ooze and tangle.
 And thus sailed my Hiawatha
 Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
 Sailed through all its bends and windings,
 Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
 While his friend, the strong man,
 Kwasind,
 Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,
 In and out among its islands,
 Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
 Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
 Made its passage safe and certain,
 Made a pathway for the people,
 From its springs among the mountains,
 To the water of Pauwating,
 To the bay of Taquamenaw.

VIII.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumce,
 On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 With his fishing-line of cedar,
 Of the twisted bark of cedar,
 Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
 Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
 In his birch canoe exulting
 All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water
 He could see the fishes swimming
 Far down in the depths below him ;
 See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
 Like a sunbeam in the water,
 See the Shawgashec, the crawfish,
 Like a spider on the bottom,
 On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
 With his fishing-line of cedar ;

In his plumes the breeze of morning
 Played as in the hemlock branches ;
 On the bows, with tail erected,
 Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo ;
 In his fur the breeze of morning
 Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom
 Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
 Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes ;
 Through his gills he breathed the water,

With his fins he fanned and winnowed,

With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armor ;
 On each side a shield to guard him,
 Plates of bone upon his forehead,
 Down his sides and back and shoulders

Plates of bone with spines projecting !

Painted was he with his war-paints,
 Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
 Spots of brown and spots of sable ;
 And he lay there on the bottom,
 Fanning with his fins of purple,
 As above him Hiawatha
 In his birch canoe came sailing,
 With his fishing-line of cedar.

"Take my bait," cried Hiawatha,
 Down into the depths beneath him,
 "Take my bait, O Sturgeon,
 Nahma !

Come up from below the water,
 Let us see which is the stronger !"
 And he dropped his line of cedar
 Through the clear, transparent water,

Waited vainly for an answer,
 Long sat waiting for an answer,
 And repeating loud and louder,
 "Take my bait, O King of Fishes !"

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
 Fanning slowly in the water,
 Looking up at Hiawatha,
 Listening to his call and clamor,
 His unnecessary tumult,
 Till he wearied of the shouting ;
 And he slid to the Kenozha,
 To the pike, the Maskenozha,
 "Take the bait of this rude fellow,
 Break the line of Hiawatha !"

In his fingers Hiawatha

Felt the loose line jerk and tighten ;
As he drew it in, it tugged so
That the birch canoe stood endwise,
Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him,
And he shouted through the water,
"Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes !"

Reeling downward to the bottom
Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
"Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break the line of Hiawatha !"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleam-
ing,

Like a white moon in the water,
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha,
Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling eddies,
Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
Till the water-flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water,
Lifting his great disk of whiteness,
Loud he shouted in derision,
"Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes !"
Wavering downward, white and
ghastly,

Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,
Heard his challenge of defiance,
The unnecessary tumult,
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bot-
tom

Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,

Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war-
paint ;

In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,
Opened his great jaws, and swal-
lowed

Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,
Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and
fibre,

Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered through
it,

Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and perish.
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gayly,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me ;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives
you ;

For hereafter and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you !"

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted landward
Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the margin,
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flap-
ping

As of many wings assembling,
 Heard a screaming and confusion,
 As of birds of prey contending,
 Saw a gleam of light above him,
 Shining through the ribs of Nahma,
 Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,
 Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,
 Gazing at him through the opening,
 Heard them saying to each other,
 "'Tis our brother, Hiawatha !"

And he shouted from below them,
 Cried exulting from the caverns :
 "O ye sea-gulls ! O my brothers !
 I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma ;
 Make the rifts a little larger,
 With your claws the openings widen,
 Set me free from this dark prison,
 And henceforward and forever
 Men shall speak of your achieve-
 ments,

Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
 Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratch-
 ers !"

And the wild and clamorous sea-
 gulls
 Toiled with beak and claws together,
 Made the rifts and openings wider
 In the mighty ribs of Nahma,
 And from peril and from prison,
 From the body of the sturgeon,
 From the peril of the water,
 Was released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,
 On the margin of the water,
 And he called to old Nokomis,
 Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
 Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
 Lying lifeless on the pebbles,
 With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

"I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,
 Slain the King of Fishes !" said he ;
 "Look ! the sea-gulls feed upon
 him,

Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-
 gulls ;
 Drive them not away, Nokomis,
 They have saved me from great
 peril

In the body of the sturgeon,
 Wait until their meal is ended,
 Till their craws are full with feast-
 ing,

Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
 To their nests among the marshes ;

Then bring all your pots and kettles
 And make oil for us in Winter."

And she waited till the sun set,
 Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun,
 Rose above the tranquil water,
 Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
 From their banquet rose with clamor,
 And across the fiery sunset
 Winged their way to far-off islands,
 To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,
 And Nokomis to her labor,
 Toiling patient in the moonlight,
 Sill the sun and moon changed
 places,

Till the sky was red with sunrise,
 And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,
 Came back from the reedy islands,
 Clamorous for their morning ban-
 quet.

Three whole days and nights
 alternate

Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
 Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
 Till the waves washed through the
 rib-bones,

Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
 And upon the sands lay nothing
 But the skeleton of Nahma.

IX.

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

On the shores of Gitche Gumees,
 Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
 Pointing with her finger westward,
 O'er the water pointing westward,
 To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending
 Burned his way along the heavens,
 Set the sky on fire behind him,
 As war-parties, when retreating,
 Burn the prairies on their war-trail ;
 And the moon, the Night-sun, east-
 ward,

Suddenly starting from his ambush,
 Followed fast those bloody foot-
 prints,

Followed in that fiery war-trail,
 With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
Spake these words to Hiawatha :
"Yonder dwells the great Pearl-
Feather,

Megissogwon, the Magician,
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,
Guarded by his fiery serpents,
Guarded by the black pitch-water.
You can see his fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Coiling, playing in the water ;
You can see the black pitch-water
Stretching far away beyond them,
To the purple clouds of sunset !
"He it was who slew my father,
By his wicked wiles and cunning,
When he from the moon descended,
When he came on earth to seek me.
He, the mightiest of Magicians,
Sends the fever from the marshes,
Sends the pestilential vapors,
Sends the poisonous exhalations,
Sends the white fog from the fen-
lands.

Sends disease and death among us !

"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
And your birch canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly
You may pass the black pitch-water ;
Slay this merciless magician,
Save the people from the fever
That he breathes across the fen-
lands,

And avenge my father's murder !"

Straightway then my Hiawatha
Armed himself with all his war-
gear,

Launched his birch-canoe for sail-
ing ;

With his palm its sides he patted,
Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my
darling,

O my Birch-Canoe ! leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
Where you see the black pitch-
water !"

Forward leaped Cheemaun exult-
ing,

And the noble Hiawatha

Sang his war-song wild and woeful,
And above him the war-eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Master of all fowls with feathers,
Screamed and hurtled through the
heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,
Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,
So that none could pass beyond
them.

But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise :
"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
Let me go upon my journey !"
And they answered, hissing fiercely,
With their fiery breath made an-
swer :

"Back, go back ! O Shaugodaya !¹
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !"

Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents ;
Every twanging of the bowstring
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting :
"Onward, O Cheemaun,² my dar-
ling !

Onward to the black pitch-water !"

Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,
Smeared them well with oil, that
swiftly

He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mould of ages,
Black with rotting water-rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moon-
light,

¹ Coward.

² Canoe.

And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,
In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moon-
light,

All the water black with shadow,
And around him the Suggema,
The mosquito, sang their war-song,
And the fireflies, Wah-wah-taysee,
Waved their torches to mislead
him ;

And the bullfrog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moonlight,
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,
Sobbed and sank beneath the sur-
face ;

And anon a thousand whistles,
Answered over all the fen-lands,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Far off on the reedy margin,
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,
Toward the land of the Pearl-
Feather,

Till the level moon stared at him,
In his face stared pale and haggard,
Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders,
And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam
Of the Manito of Wampum,
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he
patted,

To his birch-canoe said, " Onward !"
And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of tri-
umph

Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and
rushes,

And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-
tree,

One end on the sand he rested,
With his knee he pressed the middle,
Stretched the faithful bowstring
tighter,

Took an arrow, jasper-headed,
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,
Sent it singing as a herald,
As a bearer of his message,

Of his challenge loud and lofty :
" Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-
Feather !

Hiawatha waits your coming !"
Straightway from the Shining
Wigwam

Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect,
Clad from head to foot in wampum,
Armed with all his warlike weapons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue, and
yellow,

Crested with great eagle-feathers,
Streaming upward, streaming out-
ward.

" Well I know you, Hiawatha !"
Cried he in a voice of thunder,
In a tone of loud derision.

" Hasten back, O Shaugodaya !
Hasten back among the women,
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart,
I will slay you as you stand there,
As of old I slew her father !"

But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing :
" Big words do not smite like war-
clubs,

Boastful breath is not a bowstring,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words
are,

Actions mightier than boastings !"

Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.
All a Summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise to the sunset ;

For the shafts of Hiawatha
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Harmless fell the heavy war-club ;
It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,
With his mighty war-club broken,
With his mittens torn and tattered,
And three useless arrows only,
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree.

From whose branches trailed the
mosses,

And whose trunk was coated over
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-
leather,

With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above
him

Sang the Mama, the woodpecker :

" Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,

At the head of Megissogwon,

Strike the tuft of hair upon it,

At their roots the long black tresses ;

There alone can he be wounded ! "

Winged with feathers, tipped
with jasper,

Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,

Just as Megissogwon, stooping,

Raised a heavy stone to throw it.

Full upon the crown it struck him,

At the roots of his long tresses,

And he reeled and staggered for-
ward,

Plunging like a wounded bison,

Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,

When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,

In the pathway of the other,

Piercing deeper than the other,

Wounding sorer than the other,

And the knees of Megissogwon

Shook like windy reeds beneath
him,

Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow

Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,

And the mighty Megissogwon

Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,

Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,

Heard his voice call in the darkness ;

At the feet of Hiawatha

Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,

Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha

Called the Mama, the woodpecker,

From his perch among the branches

Of the melancholy pine-tree,

And in honor of his service,

Stained with blood the tuft of
feathers

On the little head of Mama ;

Even to this day he wears it,

Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,

As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of
wampum

From the back of Megissogwon,

As a trophy of the battle,

As a signal of his conquest.

On the shore he left the body,

Half on land and half in water,

In the sand his feet were buried,

And his face was in the water.

And above him, wheeled and clam-
ored

The Keneu, the great war-eagle,

Sailing round in narrower circles,

Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha

Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,

All his wealth of skins and wam-
pum,

Furs of bison and of beaver,

Furs of sable and of ermine,

Wampum belts and strings and
pouches,

Quivers wrought with beads of
wampum,

Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exult-
ing,

Homeward through the black pitch-
water,

Homeward through the weltering
serpents,

With the trophies of the battle,

With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,

On the shore stood Chibiabos,

And the very strong man, Kwasind,

Waiting for the hero's coming,

Listening to his song of triumph.

And the people of the village

Welcomed him with songs and
dances,

Made a joyous feast, and shouted !

" Honor be to Hiawatha !

He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,

Slain the mightiest of Magicians,

Him, who sent the fiery fever,

Sent the white fog from the fen-
lands,

Sent disease and death among
us ! "

Ever dear to Hiawatha

Was the memory of Mama !

And in token of his friendship,

As a mark of his remembrance,

He adorned and decked his pipe-
stem
With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.
But the wealth of Megissogwon,
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

X.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys
him,
Though she draws him, yet she
follows,

Useless each without the other !"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis ;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not !
Like a fire upon the hearthstone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers !"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this : "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight !"

Gravely then said old Nokomis :
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling ;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands !"

Smiling answered Hiawatha ;
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.

I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, fire-
light,

Be the sunlight of my people !"

Still dissuading said Nokomis :
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs !
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may
open !"

Laughing answered Hiawatha :
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever !"

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women ;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured ;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outrun his footsteps ;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's thunder,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha,
Calling to him through the silence.
"Pleasant is the sound !" he mur-
mured,

"Pleasant is the voice that calls
me !"

On the outskirts of the forest,
"Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha ;
To his bow he whispered, "Fail
not !"

To his arrow whispered, "Swerve
not !"

Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck ;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.

At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;
Of the past the old man's thoughts
were,

And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow ;
Shot the wild goose, flying south-
ward,

On the wing, the clamorous Wawa ;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they
were !

Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weap-
ons !

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-
time,

Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom ;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they
heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and fore-
head,

With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
"Hiawatha, you are welcome !"

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,

Threw the red deer from his shoul-
ders ;

And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha !"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deerskin dressed and whit-
ened,¹

With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Lay aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before
them,

Water brought them from the brook-
let,

Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-
wood,

Listened while the guest was speak-
ing,

Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his child-
hood,

As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."

Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more
closely,

And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,

¹ Whitened with white clay. (Parkman.)

Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women !”

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely :
“ Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha ! ”

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood
there,

Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
“ I will follow you, my husband ! ”

This was Hiawatha's wooing !
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs !

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water ;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the
meadow,

Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
“ Fare thee well, O Minnehaha ! ”

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying :
“ Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love
us ! ”

Just when they have learned to help
us,

When we are old and lean upon
them,

Comes a youth with flaunting
feathers,

With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
As she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger ! ”

Pleasant was the journey home-
ward,

Through interminable forests,

Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and
slackened

To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden ;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his headgear ;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine tree.

All the travelling winds went with
them,

O'er the meadow, through the forest ;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their
slumber ;

From his ambush in the oak tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers ;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before
them,

Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the
lovers.

Pleasant was the journey home-
ward !

All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease ;
Sang the bluebird, the Owaisa,
“ Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you ! ”
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
“ Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband ! ”

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the
branches,

Saying to them, “ O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha ! ”

From the sky the moon looked at
them,

Filled the lodge with mystic splen-
dors,

Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble ;
Half is mine, although I follow ;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed home-
ward ;

Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight,
firelight,

Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsome of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

XI.

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Kee-
wis,¹

How the handsome Yenadizze
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;
How the gentle Chibiabos,
He the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and longing ;
How Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
Told his tales of strange adventure,
That the feast might be more joy-
ous,

That the time might pass more gayly,
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding ;
All the bowls were made of bass-
wood,

White and polished very smoothly,
All the spoons of horn and bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the vil-
lage

Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation,
As a token of the feasting ;
And the wedding guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and plu-
mage,

¹ The Storm Fool. (See below.)

Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nah-
ma,

And the pike, the Maskenozha,
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis ;
Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had
finished,

Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the redstone pipes for smok-
ing

With tobacco from the South-land,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fra-
grance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Kee-
wis,

Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please
us,

That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented !"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Kee-
wis,

He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-
Fool,

Rose among the guests assembled.
Skilled was he in sports and pas-
times,

In the merry dance of snowshoes,
In the play of quoits and ball-play ;
Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him
Faint-Heart,

Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
Little heeded he their jesting,

Little eared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doeskin,
White and soft, and fringed with
ermine,

All inwrought with beads of wampum ;

He was dressed in deerskin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and
ermine,

And in moccasins of buckskin,
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.

On his head were plumes of swan's
down,

On his heels were tails of foxes,

In one hand a fan of feathers,

And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and
yellow,

Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,

Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.

From his forehead fell his tresses,

Smooth, and parted like a woman's,

Shining bright with oil, and plaited,

Hung with braids of scented grasses,

As among the guests assembled,

To the sound of flutes and singing,

To the sound of drums and voices,

Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,

And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,

Very slow in step and gesture,

In and out among the pine trees,

Through the shadows and the sun-
shine,

Treading softly like a panther,

Then more swiftly and still swifter,

Whirling, spinning round in circles,

Leaping o'er the guests assembled,

Eddying round and round the wig-
wam,

Till the leaves went whirling with
him,

Till the dust and wind together

Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin

Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,

On he sped with frenzied gestures,

Stamped upon the sand, and tossed
it

Wildly in the air around him ;

Till the wind became a whirlwind,

Till the sand was blown and sifted

Like great snowdrifts o'er the land-
scape,

Heaping all the shores with Sand
Dunes,

Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo !¹

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please
them,

And, returning, sat down laughing

There among the guests assembled,

Sat and fanned himself serenely

With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,

To the friend of Hiawatha,

To the sweetest of all singers,

To the best of all musicians,

"Sing to us, O Chibiabos !

Songs of love and songs of longing,

That the feast may be more joyous,

That the time may pass more gayly,

And our guests be more contented !"

And the gentle Chibiabos

Sang in accents sweet and tender,

Sang in tones of deep emotion,

Songs of love and songs of longing ;

Looking still at Hiawatha,

Looking at fair Laughing Water,

Sang he softly, sang in this wise.

"Onaway ! Awake, beloved !²

Thou the wild flower of the forest !

Thou the wild bird of the prairie !

Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-
like !

¹ A description of the *Grand Sable*, or great sand dunes of Lake Superior, is given in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District* Part II., p. 131.

"The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks. The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials ; and although in the one case the cliffs are less precipitous, yet in the other they attain a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand-bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. Ascending to the top, rounded hillocks of blown sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees, standing out like oases in the desert."

² The original of this song may be found in *Littell's Living Age*, Vol. XXV., p. 45.

"If thou only lookest on me,
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon them !

"Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance

Of the wild flowers in the morning,
As their fragrance is at evening,
In the Moon when leaves are falling,

"Does not all the blood within me,
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
As the springs to meet the sunshine,
In the Moon when nights are bright-
est ?

"Onaway ! my heart sings to
thee,
Sings with joy when thou art near
me,

As the sighing, singing branches
In the pleasant Moon of Strawber-
ries !

"When thou art not pleased, be-
loved,

Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens

When the clouds drop shadows on it !

"When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is bright-
ened,

As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

"Smiles the earth, and smile the
waters,

Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling

When thou art no longer near me !

"I myself, myself ! behold me !
Blood of my beating heart, behold
me !

O awake, awake, beloved !

Onaway ! awake, beloved !"

Thus the gentle Chibiabos

Sang his song of love and longing ;

And Iagoo, the great boaster,

He the marvellous story-teller,

He the friend of old Nokomis,

Jealous of the sweet musician,

Jealous of the applause they gave
him,

Saw in all the eyes around him,

Saw in all their looks and gestures,

That the wedding guests assembled

Longed to hear his pleasant stories,

His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo ;
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater ;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder ;
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow

Half so far and high as he had ;

Ever caught so many fishes,

Ever killed so many reindeer,

Ever trapped so many beaver !

None could run so fast as he could,

None could dive so deep as he could,

None could swim as far as he could ;

None had made so many journeys,

None had seen so many wonders,

As this wonderful Iagoo,

As this marvellous-story-teller !

Thus his name became a byword

And a jest among the people ;

And whene'er a boastful hunter

Praised his own address too highly,

Or a warrior, home returning,

Talked too much of his achievements,

All his hearers cried, "Iagoo !

Here's Iagoo come among us !"

He it was who carved the cradle

Of the little Hiawatha,

Carved its framework out of linden,

Bound it strong with reindeer sin-

ews ;

He it was who taught him later

How to make his bows and arrows,

How to make the bows of ash tree,

And the arrows of the oak tree,

So among the guests assembled

At my Hiawatha's wedding

Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,

Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, "O good Iagoo,

Tell us now a tale of wonder,

Tell us of some strange adventure,

That the feast may be more joyous,

That the time may pass more gayly,

And our guests be more contented !"

And Iagoo answered straightway,

"You shall hear a tale of wonder.

You shall hear the strange advent-
ures

Of Osseo, the Magician,

From the Evening Star descended."

XII.

THE SUN OF THE EVENING STAR.

CAN it be the sun descending
O'er the level plain of water?
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,¹

¹ The fanciful tradition of the Red Swan may be found in Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*, Vol. II., p. 9. Three brothers were hunting on a wager to see who would bring home the first game.

"They were to shoot no other animal," so the legend says, "but such as each was in the habit of killing. They set out different ways; Odjibwa, the youngest, had not gone far before he saw a bear, an animal he was not to kill, by the agreement. He followed him close, and drove an arrow through him, which brought him to the ground. Although contrary to the bet, he immediately commenced skinning him, when suddenly something red tinged all the air around him. He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was perhaps deceived, but without effect, for the red hue continued. At length he heard a strange noise at a distance. It first appeared like a human voice; but after following the sound for some distance, he reached the shores of a lake, and soon saw the object he was looking for. At a distance out in the lake sat a most beautiful Red Swan whose plumage glittered in the sun, and who would now and then make the same noise he had heard. He was within long bow-shot, and pulling the arrow from the bow-string up to his ear, took deliberate aim and shot. The arrow took no effect; and he shot and shot again till his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained, moving round and round, stretching its long neck and dipping its bill into the water, as if heedless of the arrows shot at it. Odjibwa ran home, and got all his own and his brother's arrows, and shot them all away. He then stood and gazed at the beautiful bird. While standing, he remembered his brother's saying that in their deceased father's medicine-sack where three magic arrows. Off he started, his anxiety to kill the swan overcoming all scruples. At any other time he would have deemed it sacrilege to open his father's medicine-sack; but now he hastily seized the three arrows and ran back, leaving the other contents of the sack scattered over the lodge. The swan was still there. He shot the first arrow with great precision, and came very near to it. The second came still closer; as he took the last arrow, he felt his arm firmer, and drawing it up with vigor, saw it pass through the neck of the swan a little above the breast. Still it did not prevent the bird from flying off, which it did, however, at first slowly, flapping its wings and rising gradually into the air, and then flying off toward the sinking of the sun."—Pp. 10-12.

Wounded by the magic arrow,
Staining all the waves with crimson,
With the crimson of its life-blood,
Filling all the air with splendor,
With the splendor of its plumage?

Yes; it is the sun descending,
Sinking down into the water;
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the water flushed with crimson!
No; it is the Red Swan floating,
Diving down beneath the water;
To the sky its wings are lifted,
With its blood the waves are red-
dened!

Over it the Star of Evening
Melts and trembles through the
purple,
Hangs suspended in the twilight.
No; it is a bead of wampum
On the robes of the Great Spirit,
As he passes through the twilight,
Walks in silence through the
heavens.

This with joy beheld Iago
And he said in haste: "Behold it!
See the sacred Star of Evening!
You shall hear a tale of wonder,
Hear the story of Osseo,
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!

"Once, in days no more remem-
bered,
Ages nearer the beginning,
When the heavens were closer to us,
And the Gods were more familiar,
In the North-land lived a hunter,
With ten young and comely daugh-
ters,

Tall and lithe as wands of willow;
Only Owenee, the youngest,
She the wilful and the wayward,
She the silent, dreamy maiden,
Was the fairest of the sisters.

"All these women married war-
riors,
Married brave and haughty hus-
bands;

Only Owenee, the youngest,
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,
All her young and handsome suitors,
And then married old Osseo,
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,
Broken with age and weak from
coughing,
Always coughing like a squirrel.

"Ah, but beautiful within him
Was the spirit of Osseo,
From the Evening Star descended,
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
Star of tenderness and passion !
All its fire was in his bosom,
All its beauty in his spirit,
All its mystery in his being,
All its splendor in his language !

"And her lovers, the rejected,
Handsome men with belts of wampum,
Handsome men with paint and feathers,
Pointed at her in derision,
Followed her with jest and laughter.
But she said : ' I care not for you,
Care not for your belts of wampum,
Care not for your paint and feathers,
Care not for your jests and laughter ;
I am happy with Osseo ! '

"Once to some great feast invited,
Through the damp and dusk of evening
Walked together the ten sisters,
Walked together with their husbands ;
Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Oweenee beside him ;
All the others chatted gayly,
These two only walked in silence.

"At the western sky Osseo
Gazed intent, as if imploring,
Often stopped and gazed imploring
At the trembling Star of Evening,
At the tender Star of Woman ;
And they heard him murmur softly,
' Ah, *showain nemeshin, Nosa !* ¹
Pity, pity me, my father ! '

" ' Listen ! ' said the eldest sister,
' He is praying to his father !
What a pity that the old man
Does not stumble in the pathway,
Does not break his neck by falling ! '
And they laughed till all the forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

"On their pathway through the woodlands

Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,
Lay the great trunk of an oak tree,
Buried half in leaves and mosses,

¹ The following line is the translation of this.

Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow

And Osseo, when he saw it,
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,
Leaped into its yawning cavern,
At one end went in an old man,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly ;
From the other came a young man,
Tall and straight and strong and handsome.

"Thus Osseo was transfigured,
Thus restored to youth and beauty ;
But alas for good Osseo,
And for Oweenee, the faithful !
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.
Changed into a weak old woman,
With a staff she tottered onward,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly !
And the sisters and their husbands
Laughed until the echoing forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

"But Osseo turned not from her,
Walked with slower step beside her,
Took her hand, as brown and withered

As an oak-leaf is in Winter,
Called her sweetheart, Nenomoosha,
Soothed her with soft words of kindness,

Till they reached the lodge of feasting,

Till they sat down in the wigwam,
Sacred to the Star of Evening,
To the tender Star of Woman.

"Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,

At the banquet sat Osseo ;
All were merry, all were happy,
All were joyous but Osseo,
Neither food nor drink he tasted,
Neither did he speak nor listen,
But as one bewildered sat he,
Looking dreamily and sadly,
First at Oweenee, then upward
At the gleaming sky above them.

"Then a voice was heard, a whisper,

Coming from the starry distance,
Coming from the empty vastness,
Low, and musical, and tender ;
And the voice said : ' O Osseo !
O my son, my best beloved !
Broken are the spells that bound you,

All the charms of the magicians,
All the magic powers of evil ;
Come to me ; ascend, Osseo !

“Taste the food that stands before you ;

It is blessed and enchanted,
It has magic virtues in it,
It will change you to a spirit.
All your bowls and all your kettles
Shall be wood and clay no longer ;
But the bowls be changed to wam-
pum,

And the kettles shall be silver ;
They shall shine like shells of scar-
let,

Like the fire shall gleam and glim-
mer.

“And the women shall no longer
Bear the dreary doom of labor,
But be changed to birds, and glisten
With the beauty of the starlight,
Painted with the dusky splendors
Of the skies and clouds of even-
ing !”

“What Osseo heard as whispers,
What as words he comprehended,
Was but music to the others,
Music as of birds afar off,
Of the whip-poor-will afar off,
Of the lonely Wawonaissa
Singing in the darksome forest.

“Then the lodge began to trem-
ble,
Straight began to shake and trem-
ble,

And they felt it rising, rising,
Slowly through the air ascending,
From the darkness of the treetops
Forth into the dewy starlight,
Till it passed the topmost branches ;
And behold ! the wooden dishes
All were changed to shells of scar-
let !

And behold ! the earthen kettles
All were changed to bowls of silver !
And the roof-poles of the wigwam
Were as glittering rods of silver,
And the roof of bark upon them
As the shining shards of beetles.

“Then Osseo gazed around him,
And he saw the nine fair sisters,
All the sisters and their husbands,
Changed to birds of various plu-

Some were jays and some were mag-
pies,

Others thrushes, others blackbirds ;
And they hopped, and sang, and
twittered,

Pecked and fluttered all their fea-
thers,

Strutted in their shining plumage,
And their tails like fans unfolded,

“Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Was not changed, but sat in silence,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,
Looking sadly at the others ;
Till Osseo, gazing upward,
Gave another cry of anguish,
Such a cry as he had uttered
By the oak tree in the forest.

“Then returned her youth and
beauty

And her soiled and tattered garments
Were transformed to robes of ermine,
And her staff became a feather,
Yes, a shining silver feather !

“And again the wigwam trembled,
Swayed and rushed through airy
currents,

Through transparent cloud and
vapor

And amid celestial splendors
On the Evening Star alighted,
As a snowflake falls on snowflake,
As a leaf drops on a river,
As the thistledown on water.

“Forth with cheerful words of
welcome

Came the father of Osseo,
He with radiant locks of silver,
He with eyes serene and tender,
And he said : ‘My son, Osseo,
Hang the cage of birds you bring
there,

Hang the cage with rods of silver,
And the birds with glistening
feathers,

At the doorway of my wigwam.’

“At the door he hung the bird-
cage,

And they entered in and gladly
Listened to Osseo's father,
Ruler of the Star of Evening,
As he said : ‘O my Osseo !
I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and
beauty,

Into birds of various plumage
 Changed your sisters and their husbands ;

Changed them thus because they
 mocked you

In the figure of the old man,
 In that aspect sad and wrinkled,
 Could not see your heart of passion,
 Could not see your youth immortal ;
 Only Oweenee, the faithful,
 Saw your naked heart and loved you.

"In the lodge that glimmers
 yonder,

In the little star that twinkles
 Through the vapors, on the left
 hand,

Lives the envious Evil Spirit,
 The Wabeno, the magician,
 Who transformed you to an old man.
 Take heed lest his beams fall on you,
 For the rays he darts around him
 Are the power of his enchantment,
 Are the arrows that he uses.'

"Many years, in peace and quiet,
 On the peaceful Star of Evening
 Dwelt Osseo with his father ;
 Many years, in song and flutter,
 At the doorway of the wigwam,
 Hung the cage with rods of silver,
 And fair Oweenee, the faithful,
 Bore a son unto Osseo,
 With the beauty of his mother,
 With the courage of his father.

"And the boy grew up and prospered,

And Osseo, to delight him,
 Made him little bows and arrows,
 Opened the great cage of silver,
 And let lose his aunts and uncles,
 All those birds with glossy feathers,
 For his little son to shoot at.

"Round and round they wheeled
 and darted,

Filled the Evening Star with music,
 With their songs of joy and freedom ;

Filled the Evening Star with splendor,

With the fluttering of their plumage ;

Till the boy, the little hunter,
 Bent his bow and shot an arrow,
 Shot a swift and fatal arrow,
 And a bird, with shining feathers,

At his feet fell wounded sorely.

"But, O wondrous transformation !

'T was no bird he saw before him,
 'T was a beautiful young woman,
 With the arrow in her bosom !

"When her blood fell on the
 planet,

On the sacred Star of Evening,
 Broken was the spell of magic,
 Powerless was the strange enchantment,

And the youth, the fearless bowman,
 Suddenly felt himself descending,
 Held by unseen hands, but sinking
 Downward through the empty
 spaces,

Downward through the clouds and
 vapors,

Till he rested on an island,
 On an island, green and grassy,
 Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

"After him he saw descending
 All the birds with shining feathers,
 Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,

Like the painted leaves of Autumn ;
 And the lodge with poles of silver,
 With its roof like wings of beetles,
 Like the shining shards of beetles,
 By the winds of heaven uplifted,
 Slowly sank upon the island,
 Bringing back the good Osseo,
 Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

"Then the birds again transfigured,

Reassumed the shape of mortals,
 Took their shape but not their stature ;

They remained as Little People,
 Like the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies,

And on pleasant nights of Summer
 When the Evening Star was shining,
 Hand in hand they danced together
 On the island's craggy headlands,
 On the sandbeach low and level.

"Still their glittering lodge is seen
 there,

On the tranquil Summer evenings,
 And upon the shore the fisher,
 Sometimes hears their happy voices,
 Sees them dancing in the starlight !"

When the story was completed,

When the wondrous tale was ended,
Looking round upon his listeners,
Solemnly Iagoo added :

"There are great men, I have known
such,

Whom their people understand not,
Whom they even make a jest of,
Scoff and jeer at in derision.

From the story of Osseo

Let them learn the fate of jesters !"

All the wedding guests delighted

Listened to the marvellous story,

Listened laughing and applauding,

And they whispered to each other :

"Does he mean himself, I wonder ?

And are we the aunts and uncles ?"

Then again sang Chibiabos,

Sang a song of love and longing,

In those accents sweet and tender,

In those tones of pensive sadness,

Sang a maiden's lamentation

For her lover her Algonquin.

"When I think of my beloved,¹

Ah me ! think of my beloved,

When my heart is thinking of him,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"Ah me ! when I parted from
him,

Round my neck he hung the wam-
pum,

As a pledge, the snow-white wam-
pum,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"I will go with you, he whispered,

Ah me ! to your native country ;

Let me go with you he whispered,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"Far away, away, I answered,

Very far away, I answered,

Ah me ! is my native country,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"When I looked back to behold
him,

Where we parted, to behold him,

After me he still was gazing,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"By the tree he still was standing,

By the fallen tree was standing,

That had dropped into the water,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

"When I think of my beloved,

Ah me ! think of my beloved,

When my heart is thinking of him
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !"

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,

Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Such the story of Iagoo,

Such the songs of Chibiabos ;

Thus the wedding banquet ended,

And the wedding guests departed,

Leaving Hiawatha happy

With the night and Minnehaha.

XIII.

BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS.

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,

Of the happy days that followed,

In the land of the Ojibways,

In the pleasant land and peaceful !

Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,²

Sing the Blessing of the Cornfields !

Buried was the bloody hatchet,

Buried was the dreadful warclub,

Buried were all warlike weapons,

And the warcry was forgotten.

² The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. "They esteem it so important and divine a grain," says Schoolcraft, "that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Odjibwa-Algonquins, who call it Mon-dâ-min, that is, the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood.

"It is well known that corn-planting and corn-gathering, at least among all the still uncolonized tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labor is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labor of the other sex, in providing meats and skins for clothing by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honor her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests."—*Oneôta*, p. 82.

¹ The original of this song maybe found in *Oneôta*, p. 15.

There was peace among the nations;
 Unmolested roved the hunters,
 Built the birch canoe for sailing,
 Caught the fish in lake and river,
 Shot the deer and trapped the
 beaver ;

Unmolested worked the women,
 Made their sugar from the maple,
 Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
 Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village,
 Stood the maize fields, green and
 shining,

Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,

Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
 Filling all the land with plenty.

'T was the women who in Spring-time

Planted the broad fields and fruitful,

Buried in the earth Mondamin ;

'T was the women who in Autumn
 Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,

Stripped the garments from Mondamin,

Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was
 planted,

Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,

Spake and said to Minnehaha,

To his wife, the Laughing Water :

"You shall bless to-night the corn-
 fields,

Draw a magic circle round them,

To protect them from destruction,

Blast of mildew, blight of insect,

Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,

Paimosaid, who steals the maize-
 ear !

"In the night, when all is silence,

In the night, when all is darkness,

When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,

Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,

So that not an ear can hear you,

So that not an eye can see you,

Rise up from your bed in silence,

Lay aside your garments wholly,

Walk around the fields you planted,

Round the borders of the cornfields,

Covered by your tresses only,

Robed with darkness as a garment.

"Thus the fields shall be more
 fruitful,¹

And the passing of your footsteps
 Draw a magic circle round them,
 So that neither blight nor mildew,
 Neither burrowing worm nor insect,
 Shall pass o'er the magic circle ;
 Not the dragon fly, Kwo-ne-she,
 Nor the spider, Subbekashe,
 Nor the grasshopper, Paw-Puk-
 keena,

Nor the mighty caterpillar,
 Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-
 skin,

King of all the caterpillars !"

On the treetops near the corn-
 fields

Sat the hungry crows and ravens,
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 With his band of black marauders.
 And they laughed at Hiawatha,
 Till the treetops shook with laugh-
 ter,

With their melancholy laughter,

At the words of Hiawatha.

"Hear him !" said they ; "hear
 the Wise Man,

Hear the plots of Hiawatha !"

When the noiseless night de-
 scended

Broad and dark o'er field and forest,

When the mournful Wawonaissa,

Sorrowing sang among the hem-
 locks,

And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,

Shut the doors of all the wigwams,

From her bed rose Laughing Water,

¹ "A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom, which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or over-clouded evening to perform a secret circuit, *sans habillement*, around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then, taking her matchecota, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to insure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line."—*Oneôta*, p. 88.

Laid aside her garments wholly,
And with darkness clothed and
guarded,
Unashamed and unaffrighted,
Walked securely round the corn-
fields,
Drew the sacred, magic circle
Of her footprints round the corn-
fields.

No one but the Midnight only
Saw her beauty in the darkness,
No one but the Wawonaissa
Heard the panting of her bosom ;
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped
her

Closely in his sacred mantle,
So that none might see her beauty,
So that none might boast, "I saw
her !"

On the morrow, as the day
dawned,

Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Gathered all his black marauders,
Crows and blackbirds, jays, and
ravens,

Clamorous on the dusky treetops,
And descended, fast and fearless,
On the fields of Hiawatha,
On the grave of the Mondamin.

"We will drag Mondamin," said
they,

"From the grave where he is buried,
Spite of all the magic circles
Laughing Water draws around it,
Spite of all the sacred footprints
Minnehaha stamps upon it !"

But the wary Hiawatha,
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter
When they mocked him from the
treetops.

"Kaw !" he said, "my friends the
ravens !

Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens !
I will teach you all a lesson
That shall not be soon forgotten !"

He had risen before the daybreak,
He had spread o'er all the cornfields
Snare to catch the black marauders,
And was lying now in ambush
In the neighboring grove of pine
trees,

Waiting for the crows and black-
birds,

Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and
clamor,

Rush of wings and cry of voices,
To their work of devastation,
Settling down upon the cornfields,
Delving deep with beak and talon,
For the body of Mondamin.

And with all their craft and cunning,
All their skill in wiles of warfare,
They perceived no danger near them,
Till their claws became entangled,
Till they found themselves impris-
oned

In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came
he,

Striding terrible among them,
And so awful was his aspect
That the bravest quailed with terror.
Without mercy he destroyed them
Right and left, by tens and twenties,
And their wretched, lifeless bodies
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows
Round the consecrated cornfields,
As a signal of his vengeance,
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
He alone was spared among them
As a hostage for his people!
With his prisoner-string he bound
him,¹

Led him captive to his wigwam,
Tied him fast with cords of elm bark
To the ridgepole of his wigwam.

"Kahgahgee, my raven !" said he,
"You the leader of the robbers,
You the plotter of this mischief,
The contriver of this outrage,
I will keep you, I will hold you,
As a hostage for your people,
As a pledge of good behavior !"

And he left him, grim and sulky,
Sitting in the morning sunshine

¹ "These cords," says Mr. Tanner, "are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist ; and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safekeeping."—*Narrative of Captivity and Adventures*, p. 412.

On the summit of the wigwam,
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,
Flapping his great sable pinions,
Vainly struggling for his freedom,
Vainly calling on his people !

Summer passed, and Shawondasee
Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,

From the Southland sent his ardors,
Wafted kisses warm and tender ;
And the maize field grew and ripened,

Till it stood in all the splendor,
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,
And the maize ears full and shining
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,
Spake, and said to Minnehaha :
" 'Tis the Moon when leaves are falling ;

All the wild rice has been gathered,
And the maize is ripe and ready ;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garments green and yellow ! "

And the merry Laughing Water
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With Nokomis old and wrinkled,
And they called the women round them,

Called the young men and the maidens,
To the harvest of the cornfields,
To the husking of the maize ear.

On the border of the forest,
Underneath the fragrant pine trees,
Sat the old man and the warriors
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.
In uninterrupted silence
Looked they at the gamesome labor
Of the young men and the women ;
Listened to their noisy talking,
To their laughter and their singing,
Heard them chattering like the magpies,
Heard them laughing like the blue-jays,

Heard them singing like the robins.
And when'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize ear red as blood is,

" Nushka ! " ¹ cried they all together,
" Nushka ! you shall have a sweet heart,

You shall have a handsome husband ! "

" Ugh ! " the old men all responded
From their seats beneath the pine-trees.

And when'er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Found a maize ear in the husking
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,
Then they laughed and sang together,

Crept and limped about the corn-fields,

Mimicked in their gait and gestures
Some old man bent almost double,
Singing singly or together :

" Wagemin, the thief of cornfields ! ²
Paimosid, the skulking robber ! "

Till the cornfields rang with laughter,

¹ Look !

² " If one of the young female huskers find a *red ear* of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be *crooked*, and tapering to a point, no matter what color, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wa-ge-min* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the cornfield. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favorite *mondamin*.

" The literal meaning of the term is a mass, or crooked ear of grain ; but the ear of corn so called is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a cornfield. It is in this manner that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word *wagemin* is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

" This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus, or corn song, as sung by the Northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase *Paimosaid*,—a permutative form of the Indian substantive, made from the verb *pim-o-sa*, to walk. Its literal meaning is, *he who walks*, or *the walker* ; but the ideas conveyed by it are, *he who walks by night to pilfer corn*. It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term."—*Oneota*, p. 254.

Till from Hiawatha's wigwam
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 Screamed and quivered in his anger,
 And from all the neighboring tree-
 tops
 Cawed and croaked the black ma-
 rauders.
 "Ugh!" the old men all responded,
 From their seats beneath the pine
 trees!

XIV.

PICTURE-WRITING.

In those days said Hiawatha,
 "Lo! how all things fade and
 perish!

From the memory of the old men
 Fade away the great traditions,
 The achievements of the warriors,
 The adventures of the hunters,
 All the wisdom of the Medas,
 All the craft of the Wabenos,
 All the marvellous dreams and vis-
 ions

Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets!

"Great men die and are forgotten,
 Wise men speak; their words of
 wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them,
 Do not reach the generations
 That, as yet unborn, are waiting
 In the great, mysterious darkness
 Of the speechless days that shall be!

"On the grave-posts of our fathers
 Are no signs, no figures painted;
 Who are in those graves we know
 not,

Only know they are our fathers.
 Of what kith they are and kindred,
 From what old, ancestral Totem,
 Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,
 They descended, this we know not,
 Only know they are our fathers.

"Face to face we speak together,
 But we cannot speak when absent,
 Cannot send our voices from us
 To the friends that dwell afar off;
 Cannot send a secret message,
 But the bearer learns our secret,
 May pervert it, may betray it,
 May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking
 In the solitary forest,
 Pondering, musing in the forest,
 On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his colors,
 Took his paints of different colors,
 On the smooth bark of a birch tree
 Painted many shapes and figures,
 Wonderful and mystic figures,
 And each figure had a meaning,
 Each some word or thought sug-
 gested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,
 He, the Master of Life, was painted
 As an egg, with points projecting
 To the four winds of the heavens.
 Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
 Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,
 He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
 As a serpent was depicted,
 As Kenabeek, the great serpent.
 Very crafty, very cunning,
 Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
 Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,
 Life was white, but Death was dark-
 ness;

Sun and moon and stars he painted,
 Man and beast, and fish and rep-
 tile,

Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight
 line,

For the sky a bow above it;
 White the space between for day-
 time,

Filled with little stars for night-
 time;

On the left a point for sunrise,
 On the right a point for sunset,
 On the top a point for noontide,
 And for rain and cloudy weather
 Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing toward a wig-
 wam

Were a sign of invitation,
 Were a sign of guests assembling;
 Bloody hands with palms uplifted
 Were a symbol of destruction,
 Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha
 Show unto his wondering people,
 And interpreted their meaning,

And he said : " Behold, your grave
posts

Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.
Go and paint them all with figures ;
Each one with its household symbol,
With its own ancestral Totem ;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know
them."

And they painted on the grave
posts

Of the graves yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his household ;
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the symbol
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,
The Wabenos, the Magicians,
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
Painted upon bark and deerskin
Figures for the songs they chanted,
For each song a separate symbol,
Figures mystical and awful,
Figures strange and brightly colored ;
And each figure had its meaning,
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Flashing light through all the heav-
en ;

The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,
With his bloody crest erected,
Creeping, looking into heaven ;
In the sky the sun, that listens,
And the moon eclipsed and dying ;
Owl and eagle, crane and henhawk,
And the cormorant, bird of magic ;
Headless men, that walk the heavens,
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,
Bloody hands of death uplifted,
Flags on graves, and great war-
captains

Grasping both the earth and heaven !
Such as these the shapes they
painted

On the birchbark and the deerskin ;
Songs of war and songs of hunting,
Songs of medicine and of magic,
All were written in these figures,
For each figure had its meaning,
Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song,
The most subtle of all medicines,
The most potent spell of magic,
Dangerous more than war or hunt-
ing !

Thus the Love-Song was recorded,
Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing,
Painted in the brightest scarlet ;

'T is the lover, the musician,
And the meaning is, " My painting
Makes me powerful over others."

Then the figure seated, singing,
Playing on a drum of magic,
And the interpretation, " Listen !

'T is my voice you hear, my sing-
ing !"

Then the same red figure seated
In the shelter of a wigwam,
And the meaning of the symbol,

" I will come and sit beside you
In the mystery of my passion !"

Then two figures, man and woman,
Standing hand in hand together
With their hands so clasped together
That they seem in one united,
And the words thus represented
Are, " I see your heart within you,
And your cheeks are red with
blushes !"

Next the maiden on an island,
In the centre of an island ;
And the song this shape suggested
Was, " Though you were at a dis-
tance,

Were upon some far-off island,
Such the spell I cast upon you,
Such the magic power of passion,
I could straightway draw you to
me !"

Then the figure of the maiden
Sleeping, and the lover near her,
Whispering to her in her slumbers,
Saying, " Though you were far
from me

In the land of Sleep and silence,
Still the voice of love would reach
you !"

And the last of all the figures
Was a heart within a circle,
Drawn within a magic circle,
And the image had this meaning :
" Naked lies your heart before me,
To your naked heart I whisper !"

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch
tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave posts of the village.

XV.

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

In those days the Evil Spirits,
All the Manitos of mischief,
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,
And his love for Chibiabos,
Jealous of their faithful friendship,
And their noble words and actions,
Made at length a league against
them,

To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,
Often said to Chibiabos,
"O my brother! do not leave me,
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!"
Chibiabos, young and heedless,
Laughing shook his coal-black
tresses,

Answered ever sweet and childlike,
"Do not fear for me, O brother!
Harm and evil come not near me!"

Once when Peboan, the Winter,
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,
When the snowflakes whirling down-
ward,

Hissed among the withered oak
leaves,

Changed the pine trees into wig-
wams,

Covered all the earth with silence,—
Armed with arrows, shod with
snowshoes,

Heeding not his brother's warning,
Fearing not the Evil Spirits,
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers
All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water
Sprang with speed the deer before
him,

With the wind and snow he fol-
lowed,

O'er the treacherous ice he followed,
Wild with all the fierce commotion
And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,
Broke the treacherous ice beneath
him,

Dragged him downward to the bot-
tom,

Buried in the sand his body,
Unktahee, the god of water,
He the god of the Dacotahs,
Drowned him in the deep abysses
Of the lake of Gitche Gumees.

From the headlands Hiawatha
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,
Such a fearful lamentation,
That the bison paused to listen,
And the wolves howled from the
prairies,

And the thunder in the distance
Woke and answered "Baim-wawa!"

Then his face with black he
painted,

With his robe his head he covered,
In his wigwam sat lamenting,
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,
Uttering still this moan of sorrow:

"He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!"

He has gone from us forever,

He has moved a little nearer

To the Master of all music,

To the Master of all singing!

O my brother, Chibiabos!"

And the melancholy fir trees

Waved their dark-green fans above
him,

Waved their purple cones above
him,

Sighing with him to console him,

Mingling with his lamentation

Their complaining, their lamenting.

Came the Spring, and all the
forest

Looked in vain for Chibiabos;

Sighed the rivulet, Sebawisha,

Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the treetops sang the blue-
bird,

Sang the bluebird, the Owaisa,

"Chibiabos! Chibiabos!"

He is dead, the sweet musician!"

From the wigwam sang the robin,

Sang the Opechee, the robin,
 "Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !

He is dead, the sweetest singer !"

And at night through all the
 forest

Went the whip-poor-will com-
 plaining,

Wailing went the Wawonaissa,

"Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !

He is dead, the sweet musician !

He the sweetest of all singers !"

Then the Medicine-men, the
 Medas,

The magicians, the Wabenos,
 And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
 Came to visit Hiawatha ;

Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,
 To appease him, to console him,
 Walked in silent, grave procession,
 Bearing each a pouch of healing,
 Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,
 Filled with magic roots and simples,
 Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps ap-
 proaching,

Hiawatha ceased lamenting,
 Called no more on Chibiabos ;

Naught he questioned, naught he
 answered

But his mournful head uncovered,
 From his face the mourning colors
 Washed he slowly and in silence,
 Slowly and in silence followed
 Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave
 him,

Made of Nahma-wusk, the spear-
 mint,

And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,
 Roots of power, and herbs of healing ;
 Beat their drums, and shook their
 rattles ;

Chanted singly and in chorus,
 Mystic songs like these, they
 chanted.

"I myself, myself ! behold me !
 'T is the great Gray Eagle talking ;
 Come, ye white crows, come and
 hear him !

The loud-speaking thunder helps
 me ;

All the unseen spirits help me ;
 I can hear their voices calling,
 All around the sky I hear them !

I can blow you strong, my brother,
 I can heal you, Hiawatha !"

"Hi-au-ha !" ¹ replied the chorus,
 "Way-ha-way !" the mystic chorus,

"Friends of mine are all the
 serpents !

Hear me shake my skin of hen-
 hawk !

Mahng, the white loon, I can kill
 him ;

I can shoot your heart and kill it !
 I can blow you strong, my brother,
 I can heal you, Hiawatha !"

"Hi-au-ha !" replied the chorus,
 "Way-ha-way !" the mystic chorus.

"I myself, myself ! the prophet !
 When I speak the wigwam trembles,
 Shakes the Sacred Lodge with ter-
 ror,

Hands unseen begin to shake it !
 When I walk, the sky I tread on
 Bends and makes a noise beneath
 me !

I can blow you strong, my brother !
 Rise and speak, O Hiawatha !"

"Hi-au-ha !" replied the chorus,
 "Way-ha-way !" the mystic chorus.
 Then they shook their medicine-
 pouches

O'er the head of Hiawatha,
 Danced their medicine-dance around
 him ;

And upstarting wild and haggard,
 Like a man from dreams awakened,
 He was healed of all his madness.
 As the clouds are swept from hea-
 ven,

Straightway from his brain departed
 All his moody melancholy ;
 As the ice is swept from rivers,
 Straightway from his heart departed
 All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos
 From his grave beneath the waters,
 From the sands of Gitche Gumee
 Summoned Hiawatha's brother.

¹ These words appear to be "the un-
 meaning ejaculations heard so often at
 Indian dances, feasts and carousals.
 They accompany their tunes and are
 sometimes sung in long strains along
 with words or without words. They may
 be either spoken or sung, but always are
 they uttered with a deep guttural voice."
 —A. S. G.

And so mighty was the magic
 Of that cry and invocation,
 That he heard it as he lay there
 Underneath the Big-Sea-Water ;
 From the sand he rose and listened,
 Heard the music and the singing,
 Came, obedient to the summons,
 To the doorway of the wigwam,
 But to enter they forbade him.
 Through a chink a coal they gave
 him,
 Through the door a burning fire-
 brand ;
 Ruler in the Land of Spirits,
 Ruler o'er the dead, they made him,
 Telling him a fire to kindle
 For all those that died thereafter,
 Camp-fires for their night encamp-
 ments
 On their solitary journey
 To the kingdom of Ponemah,
 To the land of the Hereafter.

From the village of his child-
 hood,
 From the homes of those who knew
 him,
 Passing silent through the forest,
 Like a smoke-wreath wafted side-
 ways,
 Slowly vanished Chibiabos !
 Where he passed, the branches
 moved not,
 Where he trod the grasses bent not,
 And the fallen leaves of last year
 Made no sound beneath his foot-
 steps.

Four whole days he journeyed on-
 ward
 Down the pathway of the dead
 men ;
 On the dead man's strawberry
 feasted,
 Crossed the melancholy river,
 On the swinging log he crossed it,
 Came unto the Lake of Silver,
 In the Stone Canoe was carried
 To the Islands of the Blessed,
 To the land of ghosts and shadows.
 On that journey, moving slowly,
 Many weary spirits saw he,
 Panting under heavy burdens,
 Laden with war-clubs, bows and
 arrows,
 Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,

And with food that friends had
 given

For that solitary journey.

"Ay ! why do the living," said
 they,

"Lay such heavy burdens on us !
 Better were it to go naked,
 Better were it to go fasting,
 Than to bear such heavy burdens
 On our long and weary journey !"

Forth then issued Hiawatha,
 Wandered eastward, wandered west
 ward,

Teaching men the use of simples
 And the antidotes for poisons,
 And the cure of all diseases.
 Thus was first made known to mor-
 tals

All the mystery of Medamin,
 All the sacred art of healing.

XVI.

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Kee-
 wis

He, the handsome Yenadizze,
 Whom the people called the Storm
 Fool,

Vexed the village with disturbance ;
 You shall hear of all his mischief,
 And his flight from Hiawatha,
 And his wondrous transmigrations,
 At the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
 On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
 It was he who in his frenzy
 Whirled these drifting sands to-
 gether,

On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
 When, among the guests assembled,
 He so merrily and madly
 Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,
 Danced the Beggar's Dance to please
 them.

Now, in search of new adventures,
 From his lodge went Pau-Puk-
 Keewis,
 Came with speed into the village,

Found the young men all assembled
In the lodge of old Iagoo,
Listening to his monstrous stories,
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,
How he made a hole in heaven,
How he climbed up into heaven,
And let out the summer weather,
The perpetual, pleasant Summer ;
How the Otter first essayed it ;
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger,
Tried in turn the great achievement,
From the summit of the mountain
Smote their fists against the heavens,
Smote against the sky their fore-
heads,

Cracked the sky, but could not
break it,

How the Wolverine, uprising,
Made him ready for the encounter,
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,
Drew his arms back, like a cricket.

"Once he leaped," said Old Iagoo,
"Once he leaped, and lo ! above
him

Bent the sky, as ice in rivers
When the waters rise beneath it ;
Twice he leaped, and lo ! above
him

Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers
When the freshet is at highest !
Thrice he leaped, and lo ! above
him

Broke the shattered sky asunder,
And he disappeared within it,
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,
With a bound went in behind him ! "

"Hark you ! " shouted Pau-Puk-
Keewis

As he entered at the doorway :

"I am tired of all this talking,

Tired of old Iagoo's stories,

Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.

Here is something to amuse you,
Better than this endless talking."

Then from out his pouch of wolf-
skin

Forth he drew, with solemn manner,
All the game of Bowl and Counters,
Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.¹

White on one side were they painted,
And vermilion on the other ;
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,
Two Ininewug or wedge-men,
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,
And one slender fish, the Keego,
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,
And three Sheshebwug or ducklings,
All were made of bone and painted,
All except the Ozawabeeks ;
These were brass, on one side bur-
nished,

And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed them,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before
him.

Thus exclaiming and explaining :

"Red side up are all the pieces,
And one great Kenabeek standing
On the bright side of a brass piece,
On a burnished Ozawabeek ;
Thirteen tens and eight are counted."

Then again he shook the pieces,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before
him,

a particular account of it in *Oneôta*, p. 85. "This game," he says, "is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons, clothing, canoes, horses, everything in fact they possess ; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in common use. It is rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society,—men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of *Ienadizzeewug*, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribes, who encouraged the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness and sanction and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase at the West, can be referred to as lending their examples to its fascinating power."

See also his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes*, Part II., p. 72.

¹ This Game of the Bowl is the principal game of hazard among the Northern tribes of Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft gives

Still exclaiming and explaining :

"White are both the great Kena-beeks,

White the Ininewug, the wedge-men,

Red are all the other pieces ;

Five tens and an eight are counted."

Thus he taught the game of hazard,

Thus displayed it and explained it,
Running through its various chances,

Various changes, various meanings ;

Twenty curious eyes stared at him.

Full of eagerness stared at him.

"Many games," said old Iagoo,

"Many games of skill and hazard

Have I seen in different nations,

Have I played in different countries.

He who plays with old Iagoo

Must have very nimble fingers ;

Though you think yourself so skilful

I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,

I can even give you lessons

In your game of Bowl and Counters !"

So they sat and played together,

All the old men and the young men,

Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,

Played till midnight, played till morning,

Played until the Yenadizze,

Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Of their treasures had despoiled them,

Of the best of all their dresses,

Shirts of deerskin, robes of ermine,

Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,

Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.

Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,

Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis :

"In my wigwam I am lonely,

In my wanderings and adventures

I have need of a companion,

Fain would have a Meshinauwa,

An attendant and pipe-bearer.

I will venture all these winnings,

All these garments heaped about me,

All this wampum, all these feathers,

On a single throw will venture

All against the young man yonder !"

'T was a youth of sixteen summers,

'T was a nephew of Iagoo ;

Face-in-a-Mist the people called him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head

Dusky red beneath the ashes,

So beneath his shaggy eyebrows

Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.

"Ugh !" he answered very fiercely ;

"Ugh !" they answered all and each one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old man,

Closely in his bony fingers

Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,

Shook it fiercely and with fury,

Made the pieces ring together

As he threw them down before him.

Red were both the great Kena-beeks,

Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,

Red the Sheshewug, the ducklings,

Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,

White alone the fish, the Keego ;

Only five the pieces counted !

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis

Shook the bowl and threw the pieces ;

Lightly in the air he tossed them,

And they fell about him scattered ;

Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,

Red and white the other pieces,

And upright among the others

One Ininewug was standing,

Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis

Stood alone among the players,

Saying, "Five tens ! mine the game is !"

Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,

Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,

As he turned and left the wigwam,

Followed by his Meshinauwa,

By the nephew of Iagoo,

By the tall and graceful stripling,

Bearing in his arms the winnings,

Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,

Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons.

"Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Pointing with his fan of feathers,
 "To my wigwam far to eastward,
 On the dunes of Nagow Wujoo!"

Hot and red with smoke and
 gambling

Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis
 As he came forth to the freshness
 Of the pleasant summer morning.
 All the birds were singing gayly,
 All the streamlets flowing swiftly,
 And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis
 Sang with pleasure as the birds sing,
 Beat with triumph like the stream-
 lets,

As he wandered through the village,
 In the early gray of morning,
 With his fan of turkey-feathers,
 With his plumes and tufts of swan's
 down,

Till he reached the farthest wig-
 wam,

Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted ;
 No one met him at the doorway,
 No one came to bid him welcome ;
 But the birds were singing round it,
 In and out and round the doorway,
 Hopping, singing, fluttering, feed-
 ing,

And aloft upon the ridge-pole
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming,
 Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-Ke-
 ewis.

"All are gone! the lodge is
 empty!"

Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 In his heart resolving mischief ;—

"Gone is wary Hiawatha,
 Gone the silly Laughing Water,
 Gone Nokomis, the old woman,
 And the lodge is left unguarded!"

By the neck he seized the raven,
 Whirled it round him like a rattle,
 Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,
 Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,
 From the ridge-pole of the wigwam
 Left its lifeless body hanging,
 As an insult to its master,
 As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,
 Round the lodge in wild disorder
 Threw the household things about
 him,

Piled together in confusion
 Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,
 Robes of buffalo and beaver,
 Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,
 As an insult to Nokomis,
 As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 Whistling, singing through the for-
 est,

Whistling gayly to the squirrels,
 Who from hollow boughs above
 him

Dropped their acorn-shells upon
 him,

Singing gayly to the wood birds,
 Who from out the leafy darkness
 Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky head-
 lands,

Looking o'er the Gitche Gumees,
 Perched himself upon the sum-
 mit,

Waiting full of mirth and mis-
 chief

The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay
 there ;

Far below him plashed the waters,
 Plashed and washed the dreamy
 waters ;

Far above him swam the heavens,
 Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens ;
 Round him hovered, fluttered, rus-
 tled,

Hiawatha's mountain chickens,
 Flock-wise swept and wheeled about
 him,

Almost brushed him with their pin-
 ions,

And he killed them as he lay
 there,

Slaughtered them by tens and
 twenties,

Threw their bodies down the head-
 land,

Threw them on the beach below
 him,

Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-
 gull,

Perched upon a crag above them,
 Shouted : "It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!
 He is slaying us by hundreds!
 Send a message to our brother,
 Tidings send to Hiawatha!"

XVII.

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha,
When he came into the village,
Found the people in confusion,
Heard of all the misdemeanors,
All the malice and the mischief
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through his
nostrils,
Through his teeth he buzzed and
muttered

Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and humming like a hornet.
"I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!" said he.
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
That my wrath shall not attain him,
That my vengeance shall not reach
him!"

Then in swift pursuit departed,
Hiawatha and the hunters
On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Through the forest, where he passed,
To the headlands where he rested;
But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Only in the trampled grasses,
In the whortleberry bushes,
Found the couch where he had
rested,

Found the impress of his body.
From the lowlands far beneath them,
From the Muskoday, the meadow,
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning back-
ward,

Made a gesture of defiance,
Made a gesture of derision;
And aloud cried Hiawatha,
From the summit of the mountain:
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
And my vengeance shall attain
you!"

Over rock and over river,
Through bush, and brake, and for-
est,

Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Like an antelope he bounded,
Till he came unto a streamlet
In the middle of the forest,

To a streamlet still and tranquil,
That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were
standing,
Where the water-lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and whis-
pered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,

On the dam of trunks and branches,
Through whose chinks the water
spouted,

O'er whose summit flowed the
streamlet.

From the bottom rose the beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of
wonder,

Eyes that seemed to ask a question,
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,

O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Flowed the bright and silvery water,
And he spake unto the beaver,

With a smile he spake in this wise:

"O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,
Cool and pleasant is the water;

Let me dive into the water,

Let me rest there in your lodges;

Change me, too, into a beaver!"

Cautiously replied the beaver,

With reserve he thus made answer:

"Let me first consult the others,

Let me ask the other beavers."

Down he sank into the water,

Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,

Down among the leaves and
branches,

Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,

O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Spouted through the chinks below
him

Dashed upon the stones beneath
him,

Spread serene and calm before him,

And the sunshine and the shadows

Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,

Fell in little shining patches,

Through the waving, rustling
branches.

From the bottom rose the beavers,
Silently above the surface
Rose one head and then another,
Till the pond seemed full of beavers,
Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis
Spake entreating, said in this wise :
"Very pleasant is your dwelling,
O my friends ! and safe from dan-
ger ;

Can you not with all your cunning,
All your wisdom and contrivance,
Change me, too, into a beaver ?"

"Yes !" replied Ahmeek, the
beaver,

He the King of all the beavers,
"Let yourself slide down among us,
Down into the tranquil water."

Down into the pond among them
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis ;
Black became his shirt of deerskin,
Black his moccasins and leggings,
In a broad black tail behind him
Spread his foxtails and his fringes ;
He was changed into a beaver.

"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

"Make me large and make me
larger,

Larger than the other beavers."

"Yes," the beaver chief responded,
"When our lodge below you enter,
In our wigwam we will make you
Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown water
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis ;
Found the bottom covered over
With the trunks of trees and
branches,

Hoard of food against the winter,
Piles and heaps against the famine ;
Found the lodge with arching door-
way,

Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and
larger,

Made him largest of the beavers,
Ten times larger than the others.

"You shall be our ruler," said they ;
"Chief and King of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Ke-
ewis

Sat in state among the beavers,
When there came a voice of warning

From the watchman at his station
In the water-flags and lilies,
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha !
Hiawatha with his hunters !"

Then they heard a cry above
them,

Heard a shouting and a tramping,
Heard a crashing and a rushing,
And the water round and o'er them
Sank and sucked away in eddies,
And they knew their dam was
broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters
Leaped, and broke it all asunder ;
Streamed the sunshine through the
crevice,

Sprang the beavers through the
doorway,

Hid themselves in deeper water,
In the channel of the streamlet ;
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Could not pass beneath the door-
way ;

He was puffed with pride and feed-
ing,

He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawa-
tha,

Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis !
Vain are all your craft and cunning,
Vain your manifold disguises !
Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Ke-
ewis !"

With their clubs they beat and
bruised him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Ke-
ewis,

Pounded him as maize is pounded,
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
Bore him home on poles and
branches,

Bore the body of the beaver ;
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,

Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Ke-
ewis,

Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and
struggled,

Waving hither, waving thither,
As the curtains of a wigwam
Struggle with their thongs of deer-
skin,

When the wintry wind is blowing ;

Till it drew itself together,
Till it rose up from the body,
Till it took the form and features,
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha
Saw the figure ere it vanished,
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Glide into the soft blue Shadow
Of the pine-trees of the forest ;
Toward the squares of white beyond
it,

Toward an opening in the forest,
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
Bending all the boughs before it,
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Where among the water-lilies
Pishnekuh, the brant, was sailing ;
Through the tufts of rushes floating,
Steering through the reedy islands.
Now their broad black beaks they
lifted,

Now they plunged beneath the
water,

Now they darkened in the shadow,
Now they brightened in the sun-
shine.

"Pishnekuh !" cried Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

"Pishnekuh ! my brothers !" said
he,

"Change me to a brant with plu-
mage,

With a shining neck and feathers,
Make me large, and make me larger,
Ten times larger than the others."

Straightway to a brant they
changed him,

With two huge and dusky pinions,
With a bosom smooth and rounded,
With a bill like two great paddles,
Made him larger than the others,
Ten times larger than the largest,
Just as, shouting from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamor,
With a whirl and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
From the water-flags and lilies.

And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis :

"In your flying, look not down-
ward,

Take good heed and look not down-
ward,

Lest some strange mischance should
happen,

Lest some great mishap befall you !"

Fast and far they fled to north-
ward,

Fast and far through mist and sun-
shine,

Fed among the moors and fen-lands,

Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed,
Buoyed and lifted by the South-
wind,

Wafted onward by the South-wind,
Blowing fresh and strong behind
them,

Rose a sound of human voices,

Rose a clamor from beneath them,

From the lodges of a village,

From the people miles beneath
them.

For the people of the village

Saw the flock of brant with wonder,

Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis

Flapping far up in the ether,

Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shout-
ing,

Knew the voice of Hiawatha,

Knew the outcry of Iagoo,

And, forgetful of the warning,

Drew his neck in, and looked down-
ward,

And the wind that blew behind
him

Caught his mighty fan of feathers,

Sent him wheeling, whirling down-
ward !

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis

Struggle to regain his balance !

Whirling round and round and
downward,

He beheld in turn the village

And in turn the flock above him,

Saw the village coming nearer,

And the flock receding farther,

Heard the voices growing louder,

Heard the shouting and the laughter ;

Saw no more the flock above him,

Only saw the earth beneath him ;

Dead out of the empty heaven,

Dead among the shouting people,
With a heavy sound and sullen,
Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Took again the form and features
Of the handsome Yenadizze,
And again went rushing onward,
Followed fast by Hiawatha,
Crying : " Not so wide the world is,
Not so long and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
But my vengeance shall attain you ! "

And so near he came, so near him,
That his hand was stretched to seize
him,

His right hand to seize and hold him,
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Whirled and spun about in circles,
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,
Danced the dust and leaves about
him,

And amid the whirling eddies
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,
Changed himself into a serpent,
Gliding out through root and rub-
bish.

With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain ; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,¹

¹ The reader will find a long description of the Pictured Rocks in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II., p. 124. From this I make the following extract :—

"The Pictured Rocks may be described in general terms, as a series of sandstone, bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, and rising, in most places vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not, under

Looking over lake and landscape.
And the Old Man of the Mountain,
He the Manito of Mountains,
Opened wide his rocky doorways,
Opened wide his deep abysses,
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter
In his caverns dark and dreary,
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorways closed against
him,

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Smote great caverns in the sand-
stone,

Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
" Open ! I am Hiawatha ! "

But the Old Man of the Mountain
Opened not, and made no answer
From the silent crags of sandstone,
From the gloomy rock abysses.

any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager coasting along their base in his frail canoe they would at all times be an object of dread ; the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast affording for miles no place of refuge, the lowering sky, the rising wind, all these would excite his apprehension, and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated and worn away by the action of the lake, which for centuries has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base ; and second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been colored by bands of brilliant hues.

"It is from the latter circumstance that the name by which these cliffs are known to the American traveller is derived ; while that applied to them by the French voyagers (' Les Portals ') is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity.

"The term *Pictured Rocks* has been in use for a great length of time ; but when it was first applied we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colors on the surface than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn. . . .

"Our voyagers had many legends to relate of the pranks of the *Menni-bojou* in these caverns, and in answer to our inquiries, seemed disposed to fabricate stories without end of the achievements of this Indian deity."

Then he raised his hands to
 heaven,
 Called imploring on the tempest,
 Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
 And the thunder, Annemeekee;
 And they came with night and dark-
 ness,
 Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water
 From the distant Thunder Moun-
 tains;
 And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis
 Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
 Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
 Was afraid, and crouched and trem-
 bled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,
 Smote the doorways of the caverns,
 With his war club smote the door-
 ways,

Smote the jutting crags of sand-
 stone,

And the thunder, Annemeekee,
 Shouted down into the caverns,
 Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Ke-
 wis!"

And the crags fell, and beneath
 them

Dead among the rocky ruins
 Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 Lay the handsome Yenadizze,
 Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,
 Ended were his tricks and gambols,
 Ended all his craft and cunning,
 Ended all his mischief-making,
 All his gambling and his dancing,
 All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha
 Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
 Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Ke-
 wis,

Never more in human figure
 Shall you search for new adven-
 tures;

Never more with jest and laughter
 Dance the dust and leaves in whirl-
 winds;

But above there in the heavens
 You shall soar and sail in circles;
 I will change you to an eagle,
 To Keneu, the great war-eagle,
 Chief of all the fowls with feathers,
 Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis

Lingers still among the people,
 Lingers still among the singers,
 And among the story-tellers;
 And in Winter, when the snowflakes
 Whirl in eddies round the lodges,
 When the wind in gusty tumult
 O'er the smoke-flue pipes and
 whistles,

"There," they cry, "comes Pau-
 Puk-Keewis;

He is dancing through the village,
 He is gathering in his harvest!"

XVIII.

THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

FAR and wide among the nations
 Spread the name and fame of
 Kwasind;

No man dared to strive with
 Kwasind,

No man could compete with
 Kwasind.

But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,
 They the envious Little People,
 They the fairies and the pygmies,
 Plotted and conspired against him.

"If this hateful Kwasind," said
 they,

"If this great, outrageous fellow
 Goes on thus a little longer,
 Tearing everything he touches,
 Rending everything to pieces,
 Filling all the world with wonder,
 What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies!
 Who will care for the Puk-Wud-
 jies?"

He will tread us down like mush-
 rooms,

Drive us all into the water,
 Give our bodies to be eaten
 By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,
 By the Spirits of the water!"

So the angry Little People
 All conspired against the Strong
 Man,

All conspired to murder Kwasind,
 Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,
 The audacious, overbearing,
 Heartless, haughty, dangerous
 Kwasind!

Now this wondrous strength of
 Kwasind
 In his crown alone was seated ;
 In his crown, too, was his weakness ;
 There alone could he be wounded,
 Nowhere else could weapon pierce
 him,
 Nowhere else could weapon harm
 him.

Even there the only weapon
 That could wound him, that could
 slay him,

Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,
 Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.
 This was Kwasind's fatal secret,
 Known to no man among mortals ;
 But the cunning Little People,
 The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,
 Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,
 Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,
 Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,
 In the woods by Taquamenaw,
 Brought them to the river's margin,
 Heaped them in great piles together,
 Where the red rocks from the mar-
 gin

Jutting overhang the river.
 There they lay in wait for Kwasind,
 The malicious Little People.

'Twas an afternoon in Summer ;
 Very hot and still the air was,
 Very smooth the gliding river,
 Motionless the sleeping shadows ;
 Insects glistened in the sunshine,
 Insects skated on the water,
 Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,
 With a far resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the Strong
 Man,
 In his birch canoe came Kwasind,
 Floating slowly down the current
 Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,
 Very languid with the weather,
 Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,
 From the tassels of the birch-trees,
 Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended ;
 By his airy hosts surrounded,
 His invisible attendants,
 Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin ;
 Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-
 she,
 Like a dragon-fly he hovered

O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a murmur
 As of waves upon a seashore,
 As of far-off tumbling waters,
 As of wind among the pine-trees ;
 As he felt upon his forehead
 Blows of little airy war-clubs,
 Wielded by the slumbrous legions
 Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
 As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-clubs,
 Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind ;
 At the second blow they smote him.
 Motionless his paddle rested ;
 At the third, before his vision
 Reeled the landscape into darkness,
 Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,
 Like a blind man seated upright,
 Floated down the Taquamenaw,
 Underneath the trembling birch-
 trees,

Underneath the wooded headlands.
 Underneath the war encampment
 Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed and
 waiting,

Hurled the pine-cones down upon
 him,

Struck him on his brawny shoulders,
 On his crown defenceless struck him.
 "Death to Kwasind !" was the sud-
 den

War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and
 tumbled,

Sideways fell into the river,
 Plunged beneath the sluggish
 water

Headlong, as an otter plunges ;
 And the birch-canoe, abandoned,
 Drifted empty down the river,
 Bottom upward swerved and drifted ;
 Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.

But the memory of the Strong
 Man

Lingered long among the people,
 And whenever through the forest
 Raged and roared the wintry tem-
 pest,
 And the branches, tossed and trou-
 bled,
 Creaked and groaned and split
 asunder,

“Kwasind!” cried they; “that is
Kwasind!
He is gathering in his firewood!”

XIX.

THE GHOSTS.

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial lookout,
Sees the downward plunge, and fol-
lows;

And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and
wounded,

First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.

Now, o'er all the dreary North-
land,

Mighty Peboan, the Winter,
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,
Into stone had changed their waters.
From his hair he shook the snow-
flakes,

Till the plains were strewn with
whiteness,

One uninterrupted level,
As if, stooping, the Creator
With his hands had smoothed them
over.

Through the forest, wide and
wailing,
Roamed the hunter on his snow-
shoes;

In the village worked the women,
Pounded maize, or dressed the deer-
skin;

And the young men played together
On the ice the noisy ball-play,
On the plain the dance of snowshoes.

One dark evening, after sundown,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting

For the steps of Hiawatha
Homeward from the hunt returning.
On their faces gleamed the fire-
light,

Painting them with streaks of crim-
son,

In the eyes of old Nokomis
Glimmered like the watery moon-
light,

In the eyes of Laughing Water
Glistened like the sun in water;
And behind them crouched their
shadows

In the corners of the wigwam,
And the smoke in wreaths above
them

Climbed and crowded through the
smoke-flue,

Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted;
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smoke-
wreath,

As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their gar-
ments,

Strangers seemed they in the vil-
lage;

Very pale and haggard were they,
As they sat there sad and silent,
Trembling, cowering with the
shadows.

Was it the wind above the smoke-
flue.

Muttering down into the wigwam?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
Hooting from the dismal forest?
Sure a voice said in the silence:

“These are corpses clad in gar-
ments,

These are ghosts that come to haunt
you,

From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter!”

Homeward now came Hiawatha
From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders.
At the feet of Laughing Water

Down he threw his lifeless burden ;
Nobler, handsomer she thought him,
Than when first he came to woo her,
First threw down the deer before
her,

As a token of his wishes,
As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the stran-
gers,
Cowering, crouching with the
shadows,
Said within himself, " Who are
they ?

What strange guests has Minne-
haha ? "

But he questioned not the strangers,
Only spake to bid them welcome
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready,
And the deer had been divided,
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,
Springing from among the shadows,
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,
Set apart for Laughing Water,
For the wife of Hiawatha ;
Without asking, without thanking,
Eagerly devoured the morsels,
Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,
Not a motion made Nokomis,
Not a gesture Laughing Water ;
Not a change came o'er their features,
Only Minnehaha softly
Whispered, saying, " They are fam-
ished ;

Let them do what best delights
them ;

Let them eat, for they are famished."

Many a daylight dawned and dark-
ened,

Many a night shook off the daylight
As the pine shakes off the snow-
flakes

From the midnight of its branches ;
Day by day the guests unmoving
Sat there silent in the wigwam ;
But by night, in storm or starlight,
Forth they went into the forest,
Bringing firewood to the wigwam,
Bringing pine cones for the burning,
Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha

Came from fishing or from hunting,
When the evening meal was ready,
And the food had been divided,
Gliding from their darksome corner,
Came the pallid guests, the stran-
gers,

Seized upon the choicest portions
Set aside for Laughing Water,
And without rebuke or question
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha
By a word or look reproved them ;
Never once had old Nokomis
Made a gesture of impatience ;
Never once had Laughing Water
Shown resentment at the outrage.
All had they endured in silence,
That the rights of guest and stran-
ger,

That the virtue of free-giving,
By a look might not be lessened,
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,
In the wigwam, dimly lighted
By the brands that still were burn-
ing,
By the glimmering, flickering fire-
light,

Heard a sighing, oft repeated,
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.

From his couch rose Hiawatha,
From his shaggy hides of bison,
Pushed aside the deerskin curtain,
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,
Sitting upright on their couches,
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said : " O guests ! why is it
That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the midnight ?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by unkind-
ness,

Failed in hospitable duties ? "

Then the shadows ceased from
weeping,
Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,
And they said, with gentle voices,
" We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with
you.

From the realm of Chibiabos
Hither have we come to try you,

Hither have we come to warn you :

“Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the Blessed Islands ;
Cries of anguish from the living,
Calling back their friends departed,
Sadden us with useless sorrow.

Therefore have we come to try you :

No one knows us, no one heeds us.
We are but a burden to you,
And we see that the departed
Have no place among the living.

“Think of this, O Hiawatha !
Speak of it to all the people,
That henceforward and forever
They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.

“Do not lay such heavy burdens,
In the graves of those you bury,
Not such weight of furs and wampum,

Not such weight of pots and kettles,
For the spirits faint beneath them.
Only give them food to carry,
Only give them fire to light them.

“Four days is the spirit's journey
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Four its lonely night encampments ;
Four times must their fires be lighted.
Therefore, when the dead are buried,
Let a fire, as night approaches,
Four times on the grave be kindled,
That the soul upon its journey
May not lack the cheerful firelight,
May not grope about in darkness.

“Farewell, noble Hiawatha !
We have put you to the trial,
To the proof have put your patience,
By the insult of our presence,
By the outrage of our actions.
We have found you great and noble.
Fail not in the greater trial,
Faint not in the harder struggle.”

When they ceased, a sudden darkness

Fell and filled the silent wigwam.
Hiawatha heard a rustle
As of garments trailing by him,
Heard the curtain of the doorway
Lifted by a hand he saw not,
Felt the cold breath of the night air,
For a moment saw the starlight ;
But he saw the ghosts no longer,
Saw no more the wandering spirits

From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter.

XX.

THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter !
O the cold and cruel Winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage ;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found
none,

Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,

Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever !
O the wasting of the famine !
O the blasting of the fever !
O the wailing of the children !
O the anguish of the women !

All the earth was sick and famished ;

Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water ;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow

At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said : “Behold me !

I am Famine, Bukadawin !”

And the other said : " Behold me !
I am Fever, Ahkosewin ! "

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer ;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burn-
ing

At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha ;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness ;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for
hunting,

With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

" Gitche Manito, the Mighty ! "
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
" Give your children food, O father !
Give us food, or we must perish !
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha ! "

Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation.
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
" Minnehaha ! Minnehaha ! "

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose
thickets,

In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife
homeward

From the land of the Dacotahs ;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and
glistened,

And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble
" I will follow you, my husband ! "

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests, that
watched her,

With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

" Hark ! " she said ; " I hear a
rushing,

Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance ! "

" No, my child ! " said old Nokomis,
" 'Tis the night-wind in the pine
trees ! "

" Look ! " she said ; " I see my
father

Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs ! "

" No, my child ! " said old Nokomis,
" 'Tis the smoke, that waves and
beckons ! "

" Ah ! " said she, " the eyes of
Pauguk

Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness !
Hiawatha ! Hiawatha ! "

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
" Hiawatha ! Hiawatha ! "

Over snowfields waste and path-
less

Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing :
" Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are .
Wahonowin ! Wahonowin ! "

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shud-
dered,

That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,

On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,

As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha ;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks ;
Clothed in her richest garments,
Wrapped in her robes of ermine ;
Covered her with snow, like ermine,
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,

For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,

That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha !

Farewell, O my Laughing Water !
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you !

Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter !"

XXI.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snowdrift ;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trembled,

Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered whiteskin wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snowstorm,
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with ashes,

And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,

Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,

Bound his forehead was with grasses,

Bound and plumed with scented grasses ;

On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old man,

"Happy are my eyes to see you.

Sit here on the mat beside me,

Sit here by the dying embers,

Let us pass the night together.

Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have travelled ;

I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,

Very old and strangely fashioned ;
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,

And the stem a reed with feathers,
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,

Gave it to his guest, the stranger,

And began to speak in this wise :

“When I blow my breath about me,

When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stones become the water !”

And the young man answered,
smiling :

“When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o’er all the meadows,

Singing, onward rush the rivers !”

“When I shake my hoary tresses,”

Said the old man darkly frowning,
“All the land with snow is covered ;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo ! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo ! they are not.

And where’er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone !”

“When I shake my flowing ringlets,”

Said the young man, softly laughing,
“Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,

Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallows,

Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where’er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,

All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage !”

While they spake, the night departed :

From the distant realms of Wabun,
From his shining lodge of silver,
Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun, and said, “Behold me !

Gheezis, the great sun, behold me !”

Then the old man’s tongue was speechless.

And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger,

More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him ;
It was Peboan, the Winter !

From his eyes the tears were flowing,

As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before him,
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,
Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,

Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,

Saw the beauty of the Spring-time,
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North-land
After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,
Came the Spring with all its splendor,

All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses,
Sailing on the wind to northward,
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,

Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,
Speaking almost as a man speaks ;
And in long lines waving, bending
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,
Came the white goose, Waw-bewa-wa :

And the pairs or singly flying,
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the bluebird, the Owaisa,
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the Opechee, the robin,
In the covert of the pine-trees

Cooed the pigeon, the Omemee,
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy door-
way.

Stood and gazed into the heaven,
Gazed upon the earth and waters.
From his wanderings far to east-
ward,

From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
The great traveller, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this wise :
" Ugh ! it is indeed Iagoo !
No one else beholds such wonders ! "

He had seen, he said, a water,
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it !
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, " It cannot be so !
Kaw ! " they said, " It cannot be
so ! "

O'er it, said he, o'er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops !
And the old men and the women
Look and tittered at each other ;
" Kaw ! " they said, " we don't be-
lieve it ! "

From its mouth, he said, to greet
him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekee !
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo ;
" Kaw ! " they said, " what tales you
tell us ! "

In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors ;
Painted white were all their faces
And with hair their chins were cov-
ered !

And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
" Kaw ! " they said, " what lies you
tell us !

Do not think that we believe them ! "

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting :

" True is all Iagoo tells us ;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

" Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo.
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker ;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath
them

Springs a flower unknown among
us,
Springs the White-man's Foot in
blossom.

" Let us welcome, then, the stran-
gers,
Hail them as our friends and broth-
ers,
And the heart's right hand of friend-
ship

Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.

" I beheld, too, in that vision.
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striv-
ing,

Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloud-
like

I beheld our nation scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other ;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
• Like the withered leaves of
Autumn !"

XXII.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him through the sun-
shine,

Westward toward the neighboring
forest

Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the
heavens,

Level spread the lake before him ;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine ;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every treetop had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,

As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were
lifted,¹

¹ In this manner, and with such saluta-
tions, was Father Marquette received by
the Illinois. See his *Voyage et Décou-
vertes*, Section V.

Both the palms spread out against it
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoul-
ders,

As it falls and flecks an oak tree
Through the rifted leaves and
branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed
flying,

Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis, the diver ?

Was it the pelican, the Shada ?

Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah ?

Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing,
From its glossy neck and feathers ?

It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morn-
ing,

But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine ;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the
Prophet,

He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-
face,

With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-
face,

With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise :
" Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us !
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you ;

You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give
you.

"Never bloomed the earth so
gayly,

Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us !
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sandbars ;
For our birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sandbar.

"Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our corn-
fields

Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us !"

And the Black-Robe chief made
answer,

Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar :
"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of par-
don,

Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary !"

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful, old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-
wood,

Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome ;
"It is well," they said, "O brothers,
That you come so far to see us !"

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message ;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-
face,

From the wigwam came to greet
them,

Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar ;
"It is well," they said, "O brother,
That you come so far to see us !"

Then the Black-Robe chief, the
prophet,

Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do ;
How he fasted, prayed, and labored ;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, cruci-
fied him ;

How he rose from where they laid
him,

Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, say-
ing :

"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wis-
dom,

We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us !"

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent
them

From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer ;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wig-
wam.

With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it ;
From the cornfields shrill and cease-
less

Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-
keena ;

And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering land-
scape

Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,

Breaking through its shields of
shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hol-
low ;

Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this
wise,

Did not wake the guests, that slum-
bered :

"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave
them ;

See that never harm comes near
them,

See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha !

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young
men,

Spake persuading, spake in this
wise :

"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey ;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have
vanished,

Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me ;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent
them

From the land of light and morn-
ing !"

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at
parting ;

On the clear and luminous water

Launched his birch canoe for sail-
ing,

From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water ;
Whispered to it, " Westward ! west-
ward !"

And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water

One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a
river,

Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sink-
ing,

Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, " Farewell for-
ever !"

Said, " Farewell, O Hiawatha !"
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of
darkness,

Sighed, " Farewell, O Hiawatha !"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, " Farewell, O Hiawatha !"
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-
lands

Screamed, " Farewell, O Hiawa-
tha !"

Thus departed Hiawatha !"
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter !

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand ^{as} wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars ;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unaskt, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought !
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows
deep,
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O, weary hearts ! O, slumbering
eyes !

O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again !

No one is so accurst by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering
strings ;
And whispers in its song,
“Where hast thou stayed so
long !”

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world ;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake ! Away that dream,—
away !
Too long did it remain !
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought ;
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see ;
And wander through the world once
more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks,—and they are wondrous
fair,—
Left me that vision mild ;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red ;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

NO HAY PÁJAROS EN LOS NIDOS DE
ANTAÑO.
Spanish Proverb.

THE sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and
sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west wind
blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;—the buds, the
leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding
crest,
And even the nest beneath the
caves ;—
There are no birds in last year's
nest !

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight !

And learn from the soft heavens
above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple
rhyme,

Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O ! it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and
Youth,

To some good angel leave the rest;
For Time will teach thee soon the
truth,

There are no birds in last year's
nest !

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and
dreary ;

It rains, and the wind is never
weary ;

The vine still clings to the moulder-
ing wall,

But at every gust the dead leaves
fall,

And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never
weary ;

My thoughts still cling to the
mouldering Past,

But the hopes of youth fall thick in
the blast,

And the days are dark and
dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease re-
peating ;

Behind the clouds is the sun still
shining ;

Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,

Some days must be dark and
dreary.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase,
which calls

The burial-ground God's-Acre !
It is just ;

It consecrates each grave within its
walls,

And breathes a benison o'er the
sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed
name imparts

Comfort to those, who in the grave
have sown

The seed, that they had garnered in
their hearts,

Their bread of life, alas ! no more
their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall
rise again

At the great harvest, when the arch-
angel's blast

Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff
and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immor-
tal bloom,

In the fair gardens of that second
birth ;

And each bright blossom, mingle its
perfume

With that of flowers, which never
bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death,
turn up the sod,

And spread the furrow for the
seed we sow ;

This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place, where human

harvests grow !

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER ! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and
free,

Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea !

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest, and half in strife,

I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou has taught me, Silent River !
Many a lesson, deep and long ;

Thou hast been a generous giver ;
I can give thee but a song.

Of in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because, thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands
hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside
thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ;—thy name reminds
me
Of three friends, all true and tried ;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remem-
bers !
How like quivering flames they
start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart !

'T is for this, thou Silent River !
That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits ;
He hears the crowd ;—he hears a
breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth !"
And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !

The thronging multitudes increase ;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;
Until they say, "He calleth thee !"
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε !

Then saith the Christ, as silent
stands
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my
hands ?"
And he replies, "O give me light !"
Rabbi, restore the blind man's
sight !
And Jesus answers, *Ὑπάλε,*
Ἐπίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,
Ἰησοῦ ἐλέησόν με !
θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὑπάλε !
Ἐπίστις σου σέσωκε σε !

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim ;
And though my eyes with tears are
dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chaunt a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands
green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippo-
crene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash be-
tween
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious
art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the
heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel it is wreathed and
crowned,

Whose seed and foliage sun-im-
browned
Are in its waters steeped and
drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous
powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless
mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press,
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they
give!

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe,
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate
fight,
The blackness of that noonday
night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to
bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm,—the struggle,—the re-
lief,—
Then sleep we side by side.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek, brown
eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath
snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where
 slumbered
 Birds and blossoms many-num-
 bered ;—
 Age, that bough with snows encum-
 bered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
 When the young heart overflows,
 To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
 Gates of brass cannot withstand
 The touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and
 ruth,
 In thy heart the dew of youth,
 On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
 Into wounds, that cannot heal,
 Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
 Into many a sunless heart,
 For a smile of God thou art.

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling
 fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and
 ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,
 Flashed like a falchion from its
 sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown
 tongue,
 Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and
 bright ;
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior !

"Try not the Pass !" the old man
 said ;
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and
 wide !
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 Excelsior !

"O stay," the maiden said, "and
 rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast !"
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered, with a sigh,
 Excelsior !

"Beware the pine-tree's withered
 branch !
 Beware the awful avalanche !"
 This was the peasant's last Good-
 night,
 A voice replied, far up the height,
 Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled
 air,
 Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
 Half-buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautifu' he lay,
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star,
 Excelsior !

POEMS OF SLAVERY.

1842.

[The following poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read,
And as I close each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
"Servant of God ! well done !"

Well done ! Thy words are great
and bold ;

At times they seem to me,
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and
yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice, that cried
To John in Patmos, " Write ! "

Write ! and tell out this bloody tale ;
Record this dire eclipse,
This Day of Wrath, this Endless
Wail,
This dread Apocalypse !

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.

Again, in the mist and shadow of
sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his
dreams

The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed
queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed
his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scab-
bard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright-flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed
their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind
grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed
the reeds

Beside some hidden stream ;
 And it passed, like a glorious roll of
 drums,
 Through the triumph of his
 dream.

The forests, with their myriad
 tongues,
 Shouted of liberty ;

And the Blast of the Desert cried
 aloud,

With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep and
 smiled

At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day ;
 For Death had illumined the Land
 of Sleep,

And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away!

THE GOOD PART,

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,
 In valleys green and cool ;
 And all her hope and all her pride
 Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
 * That robes the hills above,
 Though not of earth, encircles there
 All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls
 With praise and mild rebukes ;
 Subduing e'en rude village churls
 By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
 Of One who came to save ;
 To cast the captive's chains aside
 And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
 When all men shall be free ;
 And musical, as silver bells,
 Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
 In decent poverty,
 She makes her life one sweet record
 And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
 To break the iron bands
 Of those who waited in her hall,
 And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea
 Their outbound sails have sped,
 While she, in meek humility,
 Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never
 cease,
 That clothe her with such grace ;
 Their blessing is the light of peace
 That shines upon her face.

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
 The hunted Negro lay ;
 He saw the fire of the midnight
 camp,
 And heard at times a horse's tramp
 And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-
 worms shine,
 In bulrush and in brake ;
 Where waving mosses shroud the
 pine,
 And the cedar grows, and the poison-
 ous vine
 Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could
 pass,
 Or a human heart would dare,
 On the quaking turf of the green
 morass
 He crouched in the rank and tangled
 grass,
 Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;
 Great scars deformed his face ;
 On his forehead he bore the brand
 of shame,

And the rags, that hid his mangled
frame,
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing
air
With songs of Liberty.

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the Curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered
grain,
And struck him to the earth.

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MID- NIGHT.

LOUD he sang the psalm of David!
He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyp-
tians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might.
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the Slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of
might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

THE WITNESSES.

IN Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Like skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves;
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with
gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey;
Murders, that with affright
Scare schoolboys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;
Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of Slaves;
They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail;
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
And all her listless crew

Watched the gray alligator slide
Into the still bayou.

Odors of orange-flowers, and spice,
Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of
thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;
The Slaver's thumb was on the
latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, " My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon ;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of
light,
Her arms and neck were bare ;
No garment she wore save a kirtle
bright,
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

" The soil is barren,—the farm is
old ;"
The thoughtful Planter said ;
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursèd gains ;
For he knew whose passions gave
her life
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too
weak ;

He took the glittering gold !
Then pale as death grew the
maiden's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land !

THE WARNING.

BEWARE ! The Israelite of old,
who tore
The lion in his path,—when, poor
and blind,

He saw the blessed light of heaven
no more,
Shorn of his noble strength and
forced to grind

In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its
overthrow

Destroyed himself, and with him
those who made

A cruel mockery of his sightless
woe ;

The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and
jest of all,

Expired, and thousands perished in
the fall !

There is a poor, blind Samson in
this land,

Shorn of his strength, and bound
in bonds of steel,

Who may, in some grim revel, raise
his hand,

And shake the pillars of this Com-
monweal,

Till the vast Temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rub-
bish lies.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

1843.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN }
 HYPOLITO } . . . *Students of Alcalá.*
 THE COUNT OF LARA } *Gentlemen of Ma-*
 DON CARLOS } *drid.*
 THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.

A CARDINAL.
BELTRAN CRUZADO. *Count of the*
Gypsies.

BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN. . *A young Gypsy.*

THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.

PEDRO CRESPO. . . *Alcalde.*
BANGHO. . . *Alcaldil*

PANCHO. *Alguacil.*
FRANCISCO. *Lara's servant.*

FRANCISCO. *Lara's servant.*
CHISPA. *Victorian's servant.*

BALTASAR. . . . *Innkeeper.*

PRECIOSA. . . . *A Gypsy girl.*

ANGELICA. *A poor girl.*
MARTIN. *The Duke.*

MARTINA. *The Padre Cura's
niece.*

DOLORS. Preciosa's maid.
Gypsies, Musicians, etc.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The COUNT OF LARA's chambers. Night. The COUNT in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with DON CARLOS.*

LARA.

You were not at the play to-night,
Don Carlos ;
How happened it ?

DON CARLOS.

I had engagements elsewhere.
Pray who was there?

LARA.

Why, all the town and court.
The house was crowded ; and the
 busy fans
Among the gayly dressed and per-
 fumed ladies
Fluttered like butterflies among the
 flowers.

There was the Countess of Medina
Celi ;
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom
 Lover,
Her Lindo Don Diego ; Doña Sol,
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

DON CARLOS.

What was the play ?

LARA.

It was a dull affair ;
One of those comedies in which you
see,
As Lope says,¹ the history of the
world
Brought down from Genesis to the
Day of Judgment.

There were three duels fought in the first act,

Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds.

Laying their hands upon their
hearts, and saying,

"O, I am dead!" a lover in a closet,
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown
lover.

Who looks intently where he knows
she is not !

DON CARLOS.

Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?

¹ *As Lope says.*

“ La cólera
de un Español sentado no se temple,
sino le representan en dos horas
hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis.”
Lope de Vega.

LARA.

And never better. Every footstep
fell
As lightly as a sunbeam on the
water.
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

DON CARLOS.

Almost beyond the privilege of
woman !
I saw her in the Prado yesterday.
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—
and her face
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

LARA.

May not a saint fall from her Para-
dise,
And be no more a saint ?

DON CARLOS.

Why do you ask ?

LARA.

Because I have heard it said this
angel fell,
And, though she is a virgin out-
wardly,
Within she is a sinner ; like those
panels
Of doors and altar-pieces the old
monks
Painted in convents, with the Virgin
Mary
On the outside, and on the inside
Venus !

DON CARLOS.

You do her wrong ; indeed, you do
her wrong !
She is as virtuous as she is fair.

LARA.

How credulous you are ! Why
look you, friend,
There's not a virtuous woman in
Madrid,
In this city whole ! And would you
persuade me
That a mere dancing-girl, who
shows herself,
Nightly, half-naked, on the stage,
for money,
And with voluptuous motions fires
the blood

Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue ?

DON CARLOS.

You forget
She is a Gypsy girl.

LARA.

And therefore won
The easier.

DON CARLOS.

Nay, not to be won at all !
The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.
Dearer than life she holds it. I
remember
A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless
bawd,
Whose craft was to betray the young
and fair ;
And yet this woman was above all
bribes.
And when a noble lord, touched by
her beauty,
The wild and wizard beauty of her
race,
Offered her gold to be what she made
others,
She turned upon him, with a look of
scorn,
And smote him in the face !

LARA.

And does that prove
That Preciosa is above suspicion ?

DON CARLOS.

It proves a nobleman may be re-
pulsed
When he thinks conquest easy. I
believe
That woman, in her deepest degrada-
tion,
Holds something sacred, something
undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her
higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark,
retains
Some quenchless gleam of the cele-
stial light !

LARA.

Yet Preciosa would have taken the
gold.

DON CARLOS (*rising*).

I do not think so.

LARA.

I am sure of it,
But why this haste? Stay yet a
little longer,
And fight the battles of your Dul-
cinea.

DON CARLOS.

'T is late. I must begone, for if I
stay
You will not be persuaded.

LARA.

Yes; persuade me.

DON CARLOS.

No one so deaf as he who will not
hear!

LARA.

No one so blind as he who will not
see!

DON CARLOS.

And so good-night. I wish you
pleasant dreams,
And greater faith in woman. [*Exit*.

LARA.

Greater faith!

I have the greatest faith; for I be-
lieve

Victorian is her lover. I believe
That I shall be to-morrow; and there-
after

Another, and another, and another,
Chasing each other through her
zodiac,

As Taurus chases Aries.

(*Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.*)

Well, Francisco,

What speed with Preciosa?

FRANCISCO.

None, my lord.

She sends your jewels back, and bids
me tell you

She is not to be purchased by your
gold.

LARA.

Then I will try some other way to
win her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

FRANCISCO.

Yes, my lord:

I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

LARA.

What was he doing there?

FRANCISCO.

I saw him buy

A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

LARA.

Was there another like it?

FRANCISCO.

One so like it

I could not choose between them.

LARA.

It is well.

To-morrow morning bring that ring
to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to my
bed.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE II. *A street in Madrid.*

*Enter CHISPA, followed by musi-
cians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and
other instruments.*

CHISPA.

Abernuncio Satanas!¹ and a
plague on all lovers who ramble
about at night, drinking the ele-
ments, instead of sleeping quietly in
their beds. Every dead man to his
cemetery, say I; and every friar to
his monastery. Now, here's my
master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-
keeper, and to-day a gentleman;
yesterday a student, and to-day a
lover; and I must be up later than
the nightingale, for as the abbot
sings so must the sacristan respond.

¹ *Abernuncio Satanas.*

"Digo, Señora, respondió Sancho, lo
que tengo dicho, que de los azotes aber-
nuncio. Abrenuncio, habeis de decir, San-
cho, y no como decís, dijo el Duque."—
Don Quixote, Part II, ch. 35.

God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry ! marry ! marry ! Mother, what does marry mean ? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter ! And of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum ! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way ; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets ; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic ; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend ?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

CHISPA.

Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee ?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Why so ?

CHISPA.

Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that ?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

An Aragonese bagpipe.

CHISPA.

Pray, art thou related to the bag-piper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedí for playing, and ten for leaving off ?

FIRST MUSICIAN.

No, your honor.

CHISPA.

I am glad of it. What other instruments have we ?

SECOND AND THIRD MUSICIANS.

We play the bandurria.

CHISPA.

A pleasing instrument. And thou ?

FOURTH MUSICIAN.

The fife.

CHISPA.

I like it ; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others ?

OTHER MUSICIANS.

We are the singers, please your honor.

CHISPA.

You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba ? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. PRECIOSA'S chamber.
She stands at the open window.

PRECIOSA.

How slowly through the lilac-scented air

Descends the tranquil moon ! Like thistle-down

The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky ;

And sweetly from yon hollow vaults
 of shade
 The nightingales breathe out their
 souls in song.
 And hark ! what songs of love, what
 soul-like sounds,
 Answer them from below !

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night !
 Far in yon azure deeps,
 Hide, hide your golden light !
 She sleeps !
 My lady sleeps !
 Sleeps !

Moon of the summer night !
 Far down yon western steepes,
 Sink, sink in silver light !
 She sleeps !
 My lady sleeps !
 Sleeps !

Wind of the summer night !
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,
 Fold, fold thy pinions light !
 She sleeps !
 My lady sleeps !
 Sleeps !

Dreams of the summer night !
 Tell her, her lover keeps
 Watch ! while in slumbers light
 She sleeps !
 My lady sleeps !
 Sleeps !

(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)

VICTORIAN.

Poor, little dove ! Thou tremblest
 like a leaf !

PRECIOSA.

I am so frightened ! 'T is for thee
 I tremble !
 I hate to have thee climb that wall
 by night !
 Did no one see thee ?

VICTORIAN.

None, my love, but thou.

PRECIOSA.

'T is very dangerous ; and when
 thou art gone
 I chide myself for letting thee come
 here
 Thus stealthily by night. Where
 hast thou been ?
 Since yesterday I have no news from
 thee

VICTORIAN.

Since yesterday I've been in Alcalá.
 Ere long the time will come, sweet
 Preciosa,
 When that dull distance shall no
 more divide us ;
 And I no more shall scale thy wall
 by night
 To steal a kiss from thee, as I do
 now.

PRECIOSA.

An honest thief, to steal but what
 thou givest.

VICTORIAN.

And we shall sit together unmo-
 lested,
 And words of true love pass from
 tongue to tongue,
 As singing birds from one bough to
 another.

PRECIOSA.

That were a life indeed to make
 time envious !
 I knew that thou wouldst visit me
 to-night.
 I saw thee at the play.

VICTORIAN.

Sweet child of air !
 Never did I behold thee so attired
 And garmented in beauty as to-
 night !
 What hast thou done to make thee
 look so fair ?

PRECIOSA.

Am I not always fair ?

VICTORIAN.

Ay, and so fair
 That I am jealous of all eyes that
 see thee,
 And wish that they were blind.

PRECIOSA.

I heed them not ;
 When thou art present, I see none
 but thee !

VICTORIAN.

There's nothing fair nor beautiful,
 but takes
 Something from thee, that makes it
 beautiful.

PRECIOSA.

And yet thou leavest me for those
dusty books.

VICTORIAN.

Thou comest between me and those
books too often !

I see thy face in everything I see !
The paintings in the chapel wear
thy looks,

The canticles are changed to sara-
bands,

And with the learnèd doctors of the
schools

I see thee dance cachuchas.

PRECIOSA.

In good sooth,
I dance with learnèd doctors of the
schools

To-morrow morning.

VICTORIAN.

And with whom, I pray ?

PRECIOSA.

A grave and reverend Cardinal, and
his Grace

The Archbishop of Toledo.

VICTORIAN.

What mad jest

Is this ?

PRECIOSA.

It is no jest ; indeed it is not.

VICTORIAN.

Prithee, explain thyself.

PRECIOSA.

Why, simply thus.

Thou knowest the Pope has sent
here into Spain

To put a stop to dances on the stage.

VICTORIAN.

I have heard it whispered.

PRECIOSA.

Now the Cardinal,
Who for this purpose comes, would
fain behold

With his own eyes these dances ;
and the Archbishop

Has sent for me—

VICTORIAN.

That thou may'st dance before them!
Now viva la cachucha ! It will

breathe

The fire of youth into these gray
old men !

'T will be thy proudest conquest !

PRECIOSA.

Saving one ;

And yet I fear these dances will be
stopped,

And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

VICTORIAN.

The sweetest beggar that e'er asked
for alms ;

With such beseeching eyes, that
when I saw thee

I gave my heart away !

PRECIOSA.

Dost thou remember

When first we met ?

VICTORIAN.

It was at Córdoba,

In the cathedral garden. Thou wast
sitting

Under the orange trees, beside a
fountain.

PRECIOSA.

'T was Easter-Sunday. The full-
blossomed trees

Filled all the air with fragrance and
with joy.

The priests were singing, and the
organ sounded,

And then anon the great cathedral
bell.

It was the elevation of the Host.

We both of us fell down upon 'our
knees,

Under the orange boughs, and
prayed together

I never had been happy till that
moment.

VICTORIAN.

Thou blessed angel !

PRECIOSA.

And when thou wast gone
I felt an aching here. I did not
speak

To any one that day. But from that
day
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

VICTORIAN.

Remember him no more. Let not
his shadow
Come between thee and me. Sweet
Preciosa !
I loved thee even then, though I
was silent !

PRECIOSA.

I thought I ne'er should see thy face
again.
Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow
in it.

VICTORIAN.

That was the first sound in the song
of love !
Scarce more than silence is, and yet
a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the
strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the
soul,
And play the prelude of our fate.
We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not
alone.

PRECIOSA.

That is my faith. Dost thou be-
lieve these warnings ?

VICTORIAN.

So far as this. Our feelings and
our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the
Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark
well,
And from below comes a scarce
audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark
Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches
us.

PRECIOSA.

I have felt it so, but found no words
to say it !
I cannot reason ; I can only feel !
But thou hast language for all
thoughts and feelings.

Thou art a scholar ; and sometimes
I think
We cannot walk together in this
world !
The distance that divides us is too
great !
Henceforth thy pathway lies among
the stars ;
I must not hold thee back.

VICTORIAN.

Thou little sceptic !
Dost thou still doubt ? What I most
prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect !
The intellect is finite ; but the af-
fections
Are infinite, and cannot be ex-
hausted.
Compare me with the great men of
the earth ;
What am I ? Why, a pygmy among
giants !
But if thou lovest,—mark me ! I say
lovest,
The greatest of thy sex excels thee
not !
The world of the affections is thy
world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that
stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm
and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the
heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of
fire
Is pure. It cannot change nor hide
its nature,
But burns as brightly in a Gypsy
camp
As in a palace hall. Art thou con-
vinced ?

PRECIOSA.

Yes, that I love thee, as the good
love heaven ;
But not that I am worthy of that
heaven.
How shall I more deserve it ?

VICTORIAN.

Loving more.

PRECIOSA.

I cannot love thee more ; my heart
is full.

VICTORIAN.

Then let it overflow, and I will drink
it,
As in the summer-time the thirsty
sands
Drink the swift waters of the Man-
zanares,
And still do thirst for more.

A WATCHMAN (*in the street*).

Ave Marie
Purissima ! 'T is midnight and
serene !

VICTORIAN.

Hear'st thou that cry ?

PRECIOSA.

It is a hateful sound,
To scare thee from me !

VICTORIAN.

As the hunter's horn
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark
of hounds
The moor-fowl from his mate.

PRECIOSA.

Pray, do not go !

VICTORIAN.

I must away to Alcalá to-night.
Think of me when I am away.

PRECIOSA.

Fear not !
I have no thoughts that do not
think of thee.

VICTORIAN (*giving her a ring*).

And to remind thee of my love, take
this ;
A serpent, emblem of Eternity ;
A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's
blood.

PRECIOSA.

It is an ancient saying, that the
ruby
Brings gladness to the wearer, and
preserves

The heart pure, and, if laid beneath
the pillow,
Drives away evil dreams. But
then, alas !
It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

VICTORIAN.

What convent of barefooted Carmel-
ites
Taught thee so much theology ?

PRECIOSA (*laying her hand upon his
mouth*).

Hush ! Hush !
Good-night ! and may all holy an-
gels guard thee !

VICTORIAN.

Good-night ! good-night ! Thou
art my guardian angel !
I have no other saint than thou to
pray to !
(*He descends by the balcony*).

PRECIOSA.

Take care, and do not hurt thee.
Art thou safe ?

VICTORIAN (*from the garden*).

Safe as my love for thee ! But art
thou safe ?
Others can climb a balcony by
moonlight
As well as I. Pray, shut thy win-
dow close ;
I am jealous of the perfumed air of
night
That from this garden climbs to kiss
thy lips.

PRECIOSA (*throwing down her hand-
kerchief*).

Thou silly child ! Take this to blind
thine eyes.
It is my benison !

VICTORIAN.

And brings to me
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as
the soft wind
Wafts to the out-bound mariner the
breath
Of the beloved land he leaves be-
hind.

PRECIOSA.

Make not thy voyage long.

VICTORIAN.

To-morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou
art the star

To guide me to an anchorage.
Good-night !

My beauteous star ! My star of
love, good-night !

PRECIOSA.

Good-night !

WATCHMAN (*at a distance*).

Ave Maria Purissima !

SCENE IV. *An inn on the road to
Alcalá.* BALTSAR asleep on a
bench. Enter CHISPA.

CHISPA.

And here we are, half-way to
Alcalá, between cocks and mid-
night. Body o' me ! what an inn
this is ! The lights out, and the land-
lord asleep. Holá ! ancient Baltasar !

BALTSAR (*waking*).

Here I am.

CHISPA.

Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed
Alcalde in a town without inhabit-
ants. Bring a light, and let me
have supper.

BALTSAR.

Where is your master ?

CHISPA.

Do not trouble yourself about
him. We have stopped a moment
to breathe our horses ; and, if he
chooses to walk up and down in the
open air, looking into the sky as one
who hears it rain, that does not
satisfy my hunger, you know. But
be quick, for I am in a hurry, and
every man stretches his legs accord-
ing to the length of his coverlet.
What have we here ?

BALTSAR (*setting a light on the table*).

Stewed rabbit.

CHISPA (*eating*).

Conscience of Portalegre ! Stewed
kitten, you mean !

BALTSAR.

And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes,
with a roasted pear in it.

CHISPA (*drinking*).

Ancient Baltasar, amigo ! You
know how to cry wine and sell vine-
gar. I tell you this is nothing but
Vino Tinto of La Mancha, with a
tang of the swine-skin.

BALTSAR.

I swear to you by Saint Simon and
Judas, it is all as I say.

CHISPA.

And I swear to you, by Saint
Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no
such thing. Moreover, your supper
is like the hidalgo's dinner, very
little meat, and a great deal of table-
cloth.

BALTSAR.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

CHISPA.

And more noise than nuts.

BALTSAR.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! You must have
your joke, Master Chispa. But shall
I not ask Don Victorian in, to take
a draught of the Pedro Ximenes ?

CHISPA.

No ; you might as well say,
" Don't-you-want-some ? " to a dead
man.

BALTSAR.

Why does he go so often to Ma-
drid ?

CHISPA.

For the same reason that he eats
no supper. He is in love. Were
you ever in love, Baltasar ?

BALTSAR.

I was never out of it, good Chispa.
It has been the torment of my life.

CHISPA.

What! are you on fire, too, old hay-stack? Why, we shall never be able to put you out.

VICTORIAN (*without*).

Chispa!

CHISPA.

Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

VICTORIAN.

Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

CHISPA.

Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. VICTORIAN's chambers at Alcalá. HYPOLITO asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

HYPOLITO.

I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!

And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet!

Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,

Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled

Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!

The candles have burned low; it must be late.

Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,¹

The only place in which one cannot find him

Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom

Feels the caresses of its master's hand.

Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!

And make dull midnight merry with a song.

¹ *Fray Carrillo*. The allusion here is to a Spanish Epigram.

"Siempre Fray Carrillo estás cansándonos acá fuera: quien en tu celda estuviera para no verte jamás!"

Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 611.

(*He plays and sings*).Padre Francisco!²

Padre Francisco!

What do you want of Padre Francisco?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins!

Open the door and let her come in,

I will shrive her from every sin.

(*Enter VICTORIAN.*)

VICTORIAN.

Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

HYPOLITO.

What do you want of Padre Hypolito!

VICTORIAN.

Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,

I am the greatest sinner that doth live.

I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,

A maiden wooed and won.

HYPOLITO.

The same old tale

Of the old woman in the chimney corner,

Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my child;

I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

VICTORIAN.

Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full

That I must speak.

HYPOLITO.

Alas! that heart of thine

Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain

Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter The eleven thousand virgins of

Cologne!

² *Padre Francisco*. This is from an Italian popular song.

"Padre Francesco,

Padre Francesco!"

—Cosa volete del Padre Francesco—

"V'è una bella ragazzina

Che si vuole confessar!"

Fatte l'entrare, fatte l'entrare!

Che la voglio confessare."

Kopisch. Volksthümliche. Poesien aus allen Mundarten Italiens und seiner Inseln, p. 194.

VICTORIAN.

Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou
shouldst say ;
Those that remained, after the six
were burned,
Being held more precious than the
nine together.
But listen to my tale. Dost thou
remember
The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdoba
Dance the Romalis in the market-
place ?

HYPOLITO.

Thou meanest Preciosa.

VICTORIAN.

Ay, the same.
Thou knowest how her image
haunted me
Long after we returned to Alcalá.
She's in Madrid.

HYPOLITO.

I know it.

VICTORIAN.

And I'm in love.

HYPOLITO.

And therefore in Madrid when thou
shouldst be
In Alcalá.

VICTORIAN.

O pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret
from thee ;
But silence is the charm that guards
such treasures,
And, if a word be spoken ere the
time,
They sink again, they were not
meant for us.

HYPOLITO.

Alas ! alas ! I see thou art in love.
Love keeps the cold out better than
a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give
a Spaniard
His mass, his olla, and his Doña
Luisa,—
Thou knowest the proverb. But
pray tell me, lover.

How speeds thy wooing ? Is the
maiden coy ?

Write her a song, beginning with an
Ave ;

Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin
Mary,

*Ave ! cujus calcem clare¹
Nec centenni commendare
Sciret Seraph studio !*

VICTORIAN.

Pray, do not jest ! This is no time
for it !

I am in earnest !

HYPOLITO.

Seriously enamored ?

What, ho ! The Primus of great
Alcalá.

Enamored of a Gypsy ? Tell me
frankly,

How meanest thou ?

VICTORIAN.

I mean it honestly.

HYPOLITO.

Surely thou wilt not marry her !

VICTORIAN.

Why not ?

HYPOLITO.

She was betrothed to one Bartolomé
If I remember rightly, a young
Gypsy
Who danced with her at Córdoba.

VICTORIAN.

They quarrelled,
And so the matter ended.

HYPOLITO.

But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.

VICTORIAN.

In truth I will.
The angels sang in heaven when she
was born !
She is a precious jewel I have found

¹ *Ave ! cujus calcem clare.*
From a monkish hymn of the twelfth
century, in Sir Alexander Croke's *Essay*
on the Origin, Progress and Decline of
Rhyming Latin Verse, p. 109.

Among the filth and rubbish of the world.

I'll stoop for it ; but when I wear it here,

Set on my forehead like the morning star,

The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

HYPOLITO.

If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead,

'T will be indeed a wonder.

VICTORIAN.

Out upon thee,

With thy unseasonable jests ! Pray, tell me,

Is there no virtue in the world ?

HYPOLITO.

Not much.

What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment ;

Now, while we speak of her ?

VICTORIAN.

She lies asleep,

And, from her parted lips, her gentle breath

Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.

Her tender limbs are still, and, on her breast,

The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,

Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,

Like a light barge safe moored.

HYPOLITO.

Which means, in prose,

She's sleeping with her mouth a little open !

VICTORIAN.

O, would I had the old magician's glass

To see her as she lies in child-like sleep !

HYPOLITO.

And wouldst thou venture ?

VICTORIAN.

Ay, indeed I would !

HYPOLITO.

Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected

How much lies hidden in that one word, *now* ?

VICTORIAN.

Yes ; all the awful mystery of Life ! I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,

That could we, by some spell of magic, change

The world and its inhabitants to stone,

In the same attitudes they now are in,

What fearful glances downward might we cast

Into the hollow chasms of human life !

What groups should we behold about the deathbed,

Putting to shame the group of Niobe !

What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells !

What stony tears in those congealed eyes !

What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks !

What bridal pomps, and what funeral shows !

What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling !

What lovers with their marble lips together !

HYPOLITO.

Ay, there it is ! and, if I were in love,

That is the very point I most should dread.

This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,

Might tell a tale were better left untold.

For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,

The Lady Violante, bathed in tears Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,

Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,

Having won that golden fleece, a
woman's love,
Desertest for this Glauce.

VICTORIAN.

Hold thy peace:
She cares not for me. She may wed
another,
Or go into a convent, and, thus dy-
ing,
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

HYPOLITO (*rising*).

And so, good-night! Good-morning,
I should say.

(*Clock strikes three.*)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous
mace of Time
Knocks at the golden portals of the
day!

And so, once more, good-night!
We'll speak more largely
Of Preciosa when we meet again.

Get thee to bed, and the magician,
Sleep,
Shall show her to thee, in his magic
glass,

In all her loveliness. Good-night!
[*Exit.*]

VICTORIAN.

Good-night!
But not to bed; for I must read
awhile.

(*Throws himself into the arm-chair
which HYPOLITO has left, and lays
a large book open upon his knees.*)

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch
The changing color of the waves
that break

Upon the idle seashore of the mind!
Visions of Fame! that once did visit
me,

Making night glorious with your
smile, where are ye?

O, who shall give me, now that ye
are gone,

Juices of those immortal plants that
bloom

Upon Olympus, making us immor-
tal?

Or teach me where that wondrous
mandrake grows

Whose magic root, torn from the
earth with groans,

At midnight hour, can scare the
fiends away,

And make the mind prolific in its
fancies?

I have the wish, but want the will
to act!

Souls of great men departed! Ye
whose words

Have come to light from the swift
river of Time,

Like Roman swords found in the
'Tagus' bed,

Where is the strength to wield the
arms ye bore?

From the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of
Truth,

As from a mirror! All the means of
action—

The shapeless masses—the materi-
als—

Lie everywhere about us. What we
need

Is the celestial fire to change the
flint

Into transparent crystal, bright and
clear.

That fire is genius! The rude peas-
ant sits

At evening in his smoky cot, and
draws

With charcoal uncouth figures on
the wall.

The son of genius comes, foot-sore
with travel,

And begs a shelter from the incle-
ment night.

He takes the charcoal from the peas-
ant's hand,

And, by the magic of his touch at
once

Transfigured, all its hidden virtues
shine,

And, in the eyes of the astonished
clown,

It gleams a diamond! Even thus
transformed,

Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the
touch

Of some poor, houseless, homeless,
wandering bard,

Who had but a night's lodging for
his pains.

But there are brighter dreams than
those of Fame,

Which are the dreams of Love! Out
of the heart

Rises the bright ideal of these
dreams,

As from some woodland fount a
spirit rises

And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamored knight can touch
her robe!

'T is this ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamored knight beside
the fountain,

Waits for upon the margin of Life's
stream;

Waits to behold her rise from the
dark waters,

Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how
many

Must wait in vain! The stream
flows evermore,

But from its silent deeps no spirit
rises!

Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my
dreams.

Yes! she is ever with me. I can
feel,

Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing! on my breast
can feel

The pressure of her head! God's
benison

Rest ever on it! Close those beau-
teous eyes,

Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers
that bloom at night

With balmy lips breathe in her ears
my name!

(Gradually sinks asleep.)

ACT II.

SCENE I. PRECIOSA'S chamber.
Morning. PRECIOSA and AN-
GELICA.

PRECIOSA.

WHY will you go so soon? Stay
yet awhile.

The poor too often turn away un-
heard

From hearts that shut against them
with a sound

That will be heard in heaven. Pray,
tell me more

Of your adversities. Keep nothing
from me.

What is your landlord's name?

ANGELICA.

The Count of Lara.

PRECIOSA.

The Count of Lara? O, beware
that man

Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley
with him!

And rather die an outcast in the
streets

Than touch his gold.

ANGELICA.

You know him, then!

PRECIOSA.

As much

As any woman may, and yet be
pure.

As you would keep your name with-
out a blemish,

Beware of him!

ANGELICA.

Alas! what can I do?

I cannot choose my friends. Each
word of kindness,

Come whence it may, is welcome to
the poor.

PRECIOSA.

Make me your friend. A girl so
young and fair

Should have no friends but those of
her own sex.

What is your name?

ANGELICA.

Angelica.

PRECIOSA.

That name

Was given you, that you might be
an angel

To her who bore you! When your
infant smile

Made her home Paradise, you were
her angel.

O, be an angel still ! She needs
that smile.

So long as you are innocent, fear
nothing.

No one can harm you ! I am a poor
girl,

Whom chance has taken from the
public streets.

I have no other shield than mine
own virtue :

That is the charm which has pro-
tected me !

Amid a thousand perils, I have worn
it

Here on my heart ! It is my guard-
ian angel.

(ANGELICA *rising*).

I thank you for this counsel, dearest
lady.

PRECIOSA.

Thank me by following it.

ANGELICA.

Indeed I will.

PRECIOSA.

Pray, do not go. I have much more
to say.

ANGELICA.

My mother is alone. I dare not
leave her.

PRECIOSA.

Some other time, then, when we
meet again.

You must not go away with words
alone.

(*Gives her a purse.*)

Take this. Would it were more.

ANGELICA.

I thank you, lady.

PRECIOSA.

No thanks. To-morrow come to me
again.

I dance to-night,—perhaps for the
last time.

But what I gain, I promise shall be
yours,

If that can save you from the Count
of Lara.

ANGELICA.

O, my dear lady ! how shall I be
grateful

For so much kindness ?

PRECIOSA.

I deserve no thanks.

Thank Heaven, not me.

ANGELICA.

Both Heaven and you.

PRECIOSA.

Farewell !

Remember that you come again to-
morrow.

ANGELICA.

I will. And may the blessed Virgin
guard you,

And all good angels. [*Exit.*]

PRECIOSA.

May they guard thee too,
And all the poor ; for they have need
of angels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my
basquiña,

My richest maja dress,—my dancing
dress,

And my most precious, jewels !
Make me look

Fairer than night e'er saw me ! I've
a prize

To win this day, worthy of Preciosa !

(*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.*)

CRUZADO.

Ave Maria !

PRECIOSA.

O God ! my evil genius !
What seekest thou here to-day ?

CRUZADO.

Thyself,—my child.

PRECIOSA.

What is thy will with me ?

CRUZADO.

Gold ! gold !

PRECIOSA.

I gave thee yesterday ; I have no
more.

CRUZADO.

The gold of the Busné,—give me
his gold !

PRECIOSA.

I gave the last in charity to-day.

CRUZADO.

That is a foolish lie.

PRECIOSA.

It is the truth.

CRUZADO.

Curses upon thee ! Thou art not
my child !

Hast thou given gold away, and not
to me ?

Not to thy father ? To whom, then ?

PRECIOSA.

To one

Who needs it more.

CRUZADO.

No one can need it more.

PRECIOSA.

Thou art not poor.

CRUZADO.

What, I, who lurk about
In dismal suburbs and unwholesome
lanes ;

I, who am housed worse than the
galley slave ;

I, who am fed worse than the ken-
nelled hound ;

I, who am clothed in rags,—Beltran
Cruzado,—

Not poor !

PRECIOSA.

Thou hast a stout heart and strong
hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants ; what
wouldst thou more ?

CRUZADO.

The gold of the Busné !¹ give me
his gold !

¹ *The gold of Busné.*

Busné is the name given by the Gypsies
to all who are not of their race.

PRECIOSA.

Beltran Cruzado ! hear me once for
all,

I speak the truth. So long as I had
gold,

I gave it to thee freely, at all times,
Never denied thee ; never had a
wish

But to fulfil thine own. Now go in
peace !

Be merciful, be patient, and, ere
long,

Thou shalt have more.

CRUZADO.

And if I have it not,
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in
rich chambers,

Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty
food,

And live in idleness ; but go with me,
Dance the Romalis in the public
streets,

And wander wild again o'er field and
fell ;

For here we stay not long.

PRECIOSA.

What ! march again ?

CRUZADO.

Ay, with all speed. I hate the
crowded town !

I cannot breathe shut up within its
gates !

Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and
blue sky,

The feeling of the breeze upon my
face,

The feeling of the turf beneath my
feet,

And no walls but the far-off moun-
tain tops.

Then I am free and strong,—once
more myself,

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the
Calés !²

² *Count of the Calés.* —

The Gypsies call themselves Calés. See
Borrow's valuable and extremely inter-
esting work, *The Zincali ; or an Ac-
count of the Gypsies in Spain.* London,
1841.

PRECIOSA.

God speed thee on thy march !—I cannot go.

CRUZADO.

Remember who I am, and who thou art !

Be silent and obey ! Yet one thing more.

Bartolomé Román—

PRECIOSA (*with emotion*).

O I beseech thee !

If my obedience and blameless life,
If my humility and meek submission
In all things hitherto, can move in thee

One feeling of compassion ; if thou art

Indeed my father, and canst trace in me

One look of her who bore me, or one tone

That doth remind thee of her, let it plead

In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me

To wed that man ! I am afraid of him !

I do not love him ! On my knees I beg thee

To use no violence, nor do in haste
What cannot be undone !

CRUZADO.

O child, child, child !

Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird

Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.

I will not leave thee here in the great city

To be grandee's mistress. Make thee ready

To go with us ; and until then remember

A watchful eye is on thee. [*Exit.*]

PRECIOSA.

Woe is me !

I have a strange misgiving in my heart !

But that one deed of charity I'll do,
Befall what may ; they cannot take that from me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the ARCH-BISHOP'S Palace, The ARCHBISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.*

ARCHBISHOP.

Knowing how near it touched the public morals,

And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten

By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,

Beseeching that his Holiness would aid

In curing the gross surfeit of the time,

By seasonable stop put here in Spain
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.

All this you know.

CARDINAL.

Know and approve.

ARCHBISHOP.

And farther,

That, by a mandate from his Holiness,

The first have been suppressed.

CARDINAL.

I trust forever.

It was a cruel sport.

ARCHBISHOP.

A barbarous pastime,
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself

Most Catholic and Christian.

CARDINAL.

Yet the people

Murmur at this ; and, if the public dances

Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,

Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.

As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry,
Among the Roman populace of old,
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.

Hence I would act advisedly herein ;
And therefore have induced your grace to see

These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(Enter a Servant.)

SERVANT.

The dancing-girl, and with her the
musicians
Your grace was pleased to order,
wait without.

ARCHBISHOP.

Bid them come in. Now shall your
eyes behold
In what angelic yet voluptuous
shape
The Devil came to tempt Saint An-
thony.

(Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle
thrown over her head. She ad-
vances slowly, in a modest, half-
timid attitude.)

CARDINAL (aside).

O, what a fair and ministering angel
Was lost to heaven when this sweet
woman fell !

PRECIOSA (kneeling before the ARCH-
BISHOP).

I have obeyed the order of your
grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here be-
seech

Your holy benediction.

ARCHBISHOP.

May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

CARDINAL (aside).

Her acts are modest, and her words
discreet !

I did not look for this. Come hither,
child.

Is thy name Preciosa ?

PRECIOSA.

Thus I am called.

CARDINAL.

That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy
father ?

PRECIOSA.

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

ARCHBISHOP.

I have a dim remembrance of that
man ;

He was a bold and reckless character,
A sun-burnt Ishmael !

CARDINAL.

Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days ?

PRECIOSA.

Yes ; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can remem-
ber still

The river, and the mountains capped
with snow ;

The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the traveller's fortune in the
street ;

The smuggler's horse, the brigand
and the shepherd ;

The march across the moor ; the
halt at noon ;

The red fire of the evening camp,
that lighted

The forest where we slept ; and,
farther back,

As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

ARCHBISHOP.

'T is the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gypsy
camp was pitched.

But the time wears ; and we would
see thee dance.

PRECIOSA.

Your grace shall be obeyed.

(She lays aside her mantilla. The
music of the cachucha is played, and
the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP
and the CARDINAL look on with
gravity and an occasional frown ;
then make signs to each other ;
and, as the dance continues, become
more and more pleased and excited ;
and at length rise from their seats,
throw their caps in the air, and
applaud vehemently as the scene
closes.)

SCENE III. The Prado. A long
avenue of trees leading to the gate of
Atocha. On the right the dome and

*spires of a convent. A fountain.
Evening.* DON CARLOS and HYPO-
LITO meeting.

DON CARLOS.

Holá ! good-evening, Don Hypolito.

HYPOLITO.

And a good-evening to my friend,
Don Carlos,

Some lucky star has led my steps
this way.

I was in search of you.

DON CARLOS.

Command me always,

HYPOLITO.

Do you remember, in Quevedo's
Dreams,

The miser, who, upon the Day of
Judgment,

Asks if his money-bags would rise ?¹

DON CARLOS.

I do ;

But what of that ?

HYPOLITO.

I am that wretched man.

DON CARLOS.

You mean to tell me yours have
risen empty ?

HYPOLITO.

And amen ! said my Cid Campeador.²

DON CARLOS.

Pray, how much need you ?

HYPOLITO.

Some half dozen ounces

Which, with due interest—

¹ Asks if his money-bags would rise.

² " Y volviéndome á un lado, vi á un Avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro, (que porhaber sido embalsamado, y estar léxos sus tripas no hablaba, proque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel dia todos los enterrados) si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos ?"—*El Sueño de las Calaveras.*

³ And amen ! said my Cid Campeador.

A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid.*

" Amen, dixo Mio Cid el Campeador."

Line 3041.

DON CARLOS (*giving his purse*).

What, am I a Jew
To put my moneys out at usury ?
Here is my purse.

HYPOLITO.

Thank you. A pretty purse,
Made by the hand of some fair Ma-
drileña ;
Perhaps a keepsake.

DON CARLOS.

No, 't is at your service.

HYPOLITO.

Thank you again. Lie there, good
Chrysostom,
And with thy golden mouth remind
me often,
I am the debtor of my friend.

DON CARLOS.

But tell me,
Come you to-day from Alcalá ?

HYPOLITO.

This moment.

DON CARLOS.

And pray, how fares the brave
Victorian ?

HYPOLITO.

Indifferent well ; that is to say, not
well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the
glances

Of her dark, roving eyes, as herds-
men catch

A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.
He is in love.

DON CARLOS.

And is it faring ill
To be in love ?

HYPOLITO.

In his case very ill.

DON CARLOS.

Why so ?

HYPOLITO.

For many reasons. First and fore-
most,
Because he is in love with an ideal ;

A creature of his own imagination ;
A child of air ; an echo of his heart ;
And, like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his
thoughts !¹

DON CARLOS.

A common thing with poets. But
who is
This floating lily ? For, in fine,
some woman,
Some living woman,—not a mere
ideal,—
Must wear the outward semblance
of his thought.
Who is it ? Tell me.

HYPOLITO.

Well, it is a woman !
But, look you, from the coffer of his
heart
He brings forth precious jewels to
adorn her,
As pious priests adorn some favorite
saint
With gems and gold, until at length
she gleams
One blaze of glory. Without these,
you know,
And the priest's benediction, 't is a
doll.

DON CARLOS.

Well, well ! who is this doll ?

HYPOLITO.

Why, who do you think ?

DON CARLOS.

His cousin Violante.

HYPOLITO.

Guess again.
To ease his laboring heart, in the
last storm
He threw her overboard, with all
her ingots.

DON CARLOS.

I cannot guess ; so tell me who it is.

¹ *The river of his thoughts.* This expres-
sion is from Dante ;

"Si she chiaro
Per essa scenda della mente il fiume."
Byron had likewise used the expression ;
though I do not recollect in which of his
poems.

HYPOLITO.

Not I

DON CARLOS.

Why not ?

HYPOLITO (*mysteriously*).

Why ? Because Mari Franca²
Was married four leagues out of
Salamanca !

DON CARLOS.

Jesting aside, who is it ?

HYPOLITO.

Preciosa.

DON CARLOS.

Impossible ! The Count of Lara
tells me
She is not virtuous.

HYPOLITO.

Did I say she was ?
The Roman Emperor Claudius had
a wife
Whose name was Messalina, as I
think ;
Valeria Messalina was her name.
But hie ! I see him yonder through
the trees,
Walking as in a dream.

DON CARLOS.

He comes this way.

HYPOLITO.

It has been truly said by some wise
man,
That money, grief, and love cannot
be hidden.

(*Enter VICTORIAN in front.*)

VICTORIAN.

Where'er thy step has passed is holy
ground :
These groves are sacred ! I behold
thee walking
Under these shadowy trees, where
we have walked

² *Mari Franca.* A common Spanish
proverb, used to turn aside a question one
does not wish to answer ;

"Porque casó Mari Franca
quatro leguas de Salamanca."

At evening, and I feel thy presence
now ;
Feel that the place has taken a
charm from thee,
And is forever hallowed.

HYPOLITO.

Mark him well !
See how he strides away with lordly
air,
Like that odd guest of stone, that
grim Commander
Who comes to sup with Juan in the
play.

DON CARLOS.

What ho ! Victorian !

HYPOLITO.

Wilt thou sup with us ?

VICTORIAN.

Holá ! amigos ! Faith, I did not see
you.

How fares Don Carlos ?

DON CARLOS.

At your service ever.

VICTORIAN.

How is that young and green-eyed
Gaditana

That you both wot of ?

DON CARLOS.

Ay, soft, emerald eyes !¹

She has gone back to Cadiz.

HYPOLITO.

Ay de mi !

¹ *Ay, soft, emerald eyes.* The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this color of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song ; as, for example in the well known *Vallanciccio* ;

“ Ay ojuelos verdes,
ay los mis ojuelos,
ay hagan los cielos
que de mi te acuerdes !
.

Tengo confianza
de mis verdes ojos.”

Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 255.

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds. *Purgatorie*, xxxi. 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni*, “ Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare.”

VICTORIAN.

You are much to blame for letting
her go back.

A pretty girl ; and in her tender
eyes

Just that soft shade of green we
sometimes see

In evening skies.

HYPOLITO.

But, speaking of green eyes.
Are thine green ?

VICTORIAN.

Not a whit. Why so ?

HYPOLITO.

I think
The slightest shade of green would
be becoming,
For thou art jealous.

VICTORIAN.

No, I am not jealous.

HYPOLITO.

Thou shouldst be.

VICTORIAN.

Why ?

HYPOLITO.

Because thou art in love.
And they who are in love are always
jealous.

Therefore thou shouldst be.

VICTORIAN.

Marry, is that all ?
Farewell ; I am in haste. Farewell,
Don Carlos.

Thou sayst I should be jealous ?

HYPOLITO.

Ay, in truth
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy
guard.

I hear it whispered that the Count
of Lara

Lays siege to the same citadel.

VICTORIAN.

Indeed !
Then he will have his labor for his
pains.

HYPOLITO.

He does not think so, and Don Carlos
tells me
He boasts of his success.

VICTORIAN.

How 's this, Don Carlos?

DON CARLOS.

Some hints of it I heard from his
own lips.
He spoke but lightly of the lady's
virtue,
As a gay man might speak.

VICTORIAN.

Death and damnation !
I'll cut his lying tongue out of his
mouth,
And throw it to my dog ! But no,
no, no !
This cannot be. You jest, indeed
you jest.
Trifle with me no more. For other-
wise
We are no longer friends. And so,
farewell !

[Exit.

HYPOLITO.

Now what a coil is here ! The
Avenging Child¹
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his
death,
And the great Moor Calaynos, when
he rode
To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
Were nothing to him ! O hot-
headed youth !
But come ; we will not follow. Let
us join
The crowd that pours into the Prado.
There
We shall find merrier company ; I
see
The Marialonzos and the Almagros,
And fifty fans, that beckon me al-
ready.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. PRECIOSA'S chamber.

*She is sitting, with a book in her
hand, near a table on which are*

¹ The Avenging Child. See the ancient
Ballads of *El Infante Vengador* and
Calaynos.

flowers. A bird singing in its cage.
The COUNT OF LARA enters behind
unperceived.

PRECIOSA (reads).

All are sleeping, weary heart !²
Thou, thou only sleepless art !

Heigho ! I wish Victorian were here.
I know not what it is makes me so
restless !

(The bird sings.)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley
coat,
That from thy vaulted, wiry dun-
geon singest,
Like thee I am a captive, and, like
thee,
I have a gentle gaoler. Lack-a-day !

All are sleeping, weary heart !
Thou, thou only sleepless art !
All this throbbing, all this aching,
Evermore shall keep thee waking,
For a heart in sorrow breaking
Thinketh ever of its smart !

Thou speakest truly, poet ! and me-
thinks
More hearts are breaking in this
world of ours
Than one would say. In distant
villages
And solitudes remote, where winds
have wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds
of passage
Scattered them in their flight, do
they take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence
perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest
leaf ?
Or who takes note of every flower
that dies ?
Heigho ! I wish Victorian would
come.
Dolores !

(Turns to lay down her book and per-
ceives the COUNT.)

Ha !

LARA.

Señora, pardon me !

² All are sleeping. From the Spanish.
Böhl's Floresta, No. 282.

PRECIOSA.

How's this? Dolores!

LARA.

Pardon me—

PRECIOSA.

Dolores!

LARA.

Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.

If I have been too bold—

PRECIOSA (*turning her back upon him*).

You are too bold!

Retire! retire, and leave me!

LARA.

My dear lady,

First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!

'T is for your good I come.

PRECIOSA (*turning toward him with indignation.*)

Begone! Begone!

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds

Would make the statues of your ancestors

Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor,

Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?

O shame! shame! shame that you, a nobleman,

Should be so little noble in your thoughts

As to send jewels here to win my love,

And think to buy my honor with your gold!

I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!

Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!

Begone, I say!

LARA

Be calm; I will not harm you.

PRECIOSA.

Because you dare not.

LARA.

I dare anything!

Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.

In this false world, we do not always know

Who are our friends and who our enemies.

We all have enemies, and all need friends.

Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court

Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

PRECIOSA.

If to this

I owe the honor of the present visit, You might have spared the coming.

Having spoken,

Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

LARA.

I thought it but a friendly part to tell you

What strange reports are current here in town.

For my own self, I do not credit them;

But there are many who, not knowing you,

Will lend a readier ear.

PRECIOSA.

There was no need

That you should take upon yourself the duty

Of telling me these tales.

LARA.

Malicious tongues

Are ever busy with your name.

PRECIOSA.

Alas!

I have no protectors. I am a poor girl,

Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.

They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.

I give no cause for these reports. I live

Retired; am visited by none.

LARA.

By none?
O, then, indeed, you are much
wronged!

PRECIOSA.

How mean you?

LARA.

Nay, nay; I will not wound your
gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.

PRECIOSA.

Speak out!
What are these idle tales? You
need not spare me.

LARA.

I will deal frankly with you. Par-
don me;
This window, as I think, looks to-
ward the street,
And this into the Prado, does it not?
In yon high house, beyond the gar-
den wall,—
You see the roof there just above
the trees,—
There lives a friend, who told me
yesterday,
That on a certain night,—be not of-
fended
If I too plainly speak,—he saw a
man
Climb to your chamber window.
You are silent!
I would not blame you, being young
and fair—

*(He tries to embrace her. She starts
back and draws a dagger from her
bosom.)*

PRECIOSA.

Beware! beware! I am a Gypsy
girl!
Lay not your hand upon me. One
step nearer
And I will strike!

LARA.

Pray you, put up that dagger.
Fear not.

PRECIOSA.

I do not fear. I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

LARA.

Listen to me,
I come here as your friend,—I am
your friend,—

And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make
your name

Spotless as lilies are. Here on my
knees,

Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,
I love you even to madness, and that
love

Has driven me to break the rules of
custom,

And force myself unasked into your
presence.

(VICTORIAN enters behind.)

PRECIOSA.

Rise, Count of Lara! That is not
the place

For such as you are. It becomes
you not

To kneel before me. I am strangely
moved

To see one of your rank thus low
and humbled;

For your sake I will put aside all
anger,

All unkind feeling, all dislike, and
speak

In gentleness, as most becomes a
woman,

And as my heart now prompts me.
I no more

Will hate you, for all hate is painful
to me.

But if, without offending modesty
And that reserve which is a woman's
glory,

I may speak freely, I will teach my
heart

To love you.

LARA.

O sweet angel!

PRECIOSA.

Ay, in truth,
Far better than you love yourself or
me.

LARA.

Give me some sign of this,—the
slightest token.

Let me but kiss your hand

PRECIOSA.

Nay, come no nearer.
The words I utter are its sign and token.
Misunderstand me not ! Be not deceived !
The love wherewith I love you is not such
As you would offer me. For you come here
To take from me the only thing I have,
My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
That fill your heart with happiness ; but I
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,
And you would take that from me, and for what ?
To flatter your own vanity, and make me
What you would most despise. O Sir, such love,
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
And bids you look into your heart, and see
How you do wrong that better nature in you,
And grieve your soul with sin.

LARA.

I swear to you,
I would not harm you ; I would only love you.
I would not take your honor, but restore it,
And in return I ask but some slight mark
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,
As you confess you do, O let me thus
With this embrace—

VICTORIAN (*rushing forward*).

Hold ! hold ! This is too much.
What means this outrage ?

LARA.

First, what right have you
To question thus a nobleman of Spain ?

VICTORIAN.

I too am noble, and you are no more !
Out of my sight !

LARA.

Are you the master here ?

VICTORIAN.

Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others
Gives me the right !

PRECIOSA (*to LARA*).

Go ! I beseech you, go !

VICTORIAN.

I shall have business with you,
Count, anon !

LARA.

You cannot come too soon ! [*Exit.*]

PRECIOSA.

Victorian !

O we have been betrayed !

VICTORIAN.

Ha ! ha ! betrayed !
'T is I have been betrayed, not we !
—not we !

PRECIOSA.

Dost thou imagine—

VICTORIAN.

I imagine nothing ;
I see how 't is thou whilst the time
away
When I am gone !

PRECIOSA.

O speak not in that tone !
It wounds me deeply.

VICTORIAN.

'T was not meant to flatter.

PRECIOSA.

Too well thou knowest the presence
of that man
Is hateful to me !

VICTORIAN.

Yet I saw thee stand
And listen to him, when he told his
love.

PRECIOSA.

I did not heed his words.

VICTORIAN.

Indeed thou didst,
And answeredst them with love.

PRECIOSA.

Hadst thou heard all—

VICTORIAN.

I heard enough.

PRECIOSA.

Be not so angry with me.

VICTORIAN.

I am not angry ; I am very calm.

PRECIOSA.

If thou wilt let me speak—

VICTORIAN.

Nay, say no more.
I know too much already. Thou
art false !
I do not like these Gypsy marriages !
Where is the ring I gave thee ?

PRECIOSA.

In my casket.

VICTORIAN.

There let it rest ! I would not have
thee wear it ;
I thought thee spotless, and thou
art polluted !

PRECIOSA.

I call the Heavens to witness—

VICTORIAN.

Nay, nay, nay !
Take not the name of Heaven upon
thy lips !
They are forsworn !

PRECIOSA.

Victorian ! dear Victorian !

VICTORIAN.

I gave up all for thee ; myself, my
fame,
My hopes of fortune, ay, my very
soul !
And thou hast been my ruin ! Now,
go on !
Laugh at my folly with thy para-
mour,
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's
knee,
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian
was !

(He casts her from him and rushes out.)

PRECIOSA.

And this from thee !

(Scene closes.)

SCENE V. *The COUNT OF LARA'S
rooms. Enter the COUNT.*

LARA.

There 's nothing in this world so
sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing
is hate !
I've learned to hate, and therefore
am revenged.
A silly girl to play the prude with
me !
The fire that I have kindled—

(Enter FRANCISCO.)

Well, Francisco.

What tidings from Don Juan ?

FRANCISCO.

Good, my lord ;
He will be present.

LARA.

And the Duke of Lermos ?

FRANCISCO.

Was not at home.

LARA.

How with the rest ?

FRANCISCO.

I've found
The men you wanted. They will
all be there,
And at the given signal raise a
whirlwind
Of such discordant noises, that the
dance
Must cease for lack of music.

LARA.

Bravely done.
Ah ! little dost thou dream, sweet
Preciosa,
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep
shall not close
Thine eyes this night ! Give me
my cloak and sword.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A retired spot beyond
the city gates. Enter VICTORIAN
and HYPOLITO.*

VICTORIAN.

O shame ! O shame ! Why do I
walk abroad
By daylight, when the very sun-
shine mocks me,
And voices, and familiar sights and
sounds
Cry, "Hide thyself" ! O what a
thin partition
Doth shut out from the curious
world the knowledge
Of evil deeds that have been done in
darkness !
Disgrace has many tongues. My
fears are windows,
Through which all eyes seem gazing.
Every face
Expresses some suspicion of my
shame,
And in derision seems to smile at
me !

HYPOLITO.

Did I not caution thee ? Did I not
tell thee
I was but half persuaded of her
virtue ?

VICTORIAN.

And yet, Hypolito, we may be
wrong,

We may be over-hasty in condemn-
ing !

The Count of Lara is a cursed vil-
lain.

HYPOLITO.

And therefore is she cursed, loving
him.

VICTORIAN.

She does not love him ! 'T is for
gold ! for gold !

HYPOLITO.

Ay, but remember, in the public
streets
He shows a golden ring the Gypsy
gave him,
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

VICTORIAN.

She had that ring from me ! God !
she is false !

But I will be revenged ! The hour
is passed.

Where stays the coward ?

HYPOLITO.

Nay, he is no coward ;
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a
coward.

I've seen him play with swords ; it
is his pastime,
And therefore be not over-confident,
He 'll task thy skill anon. Look,
here he comes.

(*Enter LARA followed by FRAN-
CISCO.*)

LARA.

Good-evening, gentlemen.

HYPOLITO.

Good-evening, Count.

LARA.

I trust I have not kept you long in
waiting.

VICTORIAN.

Not long and yet too long. Are you
prepared ?

LARA.

I am.

HYPOLITO.

It grieves me much to see this
quarrel
Between you, gentlemen. Is there
no way
Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your
swords?

VICTORIAN.

No ! none !

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,
Stand not between me and my foe.
Too long
Our tongues have spoken. Let
these tongues of steel
End our debate. Upon your guard,
Sir Count !

(*They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the
COUNT.*)

Your life is mine ; and what shall
now withhold me
From sending your vile soul to its
account ?

LARA.

Strike ! strike !

VICTORIAN.

You are disarmed. I will not kill
you.
I will not murder you. Take up
your sword.

(*FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his
sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.*)

HYPOLITO.

Enough ! Let it end here ! The
Count of Lara
Has shown himself a brave man,
and Victorian
A generous one, as ever. Now be
friends.
Put up your swords ; for, to speak
frankly to you,
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a
thing
To move you to extremes.

LARA.

I am content.

I sought no quarrel. A few hasty
words,

Spoken in the heat of blood, have
led to this.

VICTORIAN.

Nay, something more than that.

LARA.

I understand you.
Therein I did not mean to cross your
path.
To me the door stood open, as to
others.
But, had I known the girl belonged
to you,
Never would I have sought to win
her from you.
The truth stands now revealed ; she
has been false
To both of us.

VICTORIAN.

Ay, false as hell itself !

LARA.

In truth I did not seek her ; she
sought me ;
And told me how to win her, telling
me
The hours when she was oftenest
left alone.

VICTORIAN.

Say, can you prove this to me ? O,
pluck out
These awful doubts, that goad me
into madness !
Let me know all ! all ! all !

LARA.

You shall know all.
Here is my page, who was the mes-
senger
Between us. Question him. Was
it not so,
Francisco ?

FRANCISCO.

Ay, my lord.

LARA.

If farther proof
Is needful, I have here a ring she
gave me.

VICTORIAN.

Pray let me see that ring ! It is the same !

(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring !

Thus do I spurn her from me ; do thus trample

Her memory in the dust ! O Count of Lara,

We both have been abused, been much abused !

I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.

Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,

Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.

I now can see the folly I have done, Though 't is, alas ! too late. So fare you well !

To-night I leave this hateful town for ever.

Regard me as your friend. Once more, farewell !

HYPOLITO.

Farewell, Sir Count.

[Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.]

LARA.

Farewell ! farewell !

Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe !

I have none else to fear ; the fight is done,

The citadel is stormed, the victory won !

[Exit with FRANCISCO.]

SCENE VII. *A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*

CRUZADO.

And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part ?

BARTOLOMÉ.

In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

CRUZADO.

And thou bringest nothing back with thee ? Didst thou rob no one ?

BARTOLOMÉ.

There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us ; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

CRUZADO.

Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid ?

BARTOLOMÉ.

First tell me what keeps thee here ?

CRUZADO.

Preciosa.

BARTOLOMÉ.

And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise ?

CRUZADO.

The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

BARTOLOMÉ.

I hear she has a Busné lover.

CRUZADO.

That is nothing.

BARTOLOMÉ.

I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

CRUZADO.

Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Meanwhile, show me her house.

CRUZADO.

Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

BARTOLOMÉ

No matter. Show me the house.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *The theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.*

SCENE IX. *The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. LARA and his friends at supper.*

LARA.

So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!
You have stood by me bravely in this matter.
Pray fill your glasses.

DON JUAN.

Did you mark, Don Luis,
How pale she looked, when first the noise began,
And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!
Her nostrils spread! her lips apart!
her bosom
Tumultuous as the sea!

DON LUIS.

I pitied her.

LARA.

Her pride is humbled; and this very night
I mean to visit her.

DON JUAN.

Will you serenade her?

LARA.

No music! no more music!

DON LUIS.

Why not music?
It softens many hearts.

LARA.

Not in the humor
She now is in. Music would madden her.

DON JUAN.

Try golden cymbals.

DON LUIS.

Yes, try Don Dinero;
A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

LARA.

To tell the truth, then, I have bribed
her maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this
wine.

A bumper and away; for the night
wears.

A health to Preciosa!

(They rise and drink.)

ALL.

Preciosa.

LARA (*holding up his glass*).

Thou bright and flaming minister of
Love!

Thou wonderful magician! who
hast stolen

My secret from me, and mid sighs of
passion

Caught from my lips, with red and
fiery tongue,

Her precious name! O never more
henceforth

Shall mortal lips press thine; and
never more

A mortal name be whispered in thine
ear.

Go! keep my secret!

(Drinks and dashes the goblet down.)

DON JUAN.

Ite! missa est!

(Scene closes.)

SCENE X. *Street and garden wall.*
Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.

CRUZADO.

This is the garden wall, and above
it yonder, is her house. The win-

dow in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Why not ?

CRUZADO.

Because she is not at home.

BARTOLOMÉ.

No matter ; we can wait. But how is this ? The gate is bolted. (*Sound of guitars and voices in a neighboring street.*) Hark ! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade ! Hark !

SONG.

Good-night !¹ Good-night, beloved !
I come to watch o'er thee !
To be near thee,—to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers !
Good-night ! Good-night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

CRUZADO.

They are not coming this way.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Wait, they begin again.

SONG (*coming nearer*).

Ah ! thou moon that shinest
Argent-clear above !
All night long enlighten
My sweet lady-love !
Moon that shinest,
All night long enlighten us !

BARTOLOMÉ.

Woe be to him, if he comes this way !

CRUZADO.

Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

SONG (*dying away*).

The nuns in the cloister
Sang to each other ;
For so many sisters
Is there not one brother !
Ay, for the partridge, mother !
The cat has run away with the partridge !
Puss ! puss ! puss !

¹ *Good-night*. From the Spanish ; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Follow that ! follow that ! Come with me. Puss ! puss !

(*Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the COUNT OF LARA and gentlemen with FRANCISCO.*)

LARA.

The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,
And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.
Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale
Yon balcony. How now ? Her light still burns.
Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(*Exeunt. Re-enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*)

BARTOLOMÉ.

They went in at the gate. Hark ! I hear them in the garden. (*Tries the gate.*) Bolted again ! Vive Cristo ! Follow me over the wall.

(*They climb the wall.*).

SCENE XI. PRECIOSA's bed-chamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress. DOLORES watching her.

DOLORES.

She sleeps at last !

(*Opens the window and listens.*)

All silent in the street,
And in the garden. Hark !

PRECIOSA (*in her sleep*).

I must go hence !
Give me my cloak !

DOLORES.

He comes ! I hear his footsteps !

PRECIOSA.

Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night ;
I am too ill ! Look at me ! See the fever

That burns upon my cheek ! I must
go hence.

I am too weak to dance.

(*Signal from the garden.*)

(DOLORES (*from the window*)).

Who's there ?

VOICE (*from below*).

A friend.

DOLORES.

I will undo the door. Wait till I
come.

PRECIOSA.

I must go hence. I pray you do not
harm me !

Shame ! shame ! to treat a feeble
woman thus !

Be you but kind, I will do all things
for you.

I 'm ready now,—give me my cas-
tanets.

Where is Victorian ? Oh, those
hateful lamps !

They glare upon me like an evil
eye.

I cannot stay. Hark ! how they
mock at me !

They hiss at me like serpents ! Save
me ! save me !

(*She wakes.*)

How late is it, Dolores ?

DOLORES.

It is midnight.

PRECIOSA.

We must be patient. Smooth this
pillow for me.

(*She sleeps again. Noise from the
garden, and voices.*)

VOICE.

Muera !

ANOTHER VOICE.

O villains ! villains !

LARA.

So ! have at you !

VOICE.

Take that !

LARA.

O, I am wounded !

DOLORES (*shutting the window.*)

Jesu Maria !

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A cross-road through a
wood. In the background a distant
village spire. VICTORIAN and
HYPOLITO, as traveling students,
with guitars, sitting under the
trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings*

SONG.

Ah, Love !

Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

Enemy

Of all that mankind may not rue !

Most untrue

To him who keeps most faith with thee.

Woe is me !

The falcon has the eyes of the dove,

Ah, Love !

Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

VICTORIAN.

Yes, love is ever busy with his
shuttle,

Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes

Arcadian ;

Hanging our gloomy prison-house
about

With tapestries, that make its walls
dilate

In never-ending vistas of delight.

HYPOLITO.

Thinking to walk in those Arcadian
pastures,

Thou hast run thy noble head
against the wall.

SONG (*continued.*)

Thy deceits

Give us clearly to comprehend,

Whither tend

All thy pleasures, all the sweets !

They are cheats,

Thorns below and flowers above,

Ah, Love !

Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

VICTORIAN.

A very pretty song. I thank thee
for it.

HYPOLITO.

It suits thy case.

VICTORIAN.

Indeed, I think it does.

What wise man wrote it ?

HYPOLITO.

Lopez Maldonado.

VICTORIAN.

In truth, a pretty song.

HYPOLITO.

With much truth in it.

I hope thou wilt profit by it ; and
in earnest

Try to forget this lady of thy love.

VICTORIAN.

I will forget her ! All dear recol-
lections

Pressed in my heart, like flowers
within a book,

Shall be torn out, and scattered to
the winds !

I will forget her ! But perhaps
hereafter,

When she shall learn how heartless
is the world,

A voice within her will repeat my
name.

And she will say, "He was indeed
my friend !"

O, would I were a soldier, not a
scholar,

That the loud march, the deafening
beat of drums,

The shattering blast of the brass-
throated trumpet,

The din of arms, the onslaught and
the storm,

And a swift death, might make me
deaf forever

To the upbraidings of this foolish
heart !

HYPOLITO.

Then let that foolish heart upbraid
no more !

To conquer love, one need but will
to conquer.

VICTORIAN.

Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain

I throw into Oblivion's sea the
sword

That pierces me ; for, like Excali-
bar,

With gemmed and flashing hilt, it
will not sink.

There rises from below a hand that
grasps it,

And waves it in the air ; and wail-
ing voices

Are heard along the shore.

HYPOLITO.

And yet at last

Down sank Excalibar to rise no
more.

This is not well. In truth, it vexes
me.

Instead of whistling to the steeds of
Time,

To make them jog on merrily with
life's burden,

Like a dead weight thou hankest on
the wheels.

Thou art too young, too full of lusty
health

To talk of dying.

VICTORIAN.

Yet I fain would die !

To go through life, unloving and
unloved ;

To feel that thirst and hunger of
the soul

We cannot still ; that longing, that
wild impulse,

And struggle after something we
have not

And cannot have ; the effort to be
strong ;

And, like the Spartan boy, to smile,
and smile,

While secret wounds do bleed be-
neath our cloaks ;

All this the dead feel not,—the dead
alone !

Would I were with them !

HYPOLITO.

We shall all be soon.

VICTORIAN.

It cannot be too soon ; for I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of
Life,

Where strangers walk as friends, and
 friends as strangers ;
 Where whispers overheard betray
 false hearts ;
 And through the mazes of the crowd
 we chase
 Some form of loveliness, that smiles,
 and beckons,
 And cheats us with fair words, only
 to leave us
 A mockery and a jest ; maddened,—
 confused,—
 Not knowing friend from foe.

HYPOLITO.

Why seek to know ?
 Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy
 youth !
 Take each fair mask for what it gives
 itself,
 Nor strive to look beneath it.

VICTORIAN.

I confess,
 That were the wiser part. But Hope
 no longer
 Comforts my soul. I am a wretched
 man,
 Much like a poor and shipwrecked
 mariner,
 Who, struggling to climb up into
 the boat,
 Has both his bruised and bleeding
 hands cut off,
 And sinks again into the weltering
 sea,
 Helpless and hopeless !

HYPOLITO.

Yet thou shalt not perish.
 The strength of thine own arm is thy
 salvation.
 Above thy head, through rifted
 clouds, there shines
 A glorious star. Be patient. Trust
 thy star !
 (*Sound of a village bell in the distance.*)

VICTORIAN.

Ave Maria ! I hear the sacristan
 Ringing the chimes from yonder
 village belfry !
 A solemn sound, that echoes far and
 wide
 Over the red roofs of the cottages,

And bids the laboring hind a-field,
 the shepherd,
 Guarding his flock, the lonely mule-
 teer,
 And all the crowd in village streets,
 stand still,
 And breathe a prayer unto the blessed
 Virgin !

HYPOLITO.

Amen ! amen ! Not half a league
 from hence
 The village lies.

VICTORIAN.

This path will lead us to it,
 Over the wheat fields, where the
 shadows sail
 Across the running sea, now green,
 now blue,
 And, like an idle mariner on the
 main,
 Whistles the quail. Come, let us
 hasten on.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. *Public square in the
 village of Guadarrama. The Ave
 Maria still tolling. A crowd of vil-
 lagers, with their hats in their
 hands, as if in prayer. In front, a
 group of Gypsies. The bell rings a
 merrier peal. A Gypsy dance.*
*Enter PANCHO, followed by PEDRO
 CRESPO.*

PANCHO.

Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy
 thieves !
 Make room for the Alcalde and for
 me !

PEDRO CRESPO.

Keep silence all ! I have an edict
 here
 From our most gracious lord, the
 King of Spain,
 Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,
 Which I shall publish in the market-
 place.

Open your ears and listen !

(*Enter the PADRE CURA at the door
 of his cottage.*)

Padre Cura,
 Good-day ! and, pray you, hear this
 edict read.

PADRE CURA.

Good-day, and God be with you !
Pray, what is it ?

PEDRO CRESPO.

An act of banishment against the
Gypsies !

(*Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.*)

PANCHO.

Silence !

PEDRO CRESPO (*reads.*)

"I hereby order and command,
That the Egyptian and Chaldean
strangers,
Known by the name of Gypsies,
shall henceforth
Be banished from the realm, as vaga-
bonds
And beggars ; and if, after seventy
days,
Any be found within our kingdom's
bounds,
They shall receive a hundred lashes
each ;
The second time, shall have their
ears cut off ;
The third, be slaves for life to him
who takes them,
Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I,
the King."
Vile miscreants and creatures un-
baptized !
You hear the law ! Obey and dis-
appear !

PANCHO.

And if in seventy days you are not
gone,
Dead or alive I make you all my
slaves.

(*The Gypsies go out in confusion,
showing signs of fear and discon-
tent. PANCHO follows.*)

PADRE CURA.

A righteous law ! A very righteous
law !

Pray you, sit down.

PEDRO CRESPO.

I thank you heartily.
(*They seat themselves on a bench at the*

PADRE CURA's door. *Sound of
guitars heard at a distance, ap-
proaching during the dialogue which
follows.*)

A very righteous judgment, as you
say.

Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you
know all things,—

How came these Gypsies into Spain ?

PADRE CURA.

Why, look you ;
They came with Hercules from
Palestine,
And hence are thieves and vagrants,
Sir Alcalde,
As the Simoniacs from Simón Ma-
gus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda
says,
There are a hundred marks to prove
a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 't is with the
Gypsies.
They never marry, never go to
mass,
Never baptize their children, nor
keep Lent,
Nor see the inside of a church,—nor
—nor—

PEDRO CRESPO.

Good reasons, good, substantial rea-
sons all !

No matter for the other ninety-five,
They should be burnt, I see it plain
enough,

They should be burnt.

*Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO
playing.*

PADRE CURA.

And pray, whom have we here ?

PEDRO CRESPO.

More vagrants ! By Saint Lazarus,
more vagrants !

HYPOLITO.

Good-evening, gentlemen ! Is this
Guadarrama ?

PADRE CURA.

Yes, Guadarrama, and good-evening
to you.

HYPOLITO.

We seek the Padre Cura of the village;
And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,
You must be he.

PADRE CURA.

I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

HYPOLITO.

We are poor students, travelling in vacation.
You know this mark?
(*Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.*)

PADRE CURA (*joyfully*).

Ay, know it, and have worn it.

PEDRO CRESPO (*aside*).

Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants!
And there is no law against them.
Sir, your servant. [*Exit.*]

PADRE CURA.

Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

HYPOLITO.

Padre Cura,
From the first moment I beheld your face,
I said within myself, "This is the man!"
There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scholar-like and studious something,—
You understand,—which cannot be mistaken;
Which marks you as a very learned man,
In fine, as one of us.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).

What impudence!

HYPOLITO.

As we approached, I said to my companion,
"That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"
Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,

"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,
Must be the sacristan."

PADRE CURA.

Ah! said you so?
Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!

HYPOLITO.

Indeed! you much astonish me!
His air
Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an alcalde's should be.

PADRE CURA.

That is true.
He is out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies,
Who have their camp here in the neighborhood.
There is nothing so undignified as anger.

HYPOLITO.

The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,
If, from his well-known hospitality,
We crave a lodging for the night.

PADRE CURA.

I pray you!
You do me honor! I am but too happy
To have such guests beneath my humble roof.
It is not often that I have occasion
To speak with scholars; and *Emollit mores*,
Nec sinit esse feros, Cicero says.

HYPOLITO.

'T is Ovid, is it not?

PADRE CURA.

No, Cicero.

HYPOLITO.

Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.
Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!
But hang me if it is not! (*Aside.*)

PADRE CURA.

Pass this way.
He was a very great man, was
Cicero !
Pray you, go in, go in ! no ceremony.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in the* PADRE
CURA's house. *Enter the* PADRE
and HYPOLITO.

PADRE CURA.

So then, Señor, you come from
Alcalá.
I am glad to hear it. It was there
I studied.

HYPOLITO.

And left behind an honored name,
no doubt.
How may I call your Grace ?

PADRE CURA.

Gerónimo
De Santillana, at your Honor's serv-
ice.

HYPOLITO.

Descended from the Marquis Santil-
lana ?
From the distinguished poet ?

PADRE CURA.

From the Marquis,
Not from the poet.

HYPOLITO.

Why, they were the same.
Let me embrace you ? O some
lucky star
Has brought me hither ! Yet once
more !—once more !
Your name is ever green in Alcalá,
And our professor, when we are
unruly,
Will shake his hoary head, and say,
"Alas !
It was not so in Santillana's time !"

PADRE CURA.

I did not think my name remembered
there.

HYPOLITO.

More than remembered ; it is idol-
ized.

PADRE CURA.

Of what professor speak you ?

HYPOLITO.

Timoneda.

PADRE CURA.

I don't remember any Timoneda.

HYPOLITO.

A grave and sombre man, whose
beetling brow
O'erhangs the rushing current of his
speech
As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have
you forgotten ?

PADRE CURA.

Indeed, I have. O, those were
pleasant days,
Those college days ! I ne'er shall
see the like !
I had not buried then so many
hopes !
I had not buried then so many
friends !
I've turned my back on what was
then before me ;
And the bright faces of my young
companions
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no
more.
Do you remember Cueva ?

HYPOLITO.

Cueva ? Cueva ?

PADRE CURA.

Fool that I am ! He was before
your time.
You're a mere boy, and I am an old
man.

HYPOLITO.

I should not like to try my strength
with you.

PADRE CURA.

Well, well. But I forget ; you
must be hungry.
Martina ! ho ! Martina ! 'T is my
niece.

Enter MARTINA.

HYPOLITO.

You may be proud of such a niece
as that.

I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores*
(Aside.)
 He was a very great man, was
 Cicero !
 Your servant, fair Martina.

MARTINA.

Servant, sir.

PADRE CURA.

This gentleman is hungry. See
 thou to it.
 Let us have supper.

MARTINA.

'T will be ready soon.

PADRE CURA.

And bring a bottle of my Val-de-
 Peñas
 Out of the cellar. Stay ; I'll go
 myself,
 Pray you, Señor, excuse me.

[Exit.]

HYPOLITO.

Hist ! Martina !
 One word with you. Bless me !
 what handsome eyes !
 To-day there have been Gypsies in
 the village,
 Is it not so ?

MARTINA.

There have been Gypsies here.

HYPOLITO.

Yes, and they told your fortune.

MARTINA *(embarrassed)*.

Told my fortune ?

HYPOLITO.

Yes, yes ; I know they did. Give
 me your hand.
 I'll tell you what they said. They
 said,—they said,
 The shepherd boy that loved you
 was a clown,
 And him you should not marry.
 Was it not ?

MARTINA *(surprised)*.

How know you that ?

HYPOLITO.

O, I know more than that.
 What a soft, little hand ! And then
 they said,
 A cavalier from court, handsome,
 and tall
 And rich, should come one day to
 marry you,
 And you should be a lady. Was it
 not ?
 He has arrived, the handsome cava-
 lier.

*(Tries to kiss her. She runs off. En-
 ter VICTORIAN, with a letter.)*

VICTORIAN.

The muleteer has come.

HYPOLITO.

So soon ?

VICTORIAN.

I found him
 Sitting at supper by the tavern
 door,
 And, from a pitcher that he held
 aloft
 His whole arm's length, drinking the
 blood-red wine.

HYPOLITO.

What news from Court ?

VICTORIAN.

He brought this letter only. *(Reads.)*
 O cursed perfidy ! Why did I let
 That lying tongue deceive me ? *Pre-
 ciosa,*
 Sweet Preciosa ! how art thou
 avenged !

HYPOLITO.

What news is this, that makes thy
 cheek turn pale,
 And thy hand tremble ?

VICTORIAN.

O, most infamous !
 The Count of Lara is a damned vil-
 lain !

HYPOLITO.

That is no news, forsooth.

VICTORIAN.

He strove in vain
To steal from me the jewel of my
soul,
The love of Preciosa. Not succeed-
ing,
He swore to be revenged ; and set on
foot
A plot to ruin her, which has suc-
ceeded,
She has been hissed and hooted from
the stage,
Her reputation stained by slander-
ous lies
Too foul to speak of ; and, once
more a beggar,
She roams a wanderer over God's
green earth,
Housing with Gypsies !

HYPOLITO.

To renew again
The Age of Gold, and make the
shepherd swains
Desperate with love, like Gasper
Gil's Diana.
Redit et Virgo !

VICTORIAN.

Dear Hypolito,
How have I wronged that meek,
confiding heart !
I will go seek for her ; and with my
tears
Wash out the wrong I've done her !

HYPOLITO.

O beware !
Act not that folly o'er again.

VICTORIAN.

Ay, folly,
Delusion, madness, call it what thou
wilt,
I will confess my weakness,—I still
love her !
Still fondly love her !

(Enter DON CARLOS.)

DON CARLOS.

Are not the horses ready yet ?

CHISPA.

I should think not, for the hostler
seems to be asleep. Ho ! within

there ! Horses ! horses ! horses !
(*He knocks at the gate with his whip,
and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his
jacket.*)

MOSQUITO.

Pray, have a little patience. I'm
not a musket.

CHISPA.

Health and pistareens ! I'm glad
to see you come on dancing, padre !
Pray, what 's the news ?

MOSQUITO.

You cannot have fresh horses ;
because there are none.

CHISPA.

Cachiporra ! Throw that bone to
another dog. Do I look like your
aunt ?

MOSQUITO.

No ; she has a beard.

CHISPA.

Go to ! go to !

MOSQUITO.

Are you from Madrid ?

CHISPA.

Yes ; and going to Estramadura.
Get us horses.

MOSQUITO.

What 's the news at Court ?

Why, the latest news is, that I
am going to set up a coach, and I
have already bought the whip.

(*Strikes him round the legs.*)

MOSQUITO.

Oh ! oh ! you hurt me !

DON CARLOS.

Enough of this folly. Let us have
horses. *Gives money to MOSQUITO.*
(It is almost dark ; and we are in
haste. But tell me, has a band of
Gypsies passed this way of late ?

MOSQUITO.

Yes ; and they are still in the
neighborhood.

DON CARLOS.

And where?

MOSQUITO.

Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. [*Exit.*]

DON CARLOS.

Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

CHISPA.

Are you not afraid of the evil eye?¹ Have you a stag's horn with you?

DON CARLOS.

Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

CHISPA.

And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

DON CARLOS.

I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

CHISPA.

Among the Squires?

DON CARLOS.

No; among the Gypsies, block-head!

¹ *The evil eye.* "In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Querelar nasula*, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

"The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths' shops at Seville.

BORROW'S *Zincali*. Vol. I. ch. ix.

CHISPA.

I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. [*Eæeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.*

GYPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

On the top of the mountain I stand,²
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee,
flee?
O how from their fury shall I flee?

FIRST GYPSY (*playing*).

Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

GYPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus the ditty ran;
God send the Gypsy lassie here,
And not the Gypsy man.

FIRST GYPSY (*playing*).

There you are in your morocco!

SECOND GYPSY.

One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

² *On the top of a mountain I stand.*

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's *Zincali*; or, an Account of the Gypsies in Spain.

The Gypsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted.

John-Dorados pieces of gold.

Pigeon, a simpton.

In your morocco, stripped.

Doves, sheets.

Moon, a shirt.

Chirelin, a thief.

Murcigalleros, those who steal at night-fall.

Rastilleros, foot-pads.

Hermit, highway-robber.

Planets, candles.

Commandments, the fingers.

Saint Martin asleep, to rob a person asleep.

Lanterns, eyes.

Gablin, police officer.

Papagayo, a spy.

Vineyards and Dancing John, to take flight.

FIRST GYPSY.

Have at you, Chirelin.

GYPSIES (*at the forge sing*).

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gypsy man,
The Gypsy lassie came.

(*Enter* BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

CRUZADO.

Come hither, Murcigalleros and
Rastilleros ; leave work, leave play ;
listen to your orders for the night.
(*Speaking to the right.*) You will
get you to the village, mark you, by
the stone cross.

GYPSIES.

Ay !

CRUZADO (*to the left*).

And you, by the pole with the
hermit's head upon it.

GYPSIES.

Ay !

CRUZADO.

As soon as you see the planets
are out, in with you, and be busy
with the ten commandments, under
the sly, and Saint Martin asleep.
D' ye hear ?

GYPSIES.

Ay !

CRUZADO.

Keep your lanterns open, and, if
you see a goblin ora papagayo, take
to your trampers. "Vineyards and
Dancing John" is the word. Am I
comprehended ?

GYPSIES.

Ay ! ay !

CRUZADO.

Away, then !

(*Exeunt severally.* CRUZADO *walks*
up the stage, and disappears among
the trees. *Enter* PRECIOSA.)

PRECIOSA.

How strangely gleams through the
gigantic trees

The red light of the forge ! Wild,
beckoning shadows
Stalk through the forest ever and
anon

Rising and bending with the flicker-
ing flame,
Then flitting into darkness ! So
within me

Strange hopes and fears do beckon
to each other,

My brightest hopes giving dark fears
a being,

As the light does the shadow. Woe
is me !

How still it is about me, and how
lonely !

(BARTOLOMÉ *rushes in.*)

BARTOLOMÉ.

Ho ! Preciosa !

PRECIOSA.

O, Bartolomé !

Thou here ?

BARTOLOMÉ.

Lo ! I am here.

PRECIOSA.

Whence comest thou ?

BARTOLOMÉ.

From the rough ridges of the wild
Sierra,

From caverns in the rocks, from
hunger, thirst,

And fever ! Like a wild wolf to the
sheepfold

Come I for thee, my lamb.

PRECIOSA.

O touch me not !

The Count of Lara's blood is on thy
hands !

The Count of Lara's curse is on thy
soul !

Do not come near me ! Pray, be-
gone from here !

Thou art in danger ! They have set
a price

Upon thy head !

BARTOLOMÉ.

Ay, and I've wandered long
Among the mountains ; and for
many days

Have seen no human face, save the
rough swineherd's,
The wind and rain have been my
sole companions.
I shouted to them from the rocks thy
name,
And the loud echo sent it back to me,
Till I grew mad. I could not stay
from thee,
And I am here ! Betray me, if thou
wilt.

PRECIOSA.

Betray thee ? I betray thee ?

BARTOLOMÉ.

Preciosa !
I come for thee ! for thee I thus
brave death !
Fly with me o'er the borders of this
realm !
Fly with me !

PRECIOSA.

Speak of that no more. I cannot.
I am thine no longer.

BARTOLOMÉ.

O, recall the time
When we were children ! how we
played together,
How we grew up together ; how we
plighted
Our hearts unto each other, even in
childhood !
Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has
come.
I am hunted from the kingdom, like
a wolf !
Fulfil thy promise.

PRECIOSA.

'T was my father's promise,
Not mine. I never gave my heart
to thee,
Nor promised thee my hand !

BARTOLOMÉ.

False tongue of woman !
And heart more false !

PRECIOSA.

Nay, listen unto me.
I will speak frankly. I have never
loved thee ;

I cannot love thee. This is not my
fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldst
thou with me,
A feeble girl, who have not long to
live,
Whose heart is broken ? Seek an-
other wife,
Better than I, and fairer ; and let
not
Thy rash and headlong moods es-
trange her from thee.
Thou art unhappy in this hopeless
passion.
I never sought thy love ; never did
sought
To make thee love me. Yet I pity
thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild
heart,
That hurries thee to crimes and
deeds of blood.
Beware, beware of that.

BARTOLOMÉ.

For thy dear sake,
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach
me patience.

PRECIOSA.

Then take this farewell, and depart
in peace ;
Thou must not linger here.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Come, come with me !

PRECIOSA.

Hark ! I hear footsteps.

BARTOLOMÉ.

I entreat thee, come !

PRECIOSA.

Away ! It is in vain.

BARTOLOMÉ.

Wilt thou not come ?

PRECIOSA.

Never !

BARTOLOMÉ.

Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee !
Thou shalt not be another's. Thou
shalt die. [Exit.

PRECIOSA.

All holy angels keep me in this hour!

Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!

Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!

Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!

Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?

To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,

To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,

All ignominy, suffering, and despair, And be at rest for ever! O, dull heart,

Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,

Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)

VICTORIAN.

'T is she! Behold, how beautiful she stands

Under the tent-like trees!

HYPOLITO.

A woodland nymph!

VICTORIAN.

I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

HYPOLITO.

Be wary,

Do not betray thyself too soon.

VICTORIAN (*disguising his voice.*)

Hist! Gypsy!

PRECIOSA (*aside, with emotion.*)

-That voice! that voice from heaven! O speak again!

Who is it calls?

VICTORIAN.

A friend.

PRECIOSA (*aside.*)

'T is he! 'T is he!

I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,

And sent me this protector! Now be strong,

Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.

False friend or true?

VICTORIAN.

A true friend to the true;

Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

PRECIOSA.

Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

VICTORIAN (*putting a piece of gold into her hand.*)

There is the cross.

PRECIOSA.

Is 't silver?

VICTORIAN.

No, 't is gold.

PRECIOSA.

There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you,

And for yourself alone.

VICTORIAN.

Fie! the old story!

Tell me a better fortune for my money;

Not this old woman's tale!

PRECIOSA.

You are passionate;

And this same passionate humor in your blood

Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;

The line of life is crossed by many marks.

Shame! shame! O you have wronged the maid who loved you!

How could you do it?

VICTORIAN.

I never loved a maid;

For she I loved was then a maid no more.

PRECIOSA.

How know you that ?

VICTORIAN.

A little bird in the air
Whispered the secret.

PRECIOSA.

There, take back your gold !
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's
hand !

There is no blessing in its charity !
Make her your wife, for you have
been abused ;
And you shall mend your fortunes,
mending hers.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).

How like an angel's speaks the
tongue of woman,
When pleading in another's cause
her own !—
That is a pretty ring upon your
finger.
Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the
ring.*)

PRECIOSA.

No ; never from my hand
Shall that be taken !

VICTORIAN.

Why, 't is but a ring.
I'll give it back to you ; or, if I
keep it,
Will give you gold to buy you
twenty such.

PRECIOSA.

Why would you have this ring ?

VICTORIAN.

A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I
would fain keep it
As a memento of the Gypsy camp
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-
teller
Who sent me back to wed a widowed
maid.
Pray, let me have the ring.

PRECIOSA.

No, never ! never !
I will not part with it, even when I
die ;

But bid my nurse fold my pale fin-
gers thus,
That it may not fall from them. 'T is
a token
Of a beloved friend, who is no
more.

VICTORIAN.

How ? dead ?

PRECIOSA.

Yes ; dead to me ; and worse than
dead.
He is estranged ! And yet I keep
this ring.
I will rise with it from my grave
hereafter,
To prove to him that I was never
false.

VICTORIAN (*aside*).

Be still, my swelling heart ! one
moment, still !
Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick
girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 't is
mine,
And that you stole it.

PRECIOSA.

O, you will not dare
To utter such a fiendish lie !

VICTORIAN.

Not dare ?
Look in my face, and say if there is
aught
I have not dared, I would not dare
for thee !

(*She rushes into his arms.*)

PRECIOSA.

'T is thou ! 't is thou ! Yes ; yes ;
my heart's elected !
My dearest-dear Victorian ! my
soul's heaven !
Where hast thou been so long ?
Why didst thou leave me ?

VICTORIAN.

Ask me not now, my dearest Pre-
ciosa.
Let me forget we ever have been
parted !

PRECIOSA.

Hadst thou not come—

VICTORIAN.

I pray thee, do not chide me !

PRECIOSA.

I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

VICTORIAN.

Forgive me, sweet ! for what I made thee suffer.

Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,

Thou being absent ? O, believe it not !

Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,

For thinking of the wrong I did to thee !

Dost thou forgive me ? Say, wilt thou forgive me ?

PRECIOSA.

I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger

Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,

I had forgiven thee.

VICTORIAN.

I'm the veriest fool That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.

It was the Count of Lara—

PRECIOSA.

That bad man Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard—

VICTORIAN.

I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on !

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy ;

For every tone, like some sweet incantation,

Calls up the buried past to plead for me.

Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,

Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(*They walk aside.*)

HYPOLITO.

All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,

All passionate love seems in the best romances,

All chaste embraces on the public stage,

All soft adventures, which the liberal stars

Have winked at, as the natural course of things,

Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,

And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa !

PRECIOSA.

Señor Hypolito ! I kiss your hand.

Pray, shall I tell your fortune ?

HYPOLITO.

Not to-night ;

For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,

And send me back to marry maids forlorn,

My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

CHISPA (*within*).

What ho ! the Gypsies, ho ! Beltran Cruzado !

Halloo ! halloo ! halloo ! halloo !

Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.

VICTORIAN.

What now ?

Why such a fearful din ? Hast thou been robbed ?

CHISPA.

Ay, robbed and murdered ; and good-evening to you,

My worthy masters.

VICTORIAN.

Speak ; what brings thee here ?

CHISPA (*to Preciosa*).

Good news from Court ; good news ! Beltran Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your father,

But your true father has returned
to Spain
Laden with wealth. You are no
more a Gypsy.

VICTORIAN.

Strange as a Moorish tale !

CHISPA (*aside*).

And I have two to take.
I've heard my grandmother say, that
Heaven gives almonds
To those who have no teeth. That's
nuts to crack.
I've teeth to spare, but where shall
I find almonds ?

VICTORIAN.

What more of this strange story ?

CHISPA.

Nothing more.
Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at
the village,
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Al-
calde,
The proofs of what I tell you. The
old hag,
Who stole you in your childhood,
has confessed ;
And probably they'll hang her for
the crime,
To make the celebration more com-
plete.

VICTORIAN.

No ; let it be a day of general joy ;
Fortune comes well to all, that comes
not late.
Now let us join Don Carlos.

HYPOLITO.

So farewell,
The student's wandering life ! Sweet
serenades,
Sung under ladies' windows in the
night,
And all that makes vacation beauti-
ful !
To you, ye cloistered shades of Al-
calá,
To you, ye radiant visions of ro-
mance,
Written in books, but here sur-
passed by truth,

The Bachelor Hypolito returns,
And leaves the Gypsy with the
Spanish Student.

SCENE VI. *A pass in the Guadara-
rama mountains. Early morning.
A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting
sideways on his mule, and lighting a
paper cigar with flint and steel.*

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,¹
Awake and open thy door,
'T is the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet ;
We shall have to pass through the dewy
grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

(*Disappears down the pass. Enter a
Monk. A Shepherd appears on the
rocks above.*)

MONK.

Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá ! good
man !

SHEPHERD.

Olá !

MONK.

Is this the road to Segovia ?

SHEPHERD.

It is, your reverence.

MONK.

How far is it ?

SHEPHERD.

I do not know.

MONK.

What is that yonder in the valley ?

SHEPHERD.

San Ildefonso.

MONK.

A long way to breakfast.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, marry.

¹ If thou art sleeping, maiden. From
the Spanish ; as is likewise the song of the
Contrabandista on page 279.

MONK.

Are there robbers in these mountains ?

SHEPHERD.

Yes, and worse than that.

MONK.

What ?

SHEPHERD.

Wolves.

MONK.

Santa Maria ! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

SHEPHERD.

What wilt thou give me ?

MONK.

An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried ;
Onward caballito mio,
With the white star in thy forehead !
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack !
Ay, jaléo ! Ay, ay, jaléo !
Ay, jaléo ! They cross our track.

(Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA, on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot, and armed.)

VICTORIAN.

This is the highest point. Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the
misty mountains
Receive the benediction of the sun !
O glorious sight !

PRECIOSA.

Most beautiful indeed !

HYPOLITO.

Most wonderful !

VICTORIAN.

And in the vale below,
Where yonder steeples flash like
lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
Sends up a salutation to the morn,
As if an army smote their brazen
shields,
And shouted victory !

PRECIOSA.

And which way lies
Segovia ?

VICTORIAN.

At a great distance yonder.
Dost thou not see it ?

PRECIOSA.

No. I do not see it.

VICTORIAN.

The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.
There, yonder !

HYPOLITO.

'T is a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcázar, builded by the
Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor
Gil Blas
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many
a time
Out of its grated windows have I
looked
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the
Eresma,
That, like a serpent through the valley
creeping,
Glides at its foot.

PRECIOSA.

O, yes ! I see it now,
Yet rather with my heart, than with
mine eyes,
So faint it is. And, all my thoughts
sail thither,
Freighted with prayers and hopes,
and forward urged
Against all stress of accident, as, in
The Eastern Tale, against the wind
and tide,

Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,
And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea ! (*She weeps.*)

VICTORIAN.

O gentle spirit ! Thou didst bear unmoved
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate !
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee
Melts thee to tears ! O, let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine ! and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger ; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

PRECIOSA.

Stay no longer !
My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
Now looking from the window, and now watching
Each sound of wheels or foot-fall in the street,
And saying, "Hark ! she comes !" O father ! father !
(*They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.*)

CHISPA.

I have a father, too, but he is a

dead one. Alas and alack-a-day ! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking ; and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen ? Patience, and shuffle the cards ! I am not yet so bald, that you can see my brains ; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite ! [*Exit.*]

(*A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ wildly, as if in pursuit with a carbine in his hand.*)

BARTOLOMÉ.

They passed this way ! I hear their horses' hoofs !
Yonder I see them ! Come, sweet caramillo,
This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last !

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha ! ha ! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo !
Well whistled !—I have missed her !
—O, my God !

(*The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ falls.*)

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES,

AND OTHER POEMS.

1846.

CARILLON.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had
ended,

Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night ;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vi-
sion,

Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling.
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these
chimes

Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in
vain,

On the roofs and stones of cities !
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas !
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet, perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears.
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished
long ;

Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous
eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé.
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the
night
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

In the market-place of Bruges stands
the belfry old and brown ;
Thrice consumed and thrice re-
built, still it watches o'er
the town.

As the summer morn was breaking,
on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the dark-
ness, like the weeds of widow-
hood.

Thick with towns and hamlets stud-
ded, and with streams and va-
pors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver,
round and vast the landscape
lay.

At my feet the city slumbered.
From its chimneys, here and
there,

Wreaths of snow-white smoke, as-
cending, vanished, ghost-like,
into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at
that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating
in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters
sang the swallows wild and
high ;

And the world, beneath me sleeping,
seemed more distant than the
sky.

Then most musical and solemn,
bringing back the olden times,

With their strange, unearthly
changes rang the melancholy
chimes,

Like the psalms from some old clois-
ter, when the nuns sing in
the choir ;

And the great bell tolled among
them, like the chanting of a
friar.

Visions of the days departed,
shadowy phantoms filled my
brain ;

They who live in history only
seemed to walk the earth
again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders,¹—
mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy,
Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that
adorned those days of old ;
Stately dames, like queens attended,²
knights who bore the Fleece
of Gold ;³

¹ *All the Foresters of Flanders.* The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them ; and Beaudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him, the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean-d'Acre shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiègne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bourgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

² *Stately dames like queens attended.* When Philippe-le-Bel, king of France visited Flanders with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed, " Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses et des reines."

When the burgomasters of Ghent Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction ; but, being invited to a fescaval, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions ; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly embroidered cloaks and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and, being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied, " We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner."

³ *Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.*

Lombard and Venetian merchants
with deep-laden argosies ;
Ministers from twenty nations ;
more than royal pomp and
ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling
humbly on the ground ;

I beheld the gentle Mary,¹ hunting
with her hawk and hound ;

And her lighted bridal-chamber,
where a duke slept with the
queen,

And the armèd guard around them,
and the sword unsheathed be-
tween.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with
Namur and Juliers bold,

Marching homeward from the bloody
battle of the Spurs of Gold ;²

Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon,
espoused Isabella of Portugal on the 10th
of January, 1430, and on the same day in-
stituted the famous order of the Fleece of
Gold.

¹ *I beheld the gentle Mary.* Marie de
Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by
the death of her father, Charles-le-Témé-
raire, at the age of twenty, the richest
heirress of Europe. She came to Bruges,
as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and in the
same year was married by proxy to the
Archduke Maximilian. According to the
custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria,
Maximilian's substitute, slept with the
princess. They were both in complete
dress, separated by a naked sword, and
attended by four armed guards. Marie
was adored by her subjects for her gentle-
ness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor
Frederick the Third, and is the same per-
son mentioned afterwards in the poem of
Nuremberg as the Kaiser Maximilian, and
the hero of Pfünzing's poem of *Teuerdank*.
Having been imprisoned by the revolted
burghers of Bruges, they refused to re-
lease him till he consented to kneel in the
public square, and to swear on the Holy
Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus
that he would not take vengeance upon
them for their rebellion.

² *The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.*
This battle, the most memorable in Flem-
ish history, was fought under the walls of
Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, be-
tween the French and the Flemings, the
former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de
Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The
French army was completely routed, with
a loss of twenty thousand infantry and

Saw the fight at Minnewater,³ saw
the White Hoods moving
west,

Saw great Artevelde victorious scale
the Golden Dragon's nest.⁴

seven thousand cavalry ; among whom
were sixty-three princes, dukes, and
counts, seven hundred lords-banneret,
and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower
of the French nobility perished on that
day, to which history has given the name
of the *Journée des Éperons d'Or*, from
the great number of golden spurs found
on the field of battle. Seven hundred of
them were hung up as a trophy in the
church of Notre Dame de Courtray ; and,
as the cavaliers of that day wore but a
single spur each, these vouched to God
for the violent and bloody death of seven
hundred of his creatures.

³ *Saw the fight at Minnewater.* When
the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a
canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters
of the Lys from Deynze to their city, they
were attacked and routed by the citizens
of Ghent, whose commerce would have
been much injured by the canal. They
were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a mili-
tary company at Ghent, called the *Chap-
perons Blancs*. He had great sway over
the turbulent populace, who, in those
prosperous times of the city, gained an
easy livelihood by laboring two or three
days in the week, and had the remaining
four or five to devote to public affairs.
The fight at Minnewater was followed by
open rebellion against Louis de Maele,
the Count of Flanders and Protector of
Bruges. His superb château of Wondel-
ghem was pillaged and burnt ; and the
insurgents forced the gates of Bruges,
and entered in triumph, with Lyons
mounted at their head. A few days af-
terwards he died suddenly, perhaps by
poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a
check at the village of Nevèle ; and two
hundred of them perished in the church,
which was burned by the Count's orders.
One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took
refuge in the belfry. From the summit
of the tower he held forth his purse filled
with gold, and begged for deliverance. It
was in vain. His enemies cried to him
from below to save himself as best he
might ; and, half suffocated with smoke
and flame, he threw himself from the
tower and perished at their feet. Peace
was soon afterwards established, and the
Count retired to faithful Bruges.

⁴ *The Golden Dragon's nest.* The golden
Dragon, taken from the church of St.
Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the
Crusades, and placed on the belfry of
Bruges, was afterwards transported to
Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still
adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at
Ghent is, "*Mynen noem is Roland ; als ik*

And again the whiskered Spaniard
all the land with terror smote ;
And again the wild alarum sounded
from the tocsin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er
lagoon and dike of sand,

"I am Roland ! I am Roland !
there is victory in the land !"

klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land." My name is Roland ;
when I toll there is fire, and when I ring
there is victory in the land.

Then the sound of drums aroused
me. The awakened city's
roar

Chased the phantoms I had summoned
back into their graves
once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes ;
and, before I was
aware,

Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed
the sun-illuminated square.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,

Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past

The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church
with thee,

O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass ;
Between them and the moving
boughs,

A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they :
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting
cares,

Of earth and folly born !"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn,

Through the closed blinds the golden
sun

Poured in a dusty beam,

Like the celestial ladder seen,
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon, the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's flutter
ing leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas ! the place seems
changed ;
Thou art no longer here ;
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my
heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us
hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRING-FIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to
ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the bur-
nished arms ;

But from their silent pipes no an-
them pealing
Startles the villages with strange
alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how
wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches
those swift keys !
What loud lament and dismal Mis-
erere
Will mingle with their awful sym-
phonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce
chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless
groan,
Which, through the ages that have
gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our
own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon
hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the
Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the
Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his
palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with
dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teo-
callis
Beat the wild war-drums made of
serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burn-
ing village ;
The shout that every prayer for
mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of
pillage ;
The wail of famine in beleaguered
towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway
wrenched asunder,

The rattling musketry, the clash-
ing blade ;
And ever and anon, in tones of
thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant
noises,
With such accursed instruments
as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and
kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmo-
nies ?

Were half the power, that fills the
world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed
on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind
from error,
There were no need of arsenals
nor forts :

The warrior's name would be a name
abhorred !
And every nation, that should lift
again
Its hand against a brother, on its
forehead
Would wear for evermore the
curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long
generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter
and then cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet
vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of
Christ say, "Peace !"

Peace ! and no longer from its bra-
zen portals
The blast of War's great organ
shakes the skies !
But beautiful as songs of the im-
mortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.

THIERRY : CONQUETE DE L'ANGLETERRE.

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying ;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that, from the neighboring kloster,
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waifs.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle gates.

Till at length the lays they chaunted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

" Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger !
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free ! "

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
" Miserere, Domine ! "

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to their manor,
All those wronged and ' wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, " Amen ! "

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust :

Rut the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing
spout !

Across the window pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber
looks

At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the
rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted
hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking
soil ;

For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees !
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs
profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;
And sees them, when the rain is
done,
On the bridge of colors seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to
birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven
to earth ;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable
wheel

Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of
Time.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy
mother's knee,
With merry-making eyes and jocund
smiles,
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,
Whose figures grace,
With many a grotesque form and
face,
The ancient chimney of thy nursery !
The lady, with the gay macaw,
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin ;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud com-
mand
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune !
Thousands of years in Indian seas
That coral grew, by slow degrees,
Until some deadly and wild mon-
soon
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand !
Those silver bells
Reposed of yore,
As shapeless ore,
Far down in the deep sunken wells
Of darksome mines,
In some obscure and sunless place,
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines !

And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape,
The tall ships passed the stormy
cape ;
For thee in foreign lands remote,
Beneath the burning, tropic clime,
The Indian peasant, chasing the
wild goat,
Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbut, }
The fibres of whose shallow root,

Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of the pirate,
Time.

But, lo, thy door is left ajar !
Thou hearest footsteps from afar !
And, at the sound,
Thou turnest round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one, who, in a foreign land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise !
And, restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.
The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison walls to thee.
No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles,
Delight thee, nor the playthings on
the floor,
That won thy little, beating heart
before ;
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls
Thy pattering footstep falls.
The sound of thy merry voice
Makes the old walls
Jubilant, and they rejoice
With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness
No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of
memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country, dwelt.
And yonder meadows broad and
damp
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread ;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts
to thee ?
Out, out ! into the open air !
Thy only dream is liberty,

Thou carest little how or where.
 I see thee eager at thy play,
 Now shouting to the apples on the
 tree
 With cheeks as round and red as
 they ;
 And now among the yellow stalks,
 Among the flowering shrubs and
 plants,
 As restless as the bee,
 Along the garden walks,
 The tracks of thy small carriage-
 wheels I trace ;

And see at every turn how they ef-
 face
 Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,
 That rise like golden domes
 Above the cavernous and secret
 homes
 Of wandering and nomadic tribes of
 ants.
 Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,
 Who, with thy dreadful reign,
 Dost persecute and overwhelm
 These hapless Troglodytes of thy
 realm !

What ! tired already ! with those
 suppliant looks,
 And voice more beautiful than a
 poet's books,
 Or murmuring sound of water as it
 flows,
 Thou comest back to parley with re-
 pose !
 This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,
 With its o'erhanging golden canopy
 Of leaves illuminate with autumnal
 hues,
 And shining with the argent light of
 dews,
 Shall for a season be our place of
 rest.
 Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent
 nest,
 From which the laughing birds have
 taken wing,
 By thee abandoned, hangs thy va-
 cant swing.
 Dream-like the waters of the river
 gleam ;
 A sailless vessel drops adown the
 stream,

And like it, to a sea as wide and
 deep,
 Thou driftest gently down the tides
 of sleep.

O child ! O new-born denizen
 Of life's great city ! on thy head
 The glory of the morn is shed,
 Like a celestial benison !
 Here at the portal thou dost stand,
 And with thy little hand
 Thou openest the mysterious gate
 Into the future's undiscovered land.
 I see its valves expand,
 As at the touch of Fate !
 Into those realms of love and hate,
 Into that darkness blank and drear,
 By some prophetic feeling taught,
 I launch the bold, adventurous
 thought,
 Freight with hope and fear ;
 As upon subterranean streams,
 In caverns unexplored and dark,
 Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
 Laden with flickering fire,
 And watch its swift-receding beams,
 Until at length they disappear,
 And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope
 Dare I to cast thy horoscope ;
 Like the new moon thy life appears ;
 A little strip of silver light,
 And widening outward into night
 The shadowy disk of future years ;
 And yet upon its outer rim,
 A luminous circle, faint and dim,
 And scarcely visible to us here,
 Rounds and completes the perfect
 sphere ;
 A prophecy and intimation,
 A pale and feeble adumoration,
 Of the great world of light, that
 lies
 Behind all human destinies.

Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish
 fraught,
 Should be to wet the dusty soil
 With the hot tears and sweat of
 toil,—
 To struggle with imperious thought,
 Until the overburdened brain,
 Weary with labor, faint with pain,

Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power,—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and opprest,
From labor there shall come forth
rest.

And if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,
Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the laborer's side ;
With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous
moor.

Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward ; for thou shalt
learn

The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility ;
As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's
door,

And hearing the hammers, as they
smote

The anvils with a different note,
Stole from the varying tones, that
hung

Vibrant on every iron tongue,
The secret of the sounding wire,
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough ! I will not play the Seer ;
I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.
Thy destiny remains untold ;
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,
The swift thought kindles as it flies,
And burns to ashes in the skies.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.¹

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of Time.

¹ *The Occultation of Orion.* Astronomically speaking, this title is incorrect : as I apply to a constellation what can properly be applied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song, and not from that of science ; and will, I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose.

O'er East and West its beam im-
pended ;

And day, with all its hours of light,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While, opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended

Like the astrologers of old,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw, with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
From earth unto the fixed stars.
And through the dewy atmosphere,
Not only could I see, but hear,
Its wondrous and harmonious strings.
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard
of snows,

Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east ;
And, slow ascending one by one,
The kindling constellation shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar.
Orion, hunter of the beast !
His sword hung gleaming by his
side.

And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint,
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars
That were to prove her strength
and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
 And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
 She reached the station of Orion.
 Aghast he stood in strange alarm !
 And suddenly from his outstretched
 arm

Down fell the red skin of the lion
 Into the river at his feet.
 His mighty club no longer beat
 The forehead of the bull ; but he
 Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
 When, blinded by CEnopion,
 He sought the blacksmith at his
 forge,

And, climbing up the mountain
 gorge,

Fixed his black eyes upon the sun.
 Then, through the silence overhead,
 An angel with a trumpet said,
 "Forevermore, forevermore,
 The reign of violence is o'er !"
 And, like an instrument that flings
 Its music on another's strings,
 The trumpet of the angel cast
 Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
 And on from sphere to sphere the
 words

Re-echoed down the burning
 chords,—

"Forevermore, forevermore,
 The reign of violence is o'er !"

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
 As the clocks were striking the
 hour,

And the moon rose o'er the city,
 Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
 In the waters under me,
 Like a golden goblet falling
 And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
 Of that lovely night in June,
 The blaze of the flaming furnace
 Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
 The waving shadows lay,

And the current that came from the
 ocean
 Seemed to lift and bear them
 away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through
 them,

Rose the belated tide,
 And, streaming into the moonlight,
 The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
 Among the wooden piers,
 A flood of thoughts came o'er me
 That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O, how often,
 In the days that had gone by,
 I had stood on that bridge at mid-
 night,
 And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, O, how often,
 I had wished that the ebbing tide
 Would bear me away on its bosom
 O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,
 And my life was full of care,
 And the burden laid upon me
 Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
 It is buried in the sea ;
 And only the sorrow of others
 Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
 On its bridge with wooden piers,
 Like the odor of brine from the ocean
 Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
 Of care-encumbered men,
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
 Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
 Still passing to and fro,
 The young heart hot and restless,
 And the old subdued and slow !

And for ever and for ever,
 As long as the river flows,

As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its waving image here.

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

Gloomy and dark art thou, O chief
of the mighty Omawhaws ;
Gloomy and dark, as the driving
cloud, whose name thou hast
taken !

Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see
thee stalk through the city's
Narrow and populous streets, as once
by the margin of rivers
Stalked those birds unknown, that
have left us only their foot-
prints.

What, in a few short years, will re-
main of thy race but the foot-
prints ?

How canst thou walk in these streets,
who hast trod the green turf
of the prairies ?

How canst thou breathe in this air,
who hast breathed the sweet
air of the mountains ?

Ah ! 't is in vain that with lordly
looks of disdain thou dost
challenge

Looks of dislike in return, and ques-
tion these walls and these
pavements,

Claiming the soil for thy hunting-
grounds, while down-trodden
millions

Starve in the garrets of Europe, and
cry from its caverns that they,
too,

Have been created heirs of the earth,
and claim its division !

Back, then, back to thy woods in
the regions west of the Wa-
bash !

There as a monarch thou reignest.

In autumn the leaves of the
maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls
with gold, and in summer

Pine-trees waft through its chambers
the odorous breath of their
branches.

There thou art strong and great, a
hero, a tamer of horses !

There thou chasest the stately stag
on the banks of the Elk-horn,

Or by the roar of the Running-
Water, or where the Omaw-
haw

Calls thee, and leaps through the
wild ravine like a brave of the
Blackfeet !

Hark ! what murmurs arise from the
heart of those mountainous
deserts !

Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows,
or the mighty Behemoth,

Who, unharmed, on his tusks once
caught the bolts of the
thunder,

And now lurks in his lair to destroy
the race of the red man ?

Far more fatal to thee and thy race
than the Crows and the Foxes,

Far more fatal to thee and thy race
than the tread of Behemoth,

Lo ! the big thunder-canoe, that
steadily breasts the Missouri's

Merciless current ! and yonder, afar
on the prairies, the camp-
fires

Gleam through the night, and the
cloud of dust in the gray of
the daybreak

Marks not the buffalo's track, nor
the Mandan's dexterous horse-
race ;

It is a caravan, whitening the des-
ert where dwell the Caman-
ches !

Ha ! how the breath of these Saxons
and Celts, like the blast of the
east-wind,

Drifts evermore to the west the
scanty smokes of thy wig-
wams !

SONGS.

SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks :

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore ;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main ;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth ;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth .

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
That forever
Wrestles with the tides of Fate ;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart ;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,

Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his
heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with
music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently, steal away.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,
The night is descending ;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences ;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

WELCOME, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside,
While the sullen gales of autumn
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with
thee,
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,
Made by hands that clasped thee
rudely,
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art ;
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,
As the russet, rain-molested
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine
Scattered from hilarious goblets,
As these leaves with the libations
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
Days departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I wandered
By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear
The old ballad of King Christian
Shouted from suburban taverns
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,
Who, in solitary chambers,
And with hearts by passion wasted,
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes
Where thy songs of love and friend-
ship
Made the gloomy Northern winter
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,
Chanted staves of these old ballads
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Hamlet,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
Sang them in their smoky barracks ;
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus !

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale me-
chanics,
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend ;
They, alas ! have left thee friend-
less !
Yet at least by one warm fireside
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chim-
neys,
So thy twittering songs shall nestle
In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestation,
And recalling by their voices
Youth and travel.

WALTER VON DER VOGEL- WEID.¹

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster tow-
ers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest :
They should feed the birds at noon-
tide
Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, " From these wandering
minstrels
I have learned the art of song ;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and
long." ¹

Thus the bard of love departed ;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face.

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wart-
burg,
Which the bard had fought be-
fore.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side ;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

¹ *Walter von der Vogelweid.* Walter von der Vogelweid, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of
food ?

Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland
nests,

When the minster bells rang noon-
tide,

Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscrip-
tions

On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PIT- CHER.

COME, old friend ! sit down and
listen !

From the pitcher, placed between
us,

How the waters laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus !

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
Led by his inebriate Satyrs ;
On his breast his head is sunken,
Vacantly he leers and chatters,

Fauns with youthful Bacchus fol-
low ;

Ivy crowns that brow supernal
As the forehead of Apollo,
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and
thyrses,

Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the na-
tions,

Bloodless victories, and the farmer
Bore, as trophies and oblations,
Vines for banners, ploughs for
armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor,
Much this mystic throng ex-
presses :

Bacchus was the type of vigor,
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
Of a faith long since forsaken ;
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;
Youth perpetual dwells in foun-
tains,—

Not in flasks, and casks, and
cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons
And huge tankards filled with
Rhenish,

From that fiery blood of dragons
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
Never drank the wine he vaunted
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher
Wreathed about with classic
fables ;

Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and lis-
ten !

As it passes thus between us,
How its wavelets laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus !

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux ;
 "Toujours ! jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !" JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.

Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw.

And from its station in the hall
 An ancient timepiece says to all,—
 "Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands

From its case of massive oak,
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
 "Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

By day its voice is low and light ;
 But in the silent dead of night,
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
 It echoes along the vacant hall,
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,
 And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—
 "Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
 Through days of death and days of birth,
 Through every swift vicissitude
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
 "Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

In that mansion used to be
 Free-hearted Hospitality ;
 His great fires up the chimney roared ;
 The stranger feasted at his board ;
 But, like the skeleton at the feast,
 That warning timepiece never ceased,—
 "Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

There groups of merry children played,
 There youth and maidens dreaming strayed ;
 O precious hours ! O golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time !
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
 "Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding night ;
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
 "Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

All are scattered now and fled,
 Some are married, some are dead ;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 "Ah ! when shall they all meet again ?"
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient timepiece makes reply,—
 "Forever—never !
 Never—forever !"

Never here, forever there,
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time shall disappear,—
 Forever there, but never here !

The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;

For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

SONNETS.

THE EVENING STAR.

Lo ! in the painted oriel of the West,
Whose panes the sunken sun in-
carnadines,
Like a fair lady at her casement,
shines
The evening star, the star of love
and rest !
And then anon she doth herself
divest
Of all her radiant garments, and
reclines
Behind the sombre screen of
yonder pines,
With slumber and soft dreams of
love opprest.
O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus !
My morning and my evening star
of love !
My best and gentlest lady ! even
thus,
As that fair planet in the sky
above,
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at
night,
And from thy darkened window
fades the light.

AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by
the rain,
With banners, by great gales in-
cessant fanned,

Brighter than brightest silks of
Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy
wain !
Thou standest, like imperial Charle-
magne,¹
Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy
royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions
o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy
vast domain.
Thy shield is the red harvest moon,
suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'er-
hanging eaves ;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers
attended ;
Like flames upon an altar shine
the sheaves ;
And, following thee, in thy ovation
splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters
the golden leaves !

¹ Like imperial Charlemagne. Charle-
magne may be called by pre-eminence the
monarch of farmers. According to the
German tradition, in seasons of great
abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on
a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the
cornfields and the vineyards. During his
lifetime he did not disdain, says Montes-
quieu, “to sell the eggs from the farm-
yards of his domains and the superfluous
vegetables of his gardens ; while he dis-
tributed among his people the wealth of
the Lombards and the immense treasures
of the Huns.”

DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the
 realms of gloom,
 With thoughtful pace, and sad,
 majestic eyes,
 Stern thoughts and awful from
 thy soul arise,
 Like Farinata from his fiery
 tomb.
 Thy sacred song is like the trump
 of doom ;
 Yet in thy heart what human
 sympathies,

What soft compassion glows, as in
 the skies
 The tender stars their clouded lamps
 relume !
 Methinks I see thee stand, with
 pallid cheeks,
 By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
 As up the convent-walls, in golden
 streaks,
 The ascending sunbeams mark the
 day's decrease ;
 And, as he asks what there the
 stranger seeks,
 Thy voice along the cloister whis-
 pers. "Peace !"

TRANSLATIONS

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O HEMLOCK tree ! O hemlock tree !
 how faithful are thy
 branches !
 Green not alone in summer
 time,
 But in the winter's frost and
 rime !
 O hemlock tree ! O hemlock tree !
 how faithful are thy
 branches !

O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how
 faithless is thy bosom !
 To love me in prosperity,
 And leave me in adversity !
 O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how
 faithless is thy bosom !

The nightingale, the nightingale,
 thou tak'st for thine ex-
 ample !
 So long as summer laughs she
 sings,
 But in the autumn spreads her
 wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale,
 thou tak'st for thine ex-
 ample !

The meadow brook, the meadow
 brook, is mirror of thy false-
 hood !
 It flows so long as falls the rain,
 In drought its springs soon dry
 again.
 The meadow brook, the meadow
 brook, is mirror of thy false-
 hood !

ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON
DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of
 old,
 She is my life, and my goods, and
 my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once
 again
 To me has surrendered in joy and
 in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my
good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my
blood !

Then come the wild weather, come
sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, how-
ever it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sor-
row, and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to
the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight
and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the
more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow
mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows,
through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to
wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is
scarce known,—

Through forests I'll follow, and
where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron,
through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my
sun,
The threads of our two lives are
woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou
hast obeyed,
Whate'er forbidden thee thou hast not
gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love
stand,
Where there is not one heart, and
one mouth, and one hand ?

Some seek for dissension, and trou-
ble and strife ;
Like a dog and a cat live such man
and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our
love ;
Thou art my lambkin, my chick,
and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may
be seen ;
I am king of the household, and
thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's
sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul
in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where
we dwell ;
While wrangling soon changes a
home to a hell.

THE STATUE OVER THE CA- THEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS
MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are stand-
ing
The cathedral door above ;
Yet I saw but one among them
Who had soothed my soul with
love.

In his mantle,—wound about him,
As their robes the sowers wind,—
Bore he swallows and their fledg-
lings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike,
High in wind and tempest wild ;
O, were I like him exalted,
I would be like him, a child !

And my songs,—green leaves and
blossoms,—
To the doors of heaven would
bear,
Calling, even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSS- BILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS
MOSEN.

ON the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 't would free the
Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness :
"Blest be thou of all the good !
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood !"

And that bird is called the crossbill ;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to
hear.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH
HEINE.

THE sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars ;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love,

Great are the sea and the heaven ;
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart ;

My heart, and the sea, and the
heaven
Are melting away with love !

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIED-
RICH VON LOGAU. SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY.

MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good ?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and
care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINE.

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door in the doctor's nose.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and
blind a poor man is ;
For the former seeth no man, and the
latter no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbor honestly
Die I, so die I.

CREEDS.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all
these creeds and doctrines
three
Extant are ; but still the doubt is,
where Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are
driven ever round ;
If they have nothing else to grind,
they must themselves be
ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and
warmth and comfort it be-
spoke ;
But, alas ! it now is quenched, and
only bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always
are combined ;
Often in a wooden house a golden
room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind

slowly, yet they grind exceed-
ing small ;

Though with patience he stands
waiting, with exactness grinds
he all.

TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croak-
ing, kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha ! how soon they all are silent !
Thus Truth silences the liar.

RHYMES.

If perhaps these rhymes of mine
should sound not well in
strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them that
it happens so with theirs ;
For so long as words, like mortals,
call a fatherland their own,
They will be most highly valued
where they are best and long-
est known.

CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light .
Toil comes with the morning
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire ;
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall !
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all !

II.

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day ;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies ;
Forgotten they lie ;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.

Dark and darker
The black shadows fall ;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.

1850.

DEDICATION.

As one who walking in the twilight
gloom,
Hears round about him voices as
it darkens,
And seeing not the forms from
which they come,
Pauses from time to time, and
turns and hearkens ;

So walking here in twilight, O my
friends !

I hear your voices, softened by the
distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as
each sends
His words of friendship, comfort,
and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or
told,
Has ever given delight or consolati-
on,

Ye have repaid me back a thousand
fold,
By every friendly sign and salu-
tation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye
have shown !

Thanks for each kindly word, each
silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming
most alone,
Friends are around us, though no
word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land
to land ;
Kind letters, that betray the
heart's deep history,

In which we feel the pressure of a
hand,—
One touch of fire,—and all the
rest is mystery !

The pleasant books, that silently
among
Our household treasures take fa-
miliar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or
pictured faces ;

Perhaps on earth I never shall be-
hold,
With eye of sense, your outward
form and semblance ;
Therefore to me ye never will grow
old,
But live forever young in my re-
membrance.

Never grow old, nor change, nor
pass away !
Your gentle voices will flow on
forever,
When life grows bare and tarnished
with decay,
As through a leafless landscape
flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has
made us friends,
Being oftentimes of different
tongues and nations,
But the endeavor for the selfsame
ends,
With the same hopes, and fears,
and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside
walk,
Saddened, and mostly silent, with
emotion ;
Not interrupting with intrusive
talk
The grand, majestic symphonies
of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome
guest,
At your warm fireside, when the
lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among
the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and un-
invited !

BY THE SEASIDE.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

"BUILD me straight, O worthy
Master !
Staunch and strong, a goodly ves-
sel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind
wrestle !"

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard ;
For his heart was in his work, and
the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.
A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of
glee,
He answered, "Ere long we will
launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and
staunch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea !"

And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature ;
That with a hand more swift and
sure

The greater labor might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of
yore,
And above them all, and strangest of
all
Towered the Great Harry, crank and
tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the
wall,
With bows and stern raised high in
air,
And balconies hanging here and
there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those
that frown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat
And he said with a smile, "Our ship.
I wis,
Shall be of another form than this !"

It was of another form, indeed ;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft ;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of
the blast
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows over-
whelm ;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow de-
grees,

That she might be docile to the helm
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the shipyard stood the Master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind
wrestle !

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around ;
Timber of chestnut and elm and oak,
And scattered here and there, with
these,
The knarred and crooked cedar
knees ;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roan-
oke !

Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in
motion !

There 's not a ship that sails the
ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or
small,
And help to build the wooden wall !

The sun was rising o'er the sea,]
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest
meaning.

Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.
Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth !
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again ;—
The fiery youth, who was to be

The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daugh-
ter's hand,
When he had built and launched
from land
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build
this ship !

Lay square the blocks upon the
slip,

And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest
care ;

Of all that is unsound beware ;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name !
For the day that gives her to the
sea

Shall give my daughter unto thee !"

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard ;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of
pride
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised
bride.

The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh
and fair,
With the breath of morn and the
soft sea air.

Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach ;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy
sea !

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That-obeyeth Love's command !
It is the heart and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's be-
hest
Far exceedeth all the rest !

Thus with the rising of the sun
 Was the noble task begun,
 And soon throughout the shipyard's
 bounds
 Were heard the intermingled sounds
 Of axes and of mallets, plied
 With vigorous arms on every side ;
 Plied so deftly and so well,
 That, ere the shadows of evening
 fell,
 The keel of oak for a noble ship,
 Scarfed and bolted, straight and
 strong,
 Was lying ready, and stretched
 along
 The blocks, well placed upon the
 slip.
 Happy, thrice happy, every one
 Who sees his labor well begun,
 And not perplexed and multiplied,
 By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot, long day was
 o'er,
 The young man at the Master's door
 Sat with the maiden calm and still.
 And within the porch, a little more
 Removed beyond the evening chill,
 The father sat, and told them tales
 Of wrecks in the great September
 gales,
 Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,
 And ships that never came back
 again,
 The chance and change of a sailor's
 life,
 Want and plenty, rest and strife,
 His roving fancy, like the wind,
 That nothing can stay and nothing
 can bind,
 And the magic charm of foreign
 lands,
 With shadows of palms, and shin-
 ing sands,
 Where the tumbling surf,
 O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
 Washes the feet of the swarthy Las-
 car,
 As he lies alone and asleep on the
 turf.
 And the trembling maiden held her
 breath
 At the tales of that awful, pitiless
 sea,

With all its terror and mystery,
 The dim, dark sea, so like unto
 Death,
 That divides and yet unites man-
 kind !
 And whenever the old man paused,
 a gleam
 From the bowl of his pipe would
 awhile illumine
 The silent group in the twilight
 gloom,
 And thoughtful faces, as in a
 dream ;
 And for a moment one might mark
 What had been hidden by the dark,
 That the head of the maiden lay at
 rest,
 Tenderly, on the young man's breast !

Day by day the vessel grew,
 With timbers fashioned strong and
 true,
 Stemson and keelson and sternson-
 knee,
 Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
 A skeleton ship rose up to view !
 And around the bows and along the
 side
 The heavy hammers and mallets
 plied,
 Till, after many a week, at length,
 Wonderful for form and strength,
 Sublime in its enormous bulk,
 Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk !
 And around it columns of smoke,
 upwreathing,
 Rose from the boiling, bubbling,
 seething
 Caldron, that glowed,
 And overflowed
 With the black tar, heated for the
 sheathing.
 And amid the clamors
 Of clattering hammers,—
 He who listened heard now and then
 The song of the Master and his
 men :—

“ Build me straight, O worthy
 Master,
 Staunch and strong, a goodly
 vessel,
 That shall laugh at all disaster,
 And with wave and whirlwind
 wrestle ! ”

With oaken brace and copper band,
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have
control

Over the movement of the whole ;
And near it the anchor, whose giant
hand

Would reach down and grapple with
the land,

And immovable and fast

Hold the great ship against the
bellowing blast !

And at the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mould,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modelled from the Master's
daughter !

On many a dreary and misty night,
'T will be seen by the rays of the
signal light,

Speeding along through the rain and
the dark,

Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright !
Behold, at last,¹

Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place ;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast !

¹ Behold, at last,
*Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place.*

I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage by stating, that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully rigged and sparred. I have availed myself of the exception, as better suited to my purposes than the general rule ; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Me., writes me thus :—

"In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine, large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully rigged and sparred. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day and—was never heard of again ! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem !"

Long ago,

In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain

Lay the snow,

They fell,—those lordly pines !

Those grand, majestic pines !

Mid shouts and cheers

The jaded steers,

Panting beneath the goad,

Dragged down the weary, winding
road

Those captive kings so straight and
tall.

To be shorn of their streaming hair,

And, naked and bare,

To feel the stress and the strain

Of the wind and the reeling main,

Whose roar

Would remind them for evermore

Of their native forests they should
not see again.

And everywhere

The slender, graceful spars

Poise aloft in the air,

And at the mast-head,

White, blue, and red,

A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.

Ah ! when the wanderer, lonely,
friendless,

In foreign harbors shall behold

That flag unrolled,

'T will be as a friendly hand

Stretched out from his native land,

Filling his heart with memories
sweet and endless !

All is finished ! and at length

Has come the bridal day

Of beauty and of strength.

To-day the vessel shall be launched !

With fleecy clouds the sky is
blanched,

And o'er the bay,

Slowly, in all his splendors dight,

The great sun rises to behold the
sight.

The ocean old,

Centuries old,

Strong as youth, and as uncon-
trolled,

Paces restless to and fro,

Up and down the sands of gold.

His beating heart is not at rest ;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his
breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering,
blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray, old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his
head.

And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.

The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering
flock,

That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart

Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its
course.

Therefore he spake, and thus said
he :—

"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's
bound,

Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the
skies,

And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer
brink.

Ah ! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and
shelves,

But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of
ocean.

Ah ! if our souls but poise and
swing

Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true

To the toil and the task we have to
do,

We shall sail securely, and safely
reach

The Fortunate Isles, on whose shin-
ing beach

The sights we see, and the sounds
we hear,

Will be those of joy and not of
fear !"

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand ;
And at the word,

Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on
blow,

Knocking away the shores and
spurs.

And see ! she stirs !

She starts,—she moves,—she seems
to feel

The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the
ground,

With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And lo ! from the assembled crowd
 There rose a shout, prolonged and
 loud,
 That to the ocean seemed to say,—
 “Take her, O bridegroom, old and
 gray,
 Take her to thy protecting arms,
 With all her youth and all her
 charms !”

How beautiful she is ! How fair
 She lies within those arms, that
 press

Her form with many a soft caress
 Of tenderness and watchful care !
 Sail forth into the sea, O ship !
 Through wind and wave, right on-
 ward steer !

The moistened eye, the trembling
 lip,

Are not the signs of doubt or fear.
 Sail forth into the sea of life,
 O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
 And safe from all adversity
 Upon the bosom of that sea
 Thy comings and thy goings be !
 For gentleness and love and trust
 Prevail o'er angry wave and gust ;
 And in the wreck of noble lives
 Something immortal still survives !

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
 We know what Master laid thy keel,
 What Workmen wrought thy ribs
 of steel,

Who made each mast, and sail, and
 rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers
 beat,

In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy
 hope !

Fear not each sudden sound and
 shock,

'T is of the wave and not the rock ;
 'T is but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale !
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with
 thee,
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers,
 our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with
 thee !

THE EVENING STAR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,
 As the day grows fainter and dim-
 mer,
 Lonely and lovely, a single star
 Lights the air with a dusky glim-
 mer.

Into the ocean faint and far
 Falls the trail of its golden splen-
 dor,
 And the gleam of that single star
 Is ever-refulgent, soft, and tender

Chrysaor rising out of the sea,
 Showed thus glorious and thus
 emulous,
 Leaving the arms of Callirrhœ,
 Forever tender, soft, and tremu-
 lous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
 Trailed the gleam of his falchion
 brightly ;
 Is it a God, or is it a star
 That, entranced, I gaze on
 nightly !

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH ! what pleasant visions haunt me
 As I gaze upon the sea !
 All the old romantic legends,
 All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,
 Such as gleam in ancient lore ;
 And the singing of the sailors,
 And the answer from the shore !

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand and silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines ;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley,
Steering onward to the land ;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried, with impulse
strong,—

“ Helmsman ! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous
song ! ”

“ Wouldst thou, ”—so the helmsman
answered,

Learn the secret of the sea ?
“ Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery ! ”

In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward-blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies ;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light

And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the win-
dow,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and
wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child ?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and
bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the
mother,
Drive the color from her cheek ?

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.¹

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death ;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun ;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

¹ *Sir Humphrey Gilbert*. “ When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the *Hind* to say, ‘ We are as near heaven by sea as by land. ’ In the following night, the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good look-out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22d of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Fal-mouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral.—*Belknap's American Biography*, I. 203.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain ;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night ;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;
"Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land !"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds ;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold !
As of a rock was the shock ;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish
Main ;
Yet there seems no change of
place.

Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day ;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the
sea,
And on its outer point, some miles
away,

The Lighthouse lifts its massive
masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud
by day.

Even at this distance I can see the
tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along
its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and
subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the
face.

And as the evening darkens, lo !
how bright,
Through the deep purple of the
twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of
its light
With strange, unearthly splendor
in its glare !

Not one alone ; from each project-
ing cape
And perilous reef, along the
ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the rest-
less surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it
stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous
wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and
sands,
The night-o'ertaken mariner to
save.

And the great ships sail outward
and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the bil-
lowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes
and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness,
and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the
blaze,

And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish
while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a
child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade
and sink ;
And when, returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's
brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the
same
Year after year, through all the
silent night
Burns on for evermore that quench-
less flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable
light !

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the
kiss of peace ;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their
grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like
a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it ; the
storm
Smites it with all the scourges of
the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the
hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with
the din
Of wings and winds and solitary
cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light
within,
Dashes himself against the glare,
and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon
the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire
of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed
the shock,
But hails the mariner with words
of love.

"Sail on !" it says, "sail on, ye
stately ships !
And with your floating bridge
the ocean span ;
Be mine to guard this light from all
eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto
man !"

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

WE sat within the farmhouse old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the
bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and
cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent
town,—
The lighthouse,—the dismantled
fort,—
The wooden houses, quaint and
brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room ;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and
said,
Of what had been, and might have
been,
And who was changed, and who
was dead.

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret
pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate
ends,
And never can be one again :

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to ex-
press,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
 Had something strange, I could
 but mark ;
 The leaves of memory seemed to
 make
 A-mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
 As suddenly, from out the fire
 Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
 The flames would leap and then
 expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and
 failed,
 We thought of wrecks upon the
 main,—
 Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
 And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their
 frames,—
 The ocean, roaring up the beach,—
 The gusty blast,—the bickering
 flames,
 All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part
 Of fancies floating through the
 brain,
 The long-lost ventures of the heart,
 That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that
 yearned !
 They were indeed too much akin,
 The drift-wood fire without that
 burned,
 The thoughts that burned and
 glowed within.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched
 and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there !
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er de-
 fended
 But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dy-
 ing,
 And mournings for the dead ;
 The heart of Rachel, for her children
 crying,
 Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe
 afflictions
 Not from the ground arise,
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists
 and vapors
 Amid these earthly damps ;
 What seem to us but sad, funereal
 tapers
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so
 is transition.
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
 Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our
 affection,—
 But gone unto that school
 Where she no longer needs our poor
 protection,
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and
 seclusion,
 By guardian angels led,

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's
pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is
doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps
pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep
unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance,
though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold
her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold
her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's
mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's
expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with
emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning
like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the
feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not conceal-
ing,
The grief that must have way.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we
build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest
care
Each minute an unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen !
Make the house, where Gods may
dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplète,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the
hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy
of Time,
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it
been

About those deserts blown !
How many strange vicissitudes has
seen,

How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmae-
lite

Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patri-
arch's sight

His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt
and bare,

Crushed it beneath their tread ;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the
air

Scattered it as they sped ;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazar-
eth

Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love
and faith

Illumed the wilderness ;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's
palms

Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armen-
ian psalms

In half-articulate speech ;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's
gate

With westward steps depart ;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of
Fate,

And resolute in heart !

These have passed over it, or may
have passed !

Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at
last,

It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls
expand :—

Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shift-
ing sand,

Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining
blast,

This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting
sun,

Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow
run,

Till thought pursues in vain,

The vision vanishes ! These walls
again

Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable
plain ;

The half-hour's sand is run !

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

BLACK shadows fall
From the lindens tall,
That lift aloft their massive wall
Against the southern sky ;

And from the realms
Of the shadowy elms
A tide-like darkness overwhelms
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,
And everywhere
A warm, soft vapor fills the air,
And distant sounds seem near ;

And above, in the light
Of the star-lit night,
Swift birds of passage wing their
flight
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry
Of their voices high
Falling dreamily through the sky,
But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so !
 Those sounds that flow
 In murmurs of delight and woe
 Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs
 Of the poet's songs.
 Murmurs of pleasures, and pains,
 and wrongs,
 The sound of winged words.

'This is the cry
 Of souls, that high
 On toiling, beating pinions, fly,
 Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight
 Through realms of light
 It falls into our world of night,
 With the murmuring sound of
 rhyme.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
 Stood silent in the shade,
 And on the gravelled pathway
 The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
 Wide open to the air ;
 But the faces of the children,
 They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
 Was standing by the door ;
 He looked for his little playmates,
 Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
 They played not in the hall ;
 But shadow, and silence, and sad-
 ness
 Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
 With sweet, familiar tone ;
 But the voices of the children
 Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,
 He could not understand
 Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,
 I pressed his warm, soft hand !

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
 Ere yet his last he breathed,
 To the merry monks of Croyland
 His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their
 revels,
 And drank from the golden bowl,
 They might remember the donor,
 And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
 And bade the goblet pass ;
 In their beards the red wine glistened
 Like dewdrops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
 They drank to Christ the Lord,
 And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
 Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Mar-
 tyrs
 Of the dismal days of yore,
 And as soon as the horn was empty
 They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pul-
 pit,
 Like the murmur of many bees,
 The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
 And Saint Basil's homilies ;

Till the great bells of the convent,
 From their prison in the tower,
 Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
 Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the
 chimney,
 And the Abbot bowed his head,
 And the flamelets flapped and flick-
 ered,
 But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
 He clutched the golden bowl,
 In which, like a pearl dissolving,
 Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
 The jovial monks forbore,
 For they cried, "Fill high the gob-
 let!
 We must drink to one Saint
 more!"

GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist
 Pondered o'er his secret shame;
 Baffled, weary and disheartened,
 Still he mused, and dreamed of
 fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin
 That had tasked his utmost skill;
 But alas! his fair ideal
 Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island
 Had the precious wood been
 brought;
 Day and night the anxious master
 At his toil untiring wrought;

Till, discouraged and desponding,
 Sat he now in shadows deep,
 And the day's humiliation
 Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, "Rise, O master!
 From the burning brand of oak
 Shape the thought that stirs within
 thee!"

And the startled artist woke,—

Woke, and from the smoking em-
 bers
 Seized and quenched the glowing
 wood;
 And therefrom he carved an image,
 And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
 Take this lesson to thy heart;
 That is best which lieth nearest;
 Shape from that thy work of art.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,
 Without haste and without heed,
 In the golden prime of morning,
 Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
 Piped the quails from shocks and
 sheaves,
 And, like living coals, the apples
 Burned among the withering
 leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
 From its belfry gaunt and grim;
 'T was the daily call to labor,
 Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
 In its gleaming vapor veiled;
 Not the less he breathed the odors
 That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
 By the school-boys he was found;
 And the wise men, in their wisdom,
 Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
 Ringing loud his brazen bell,
 Wandered down the street pro-
 claiming
 There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
 Rich and poor, and young and
 old,
 Came in haste to see this wondrous
 Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the eve-
 ning
 Fell, with vapors cold and dim;
 But it brought no food nor shelter,
 Brought no straw nor stall for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
 Looked he through the wooden
 bars,
 Saw the moon rise o'er the land-
 scape,
 Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighboring farm-
yard,
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had de-
parted,
And they knew not when nor
where.

But they found, upon the green-
sward
Where his struggling hoofs had
trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its
waters,
While it soothes them with its
sound.

TEGNER'S DRAPA.

I HEARD a voice, that cried,
"Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead!"
And through the misty air
Passed like the mournful cry
Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse
Of the dead sun
Borne through the Northern sky.
Blasts from Niffelheim
Lifted the sheeted mists
Around him as he passed.

And the voice forever cried,
"Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead!"
And died away

Through the dreary night,
In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,
God of the summer sun,
Fairest of all the Gods!
Light from his forehead beamed,
Runes were upon his tongue,
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air
Bound were by magic spell
Never to do him harm;
Even the plants and stones;
All save the mistletoe,
The sacred mistletoe!

Hœder, the blind old God,
Whose feet are shod with silence,
Pierced through that gentle breast
With his sharp spear, by fraud
Made of the mistletoe,
The accursed mistletoe!

They laid him in his ship,
With horse and harness,
As on a funeral pyre.
Odin placed
A ring upon his finger,
And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship!
It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
Till like the sun it seemed,
Sinking beneath the waves.
Balder returned no more!

So perish the old Gods!
But out of the sea of Time
Rises a new land of song,
Fairer than the old.
Over its meadows green
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,
O ye bards,
Fairer than before.
Ye fathers of the new race,
Feed upon morning dew,
Sing the new Song of Love!

The law of force is dead!
The law of love prevails!

Thor, the thunderer,
Shall rule the earth no more,
No more, with threats,
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,
O ye bards of the North,
Of Vikings and of Jarls !
Of the days of Eld
Preserve the freedom only,
Not the deeds of blood !

SONNET.

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM
SHAKSPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings ! all too
swiftly sped !
Leaving us heirs to amplest heri-
tages
Of all the best thoughts of the great-
est sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent
dead !
How our hearts glowed and trem-
bled as she read,
Interpreting by tones the wondrous
pages
Of the great poet who foreruns the
ages,
Anticipating all that shall be said !
O happy Reader ! having for thy
text
The magic book, whose Sibylline
leaves have caught
The rarest essence of all human
thought !
O happy Poet ! by no critic vext !
How must thy listening spirit now
rejoice
To be interpreted by such a voice !

THE SINGERS.

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of
men,
And bring them back to heaven
again.

The first a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;
Through groves he wandered, and
by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and
loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray, old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers
three
Disputed which the best might be ;
For still their music seemed to
start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, " I see
No best in kind, but in degree ;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to
teach.

" These are the three great chords of
might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death ! and bear
away
Whatever thou canst call thine
own !
Thine image, stamped upon this
clay,
Dost give thee that, but that
alone !

Take them, O Grave ! and let them
lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,

As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves !

Take them, O great Eternity !
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy
tree,
And trails its blossoms in the
dust.

HYMN.

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said :
" Yet one thing more ;
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the
poor,
And come and follow me ! "

Within this temple Christ again, un-
seen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to-day have
been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his
way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and
say,
" Dost thou, dear Lord, ap-
prove ? "

Beside him at the marriage feast
shall be,
To make the scene more fair ;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust ! O endless sense of
rest !
Like the belovèd John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's
breast,
And thus to journey on !

ONLY the Lowland tongue of Scotland
might
Rehearse this little tragedy aright ;
Let me attempt it with an English quill ;
And take, O Reader, for the deed the
will.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL- CUILLÈ,¹

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

I.

At the foot of the mountain
height
Where is perched Castèl-Cuillè.
When the apple, the plum, and the
almond tree
In the plain below were growing
white,
This is the song one might per-
ceive
On a Wednesday morn of Saint
Joseph's Eve :

" The roads should blossom, the
roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home !
Should blossom and bloom with gar-
lands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day ! "

This old Te Deum, rustic rites at-
tending,
Seemed from the clouds de-
scending ;
When lo ! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant
swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the
same strain ;
Resembling there, so near unto the
sky,

¹ Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland,—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouco pleno d'aouzelous*.) He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne ; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs !

Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven
has sent
For their delight and our encourage-
ment.

Together blending,
And soon descending
The narrow sweep
Of the hillside steep,
They wind aslant
Towards Saint Amant,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys
With merry sallies
Singing their chant :

"The roads should blossom, the
roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home !
Should blossom and bloom with
garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !"

It is Baptiste, and his affianced
maiden,
With garlands for the bridal laden !

The sky was blue ; without one
cloud of gloom,

The sun of March was shining
brightly,
And to the air the freshening wind
gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges
blossom,
A rustic bridal, ah ! how sweet it
is !

To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the
trembling bosom,

A band of maidens
Gayly frolicking,
A band of youngsters
Wildly rollicking !
Kissing,
Caressing,
With fingers pressing,
Till in the veriest
Madness of mirth, as they
dance,
They retreat and advance,
Trying whose laugh
shall be loudest and
merriest ;

While the bride, with roguish
eyes,
Sporting with them, now escapes
and cries :

"Those who catch me
Married verily
This year shall be !"

And all pursue with eager haste,
And all attain what they pursue,
And touch her pretty apron fresh
and new.

And the linen kirtle round her
waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that
among

These youthful maidens fresh
and fair,

So joyous, with such laughing
air,

Baptiste stands sighing, with
silent tongue ?

And yet the bride is fair and
young !

Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a
fall ?

O, no ! for a maiden frail, I trow,
Never bore so lofty a brow !

What lovers ! they give not a single
caress !

To see them so careless and cold to-
day,

These are grand people, one
would say,

What ails Baptiste ? what grief doth
him oppress ?

It is, that, half way up the hill,
In yon cottage, by whose walls
Stand the cart-house and the
stalls,

Dwelleth the blind orphan still.
Daughter of a veteran old ;

And you must know one year
ago,

That Margaret, the young and
tender,

Was the village pride and splen-
dor,

And Baptiste her lover bold.

Love, the deceiver, them en-
snared ;

For them the altar was prepared ;
But alas ! the summer's blight,

The dread disease that none can
 stay,
 The pestilence that walks by
 night,
 Took the young bride's sight
 away.
 All at the father's stern command
 was changed ;
 Their peace was gone, but not their
 love estranged.
 Wearied at home, ere long the lover
 fled ;
 Returned but three short days
 ago,
 The golden chain they round
 him throw,
 He is enticed, and onward led
 To marry Angela, and yet
 Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
 "Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate !
 Here comes the cripple Jane !" And
 by a fountain's side
 A woman, bent and gray with
 years,
 Under the mulberry-trees ap-
 pears,
 And all towards her run, as fleet,
 As had they wings upon their
 feet.
 It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
 Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
 She telleth fortunes, and none com-
 plain.
 She promises one a village
 swain,
 Another a happy wedding-day,
 And the bride a lovely boy
 straightway.
 All comes to pass as she avers ;
 She never deceives, she never
 errs.

But for this once the village
 seer
 Wears a countenance severe,
 And from beneath her eyebrows thin
 and white
 Her two eyes flash like cannons
 bright
 Aimed at the bridegroom in
 waistcoat blue,

Who, like a statue, stands in
 view ;
 Changing color, as well he
 might,
 When the beldame wrinkled and
 gray
 Takes the young bride by the
 hand,
 And, with the tip of her reedy
 wand
 Making the sign of the cross,
 doth say :—
 "Thoughtless Angela, beware !
 Lest, when thou weddest this
 false bridegroom,
 Thou diggest for thyself a
 tomb !"
 And she was silent ; and the maid-
 ens fair
 Saw from each eye escape a swollen
 tear ;
 But on a little streamlet silver-clear,
 What are two drops of turbid
 rain ?
 Saddened a moment, the bridal
 train
 Resumed the dance and song
 again ;
 The bridegroom only was pale with
 fear ;—

And down green alleys
 Of verdurous valleys,
 With merry sallies,
 They sang the refrain :—
 "The roads should blossom, the
 roads should bloom,
 So fair a bride shall leave her home !
 Should blossom and bloom with gar-
 lands gay,
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day !"

II.

And by suffering worn and
 weary,
 But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
 Thus lamented Margaret,
 In her cottage lone and
 dreary :—
 "He has arrived ! arrived at
 last !
 Yet Jane has named him not these
 three days past ;
 Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !

And knows that of my night he is
the star !

Knows that long months I waited
alone, benighted,

And count the moments since he
went away !

Come ! keep the promise of that
happier day,

That I may keep the faith to thee I
plighted !

What joy have I without thee ?
what delight ?

Grief wastes my life, and makes it
misery ;

Day for the others ever, but for me
Forever night ! forever night !

When he is gone 't is dark ! my soul
is sad !

I suffer ! O my God ! come, make
me glad.

When he is near, no thoughts of day
intrude ;

Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste
has blue eyes !

Within then shines for me a heaven
of love,

A heaven all happiness, like that
above,

No more of grief ! no more of
lassitude !

Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all
distresses,

When seated by my side my hand
he presses ;

But when alone, remember all !

Where is Baptiste ? he hears not
when I call !

A branch of ivy, dying on the
ground,

I need some bough to twine
around !

In pity come ! be to my suffering
kind !

True love, they say, in grief doth
more abound !

What then—when one is blind ?

“ Who knows ? perhaps I am
forsaken !

Ah ! woe is me ! then bear me to
my grave !

O God ! what thoughts within
me waken !

Away ! he will return ! I do but
rave !

He will return ! I need not fear !
He swore it by our Saviour dear ;

He could not come at his own
will ;

Is weary, or perhaps is ill !

Perhaps his heart, in this dis-
guise,

Prepares for me some sweet sur-
prise !

But some one comes ! Though
blind, my heart can see !

And that deceives me not ! 'tis he !
'tis he !”

And the door ajar is set,

And poor, confiding Margaret

Rises, with outstretched arms, but
sightless eyes ;

’T is only Paul, her brother, who
thus cries :—

“ Angela the bride has passed !

I saw the wedding guests go by ;

Tell me, my sister, why were we
not asked ?

For all are there but you and I !”

“ Angela married ! and not send
To tell her secret unto me !

O speak ! who may the bride-
groom be ?”

“ My sister, ’t is Baptiste, thy
friend !”

A cry the blind girl gave, but noth-
ing said ;

A milky whiteness spreads upon
her cheeks ;

An icy hand, as heavy as lead,

Descending, as her brother
speaks,

Upon her heart, that has ceased
to beat,

Suspends awhile its life and
heat.

She stands beside the boy, now sore
distressed,

A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again
Brings her back to her sorrow
and pain.

"Hark ! the joyous airs are
 ringing !
 Sister, dost thou hear them
 singing ?
 How merrily they laugh and
 jest !
 Would we were bidden with
 the rest !
 I would don my hose of home-
 spun gray,
 And my doublet of linen striped
 and gay ;
 Perhaps they will come ; for
 they do not wed
 Till to-morrow at seven o'clock,
 it is said !"
 "I know it !" answered Mar-
 garet ;
 Whom the vision, with aspect black
 as jet,
 Mastered again ; and its hand
 of ice
 Held her heart crushed, as in a vice !
 "Paul, be not sad ! 'Tis a
 holiday ;
 To-morrow put on thy doublet
 gay !
 But leave me now for a while
 alone."
 Away, with a hop and a jump,
 went Paul,
 And, as he whistled along the
 hall,
 Entered Jane, the crippled
 crone.
 "Holy Virgin ! what dreadful
 heat !
 I am faint, and weary, and out
 of breath ;
 But thou art cold,—art chill as
 death ;
 My little friend ! what ails thee,
 sweet ?"
 "Nothing ! I heard them singing
 home the bride ;
 And, as I listened to the song,
 I thought my turn would come
 ere long,
 Thou knowest it is at Whitsun-
 tide.
 Thy cards forsooth can never
 lie,
 To me such joy they prophesy,

Thy skill shall be vaunted far
 and wide
 When they behold him at my
 side.
 And poor Baptiste, what sayest
 thou ?
 It must seem long to him ;—methinks
 I see him now !"
 Jane, shuddering, her hand doth
 press :
 "Thy love I cannot all approve ;
 We must not trust too much to hap-
 piness ;—
 Go, pray to God, that thou mayst
 love him less !"
 "The more I pray, the more I
 love !
 It is no sin, for God is on my side !"
 It was enough ; and Jane no more
 replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred
 and cold ;
 But to deceive the beldame old
 She takes a sweet, contented air,
 Speak of foul weather or of fair,
 At every word the maiden
 smiles !
 Thus the beguiler she beguiles ;
 So that, departing at the evening's
 close,
 She says, "She may be saved !
 she nothing knows !"

Poor Jane, the cunning sorcer-
 ess !
 Now that thou wouldst, thou art no
 prophetess !
 This morning, in the fulness of thy
 heart,
 Thou wast so, far beyond thine
 art !

III.

Now rings the bell, nine times rever-
 berating,
 And the white daybreak, stealing up
 the sky,
 Sees in two cottages two maidens
 waiting,
 How differently !

Queen of a day, by flatterers ca-
ressed,
The one puts on her cross and
crown,
Decks with a huge bouquet her
breast,
And flaunting, fluttering up and
down,
Looks at herself, and cannot
rest.

The other, blind, within her
little room,
Has neither crown nor flower's
perfume ;

But in their stead for something
gropes apart,
That in a drawer's recess doth
lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright
scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing,
And joyous singing,
Forgets to say her morning
prayer !

The other, with cold drops upon her
brow,
Joins her two hands, and keels
upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother opes
the door,
"O God ! forgive me now !"

And then the orphan, young and
blind,
Conducted by her brother's
hand,
Towards the church, through
paths unscanned,
With tranquil air, her way doth
wind.

Odors of laurel, making her faint
and pale,
Round her at times exhale,
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,
But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,
Crowded with sculptures old, in
every part,

Marvels of nature and of art,
And proud of its name of high
degree,

A little chapel, almost bare
At the base of the rock, is builded
there ;

All glorious that it lifts aloof,
Above each jealous cottage roof,
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn
gales,

And its blackened steeple high
in air,

Round which the osprey screams
and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by !"
Thus Margaret said. "Where are
we ? we ascend !"

"Yes ; seest thou not our jour-
ney's end ?

Hearst not the osprey from the
belfry cry ?

The hideous bird, that brings ill
luck, we know !

Dost thou remember when our father
said,

The night we watched beside
his bed,

"O daughter, I am weak and
low ;

Take care of Paul ; I feel that I am
dying !"

And thou, and he, and I, all fell to
crying ?

Then on the roof the osprey screamed
aloud ;

And here they brought our father
in his shroud.

There is his grave ; there stands the
cross we set ;

Why dost thou clasp me so, dear
Margaret ?

Come in ! The bride will be
here soon :

Thou tremblest ! O my God ! thou
art going to swoon !"

She could no more,—the blind girl,
weak and weary !

A voice seemed crying from that
grave so dreary,

"What wouldst thou do, my daugh-
ter ?"—and she started ;

And quick recoiled, aghast,
fainthearted ;

But Paul, impatient, urges ever more
 Her steps towards the open
 door ;
 And when, beneath her feet, the un-
 happy maid
 Crushes the laurel near the house
 immortal,
 And with her head, as Paul talks
 on again,
 Touches the crown of filigrane
 Suspended from the low-arched
 portal,
 No more restrained, no more
 afraid,
 She walks, as for a feast arrayed,
 And in the ancient chapel's sombre
 night
 They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,
 With booming sound,
 Sends forth, resounding
 round,
 Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down
 the dell.
 It is broad day, with sunshine
 and with rain ;
 And yet the guests delay not
 long,
 For soon arrives the bridal
 train,
 And with it brings the
 village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal
 gay,
 For lo ! Baptiste on this trium-
 phant day,
 Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morn-
 ing,
 Thinks only of the beldame's words
 of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I
 wis ;
 To be a bride is all ! The pretty
 lisper
 Feels her heart swell to hear all
 round her whisper
 "How beautiful ! how beautiful
 she is !"

But she must calm that giddy
 head,
 For already the Mass is said ;
 At the holy table stands the
 priest ;
 The wedding ring is blessed ; Bap-
 tiste receives it ;
 Ere on the finger of the bride he
 leaves it,
 He must pronounce one word
 at least !
 'Tis spoken ; and sudden at the
 groomsmen's side
 " 'Tis he ! " a well-known voice has
 cried.
 And while the wedding guests all
 hold their breath,
 Opes the confessional, and the blind
 girl, see !
 "Baptiste," she said, "since thou
 hast wished my death,
 As holy water be my blood for
 thee !"
 And calmly in the air a knife sus-
 pended !
 Doubtless her guardian angel near
 attended,
 For anguish did its work so
 well,
 That, ere the fatal stroke de-
 scended,
 Lifeless she fell !

Ateve, instead of bridal verse,
 The De Profundis filled the
 air ;
 Decked with flowers a simple
 hearse
 To the churchyard forth they
 bear ;
 Village girls in robes of snow
 Follow, weeping as they go ;
 Nowhere was a smile that day,
 No, ah no ! for each one seemed to
 say :—

"The roads should mourn and be
 veiled in gloom,
 So fair a corpse shall leave its
 home !
 Should mourn and should weep, ah,
 well-away !
 So fair a corpse shall pass to-day !"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.¹

FROM THE NOËI BOURGUIGNON DE
GUI BAROZAI.

I HEAR along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs ;
Hark ! they play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas songs !
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

In December ring
Every day the chimes ;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,

* "In the Glossary, the *Suche*, or Yule-log, is thus defined :—

This is a huge log, which is placed on the fire on Christmas Eve, and which in Burgundy is called, on this account, *lai Suche de Noëi*. Then the father of the family, particularly among the middle classes, sings solemnly Christmas carols with his wife and children, the smallest of whom he sends into the corner to pray that the Yule-log may bear him some sugar-plums. Meanwhile, little parcels of them are placed under each end of the log, and the children come and pick them up, believing, in good faith, that the great log has borne them."

Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

These good people sang
Songs devout and sweet ;
While the rafters rang,
There they stood with freezing feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something else,
Christmas songs at times have tried.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Washerwomen old,
To the sound they beat,
Sing by rivers cold,
With uncovered heads and feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands
Stamps his feet and sings ;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

.. come i gru van cantando lor lai,
Fadendo in aer di sè lunga riga.

DANTE.

PROMETHEUS,

OR THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT.

OF Prometheus, how undaunted
On Olympus' shining bastions
His audacious foot he planted,
Myths are told and songs are
 chaunted,
Full of promptings and sug-
 gestions.

Beautiful is the tradition
Of that flight through heavenly
 portals,
The old classic superstition
Of the theft and the transmission
Of the fire of the Immortals !

First the deed of noble daring,
Born of heavenward aspiration,
Then the fire with mortals sharing,
Then the vulture,—the despairing
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer ;
Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been ac-
 quainted,
Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,
In their triumph and their yearn-
 ing,

In their passionate pulsations,
In their words among the nations,
The promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,
All this toil for human culture !

Through the cloud-rack, dark and
 trailing,
Must they see above them sailing
O'er life's barren crags the vulture ?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,
By defeat and exile maddened ;
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,
Nature's priests and Corybantes,
By affliction touched and saddened.

But the glories so transcendent
That around their memories clus-
 ter,
And, on all their steps attendant,
Make their darkened lives resplend-
 ent
With such gleams of inward lustre !

All the melodies mysterious,
Through the dreary darkness
 chaunted ;
Thoughts in attitudes imperious,
Voices soft, and deep, and serious,
Words that whispered, songs that
 haunted !

All the soul in rapt suspension,
All the quivering, palpitating
Chords of life in utmost tension,
With the fervor of invention,
With the rapture of creating !

Ah, Prometheus ! heaven-scaling !
In such hours of exultation
Even the faintest heart, unquailing,
Might behold the vulture sailing
Round the cloudy crags Cau-
 casian !

Though to all there is not given
Strength for such sublime endeavor,

Thus to scale the walls of heaven,
And to leaven with fiery leaven
All the hearts of men for ever ;

Yet all bards, whose hearts un-
blighted

Honor and believe the presage,
Hold aloft their torches lighted,
Gleaming through the realms be-
nighted,

As they onward bear the message !

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE ! well hast thou
said,

That of our vices we can frame
A ladder,¹ if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of
shame !

All common things, each day's
events,

That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may as-
cend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less ;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess ;

The longing for ignoble things ;
The strife for triumph more than
truth ;

The hardening of the heart, that
brings

Irreverence for the dreams of
youth ;

All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts
of ill ;

¹ The words of St. Augustine are, "De vitis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus."

Sermon III. *De Ascensione.*

Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will ;—

All these must first be trampled
down

Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;
But we have feet to scale and
climb

By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert
airs,

When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that ap-
pear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached
and kept

Were not attained by sudden
flight,

But they, while their companions
slept,

Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast
eyes,

We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.²

In Mather's *Magnalia Christi*,
Of the old colonial time,

² A detailed account of this "apparition of a Ship in the Air" is given by Cotton Mather in his *Magnalia Christi*, Book I.

May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs,
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord ! if it be thy pleasure"—
Thus prayed the old divine—
"To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine !"

But Master Lamberton muttered,
And under his breath said he,
"This ship is so crank and walty
I fear our grave she will be !"

And the ships that came from Eng-
land,
When the winter months were
gone,

Brought no tidings of this vessel
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them hear
What in his greater wisdom
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were an-
swered :—

It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton,
Master,
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Ch. VI. It is contained in a letter from
the Rev. James Pierpont, Pastor of New
Haven. To this account Mather adds
these words :—

"Reader, there being yet living so many
credible gentlemen, that were eye-wit-
nesses of this wonderful thing, I venture
to publish it for a thing as undoubted as
't is wonderful."

Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and
lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly, one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun !

And the people who saw this marvel
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their
vessel,
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,
He had sent this Ship of Air.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British
Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on
floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rip-
pling pennon,
And the white sails of ships ;
And, from the frowning rampart,
the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings,
Hythe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers
speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant
lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched,
in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat
from their stations

On every citadel ;
Each answering each, with morning
salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up
the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the
Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the
fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black
fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye
impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old
Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single
warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the
Destroyer,
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the
sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew,
and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dis-
semble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all
England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly can-
non waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;
Nothing in Nature's aspect inti-
mated
That a great man was dead.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

ALL houses wherein men have lived
and died

Are haunted houses. Through
the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their
errands glide,
With feet that make no sound
upon the floors.

We meet them at the door-way, on
the stair,
Along the passages they come and
go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to
and fro.

There are more guests at table, than
the hosts
Invited ; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive
ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the
wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot
see
The forms I see, nor hear the
sounds I hear ;
He but perceives what is ; while
unto me
All that has been is visible and
clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or
lands ;
Owners and occupants of earlier
dates
From graves forgotten stretch their
dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their
old estates.

The spirit-world around this world
of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and
everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists
and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal
air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires ;

The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,

And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar

Of earthly wants and aspirations high,

Come from the influence of an unseen star,

An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud

Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,

Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd

Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends

A bridge of light, connecting it with this,

O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,

Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

In the village churchyard she lies,
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,

No more she breathes, nor feels,
nor stirs ;

At her feet and at her head

Lies a slave to attend the dead,

But their dust is white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,

So much in love with the vanity

And foolish pomp of this world of ours ?

Or was it Christian charity,
And lowliness and humility,
The richest and rarest of all
dowers ?

Who shall tell us ? No one speaks ;
No color shoots into those cheeks,
Either of anger or of pride,
At the rude question we have asked ;
Nor will the mystery be unmasked
By those who are sleeping at her
side.

Hereafter ?—And do you think to
look

On the terrible pages of that Book
To find her failings, faults, and
errors ?

Ah, you will then have other cares,
In your own short-comings and de-
spairs,

In your own secret sins and terrors !

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave com-
manders,

I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flan-
ders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the
weather.

Thus as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,
Found on hedgerows east and west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray mustachio,

"Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,
And the Emperor but a Macho!"¹

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with those words of mal-
ice,

Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest,
"Golondrina is my guest,
'T is the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the
rumor,
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had
made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tat-
tered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shat-
tered.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of
Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morn-
ing broke ;

¹ *Macho*, in Spanish, signifies a mule.
Golondrina is the feminine form of *Golondrino*, a swallow, and also a cant name
for a deserter.

The dawn was on their faces, and
beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with
plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the
same,

Alike their features and their
robes of white ;
But one was crowned with ama-
ranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like
flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial
way ;

Then said I, with deep fear and
doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest
thou betray
The place where thy beloved are
at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of as-
phodels,
Descending, at my door began to
knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in
wells
The waters sink before an earth-
quake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the
pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted
me,
And now returned with threefold
strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly
guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard
God's voice ;
And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent
was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to
rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the
house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but
Life," he said ;

And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'T was at thy door, O friend ! and
not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine
wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice
divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound
like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden
gloom,
A shadow on those features fair
and thin ;
And softly, from that hushed and
darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one
went in.

All is of God ! If he but wave his
hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls
thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea
and land,
Lo ! he looks back from the de-
parting cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are
his ;
Without his leave they pass no
threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, be-
lieving this,
Against his messengers to shut the
door ?

DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

In broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a school-boy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,
I read a Poet's mystic lay ;
And it seemed to me at most
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again
Passed like music through my brain :
Night interpreted to me
All its grace and mystery.

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

How strange it seems ! These He-
brews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair sea-
port town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and
down !

The trees are white with dust, that
o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the
south-wind's breath,
While underneath such leafy tents
they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of
Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old
and brown,
That pave with level flags their
burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law,
thrown down
And broken by Moses at the moun-
tain's base.

The very names recorded here are
strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different
climes ;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old
times.

"Blessed be God ! for he created
Death !"

The mourners said, "and Death is
rest and peace ;"

Then added, in the certainty of
faith,

"And giveth Life that never more
shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Syna-
gogue,

No Psalms of David now the
silence break,

No Rabbi reads the ancient Deca-
logue

In the grand dialect the Prophets
spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead
remain,

And not neglected ; for a hand
unseen,

Scattering its bounty, like a summer
rain,

Still keeps their graves and their
remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst
of Christian hate,

What persecution, merciless and
blind,

Drove o'er the sea—that desert des-
olate—

These Ishmaels and Hagers of
mankind ?

They lived in narrow streets and
lanes obscure,

Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk
and mire ;

Taught in the school of patience to
endure

The life of anguish and the death
of fire.

All their lives long, with the un-
leavened bread

And bitter herbs of exile and its
fears,

The wasting famine of the heart
they fed,

And slaked its thirst with marah
of their tears.

Anathema maranatha ! was the cry
That rang from town to town,
from street to street ;

At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and
spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the
world where'er they went ;

Trampled and beaten were they as
the sand,

And yet unshaken as the con-
tinent.

For in the background figures vague
and vast

Of patriarchs and of prophets
rose sublime,

And all the great traditions of the
Past

They saw reflected in the coming
time.

And thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world
they read,

Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew
book,

Till life became a Legend of the
Dead.

But ah ! what once has been shall be
no more !

The groaning earth in travail and
in pain

Brings forth its races, but does not
restore,

And the dead nations never rise
again.

OLIVER BASSELIN.¹

IN the Valley of the Vire

Still is seem an ancient mill,

With its gables quaint and queer,

And beneath the window-sill,

¹ Oliver Basselin, the "*Père joyeux du Vaudeville*," flourished in the fifteenth century, and gave to his convivial songs the name of his native valleys, in which he sang them, Vaux-de-Vire. This name was afterwards corrupted into the modern *Vaudeville*.

On the stone,
These words alone :
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Château ;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for shelter or for show.
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the skies,
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah ! it looks no more,
From the neighboring hillside down
On the rushing and the roar
On the stream
Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,
To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown,
Sang the poet Basselin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
Broke the pleasant dream he
dreamed ;
Only made to be his nest,
All the lovely valley seemed ;
No desire
Of soaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine ;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart ;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud, convivial din,
Singing and applause of feet,
The laughing lays
That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agin-
court,
Watched and waited, spur on heel ;
But the poet sang for sport
Songs that rang
Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells ;
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and
squires,
Gone the abbot stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars ;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of old !

But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part ;
Liké the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a
heart ;
Haunting still
That ancient mill,
In the Valley of the Vire.

VICTOR GALBRAITH.¹

UNDER the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles began to
play,
Victor Galbraith !
In the mist of the morning damp and
gray,
These were the words they seemed
to say :

¹ This poem is founded on fact. Victor Galbraith was a bugler in a company of volunteer cavalry ; and was shot in Mexico for some breach of discipline. It is a common superstition among soldiers, that no balls will kill them unless their names are written on them. The old proverb says, "Every bullet has its billet."

"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith !"

Forth he came, with a martial tread ;
Firm was his step, erect his head ;
Victor Galbraith,
He who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it said ;
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith !"

He looked at the earth, he looked at
the sky,
He looked at the files of musketry,
Victor Galbraith !
And he said, with a steady voice and
eye,
"Take good aim ; I am ready to
die !"
Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight
and red,
Six leaden balls on their errand sped ;
Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not
dead ;
His name was not stamped on those
balls of lead,
And they only scath
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and
brain,
But he rises out of the dust again,
Victor Galbraith !
The water he drinks has a bloody
stain ;
"O kill me, and put me out of my
pain !"
In his agony prayeth
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues
of flame,
And the bugler has died a death of
shame,
Victor Galbraith !
His soul has gone back to whence it
came,
And no one answers to the name,
When the Sergeant saith,
"Victor Galbraith !"

Under the walls of Monterey
By night a bugle is heard to play,
Victor Galbraith !
Through the mist of the valley
damp and gray
The sentinels hear the sound, and
say,
"That is the wraith
Of Victor Galbraith !"

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea ;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old
town,
And my youth comes back to me,
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its
trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding
seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and
the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded
lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the
ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward
song
Is singing and saying still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long.
long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,

And the fort upon the hill ;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow
roar,

The drum-beat repeated o'er and
o'er,

And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still :

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,¹
How it thundered o'er the tide !

And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the
tranquil bay,

Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful
song

Goes through me with a thrill :

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
And the friendships old and the
early loves

Come back with a Sabbath sound, as
of doves

In quiet neighborhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old
song,

It flutters and murmurs still :

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms
that dart

Across the schoolboy's brain ;

The song and the silence in the
heart,

That in part are prophecies, and in
part

Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still :

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

There are things of which I may
not speak ;

There are dreams that cannot die ;
There are thoughts that make the
strong heart weak,

And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill :

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I
meet

When I visit the dear old town ;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each
well-known street,

As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and
fair,

And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days
that were,

I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful
song,

The groves are repeating it still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

THE ROPEWALK.

In that building, long and low,
With its windows all a-row,

Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,

¹ This was the engagement between the Enterprise and Boxer, off the harbor of Portland, in which both captains were slain. They were buried side by side, in the cemetery on Mountjoy.

Backward down their threads so thin
Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door ;
Squares of sunshine on the floor
Light the long and dusky lane ;
And the whirring of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and reascend,
Gleam the long threads in the sun ;
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing,
First before my vision pass ;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With its smell of tan and planks,
And a girl poised high in air
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms
Drawing water from a well ;
As the bucket mounts apace,
With it mounts her own fair face,
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,
Ringing loud the noontide hour,
While the rope coils round and
round
Like a serpent at his feet,
And again, in swift retreat,
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
Laughter and indecent mirth ;
Ah ! it is the gallows-tree !
Breath of Christian charity,
Blow, and sweep it from the earth !

Then a schoolboy, with his kite
Gleaming in a sky of light,

And an eager, upward look ;
Steeds pursued through lane and
field ;
Fowlers with their snares concealed ;
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
Anchors dragged through faith-
less sand ;
Sea-fog drifting overhead,
And, with lessening line and lead,
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
These, and many left untold,
In that building long and low ;
While the wheel goes round and
round,
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
And the spinners backward go.

THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

LEAFLESS are the trees ; their purple
branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs
of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the Winter sun-
set.

From the hundred chimneys of the
village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering
fire-light ;
Here and there the lamps of evening
glimmer,
Social watch-fires
Answering one another through the
darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are
glowing,
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-
tree
For its freedom
Greans and sighs the air imprisoned
in them.

By the fireside there are old men
 seated,
 Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
 Asking sadly
 Of the Past what it can ne'er re-
 store them.

By the fireside there are youthful
 dreamers,
 Building castles fair, with stately
 stairways,
 Asking blindly
 Of the Future what it cannot give
 them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
 In whose scenes appear two actors
 only,
 Wife and husband,
 And above them God the sole spec-
 tator.

By the fireside there are peace and
 comfort,
 Wives and children, with fair,
 thoughtful faces,
 Waiting, watching
 For a well-known footstep in the
 passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden
 Mile-stone ;
 Is the central point, from which he
 measures
 Every distance
 Through the gateways of the world
 around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he
 sees it ;
 Hears the talking flame, the answer-
 ing night-wind,
 As he heard them
 When he sat with those who were,
 but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor
 fashion,
 Nor the march of the encroaching
 city,
 Drives an exile
 From the hearth of his ancestral
 homestead.

We may build more splendid habi-
 tations,
 Fill our rooms with paintings and
 with sculptures,
 But we cannot
 Buy with gold the old associations !

CATAWBA WINE.

THIS song of mine
 Is a Song of the Vine,
 To be sung by the glowing embers
 Of wayside inns,
 When the rain begins
 To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song
 Of the Scuppernong,
 From warm Carolinian valleys,
 Nor the Isabel
 And the Muscadel
 That bask in our garden alleys.

Nor the red Mustang,
 Whose clusters hang
 O'er the waves of the Colorado,
 And the fiery flood
 Of whose purple blood
 Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best
 Is the wine of the West,
 That grows by the Beautiful River ;
 Whose sweet perfume
 Fills all the room
 With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees
 Are the haunts of bees,
 For ever going and coming ;
 So this crystal hive
 Is all alive
 With a swarming and buzzing and
 humming.

Very good in its way
 Is the Verzenay,
 Or the Sillery soft and creamy ;
 But Catawba wine
 Has a taste more divine,
 More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube or Guadalquivir,
Nor an island or cape,
That bears such a grape
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice
For foreign use,
When shipped o'er the reeling At-
lantic,
To rack our brains
With the fever pains,
That have driven the Old World
frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
With all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer ;
For a poison malign
Is such Borgia wine,
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring
Is the wine I sing,
And to praise it, one needs but
name it ;
For Catawba wine
Has need of no sign,
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,
This greeting of mine,
The winds and the birds shall deliver
To the Queen of the West,
In her garlands dressed,
On the banks of the Beautiful River.

SANTA FILOMENA.¹

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

¹ "At Pisa the church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture, by Sabatelli, representing the Saint as a beautiful, nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession."—MRS. JAMESON, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, II. 298.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering
gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the
long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S OROSIUS.

OTHER, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right
hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared ;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Other,
His cheek had the color of oak ;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me ;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains ;
To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,
From the harbor of Skeringes-
hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.

"I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside ;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,

For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas ;—

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep ;—
I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the
desert,
How far I fain would know ;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night :
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while ;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
 He neither paused nor stirred,
 Till the King listened, and then
 Once more took up his pen,
 And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Othere,
 "Bent southward suddenly,
 And I followed the curving shore
 And ever southward bore
 Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,
 The narwhale, and the seal ;
 Ha ! 't was a noble game !
 And like the lightning's flame
 Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,
 Norsemen of Helgoland ;
 In two days and no more
 We killed of them threescore,
 And dragged them to the strand !"

Here Alfred the Truth-Teller
 Suddenly closed his book,
 And lifted his blue eyes,
 With doubt and strange surmise
 Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain
 Stared at him wild and weird,
 Then smiled, till his shining teeth
 Gleamed white from underneath
 His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
 In witness of the truth,
 Raising his noble head,
 He stretched his brown hand, and
 said,
 "Behold this walrus-tooth !"

DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea,
 And said, "O mists, make room for
 me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail
 on,
 Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
 Crying, "Awake ! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout !
 Hang all your leafy banners out !"

It touched the wood-bird's folded
 wing,
 And said, "O bird, awake and
 sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
 Your clarion blow ; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
 "Bow down, and hail the coming
 morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
 "Awake, O bell ! proclaim the
 hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a
 sigh,
 And said, "Not yet ! in quiet lie."

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty years ago
 In the pleasant month of May,
 In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
 A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
 The child upon her knee,
 Saying : "Here is a story-book
 Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
 "Into regions yet untrod ;
 And read what is still unread
 In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
 With Nature, the dear old nurse
 Who sang to him night and day
 The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
 Or his heart began to fail,
 She would sing a more wonderful
 song,
 Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
 And will not let him go,
 Though at times his heart beats wild
 For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

Though at times he hears in his
 dreams
 The Ranz des Vaches of old,
 And the rush of mountain streams
 From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says,
 "Hark !
 For his voice I listen and yearn ;
 It is growing late and dark,
 And my boy does not return !"

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children !
 For I hear you at your play,
 And the questions that perplexed me
 Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
 That look towards the sun,
 Where thoughts are singing swal-
 lows
 And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the
 sunshine,
 In your thoughts the brooklet's
 flow,
 But in mine is the wind of Autumn
 And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us
 If the children were no more ?
 We should dread the desert behind us
 Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
 With light and air for food,
 Ere their sweet and tender juices
 Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children ;
 Through them it feels the glow
 Of a brighter and sunnier climate
 Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children !
 And whisper in my ear
 What the birds and the winds are
 singing
 In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
 And the wisdom of our books,
 When compared with your caresses,
 And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads
 That ever were sung or said ;
 For ye are living poems,
 And all the rest are dead.

SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
 In the Legends the Rabbins have
 told

Of the limitless realms of the air,—
 Have you read it,—the marvellous
 story
 Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
 Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer ?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
 Of the City Celestial he waits,
 With his feet on the ladder of
 light,
 That, crowded with angels unnum-
 bered,
 By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
 Alone in the desert at night ?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
 Chaunt only one hymn, and expire
 With the song's irresistible stress ;
 Expire in their rapture and wonder,
 As harp-strings are broken asunder
 By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
 Unmoved by the rush of the song,
 With eyes unimpassioned and
 slow,

Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breath-
less

To sounds that ascend from be-
low ;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and im-
plore

In the fervor and passion of
prayer ;

From the hearts that are broken
with losses,

And weary with dragging the
crosses

Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he
stands,

And they change into flowers in his
hands,

Into garlands of purple and red ;

And beneath the great arch of the
portal,

Through the streets of the City Im-
mortal

Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—

A fable, a phantom, a show,

Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;

Yet the old mediæval tradition,

The beautiful, strange superstition,

But haunts me and holds me the
more.

When I look from my window at
night,

And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with
stars,

Among them majestic is standing

Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the
heart,

The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grips at the fruitage forbid-
den,

The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

EPIMETHEUS,

OR THE POET'S AFTERTHOUGHT.

HAVE I dreamed ? or was it real,

What I saw as in a vision,

When to marches hymeneal

In the land of the Ideal

Moved my thought o'er Fields
Elysian ?

What ! are these the guests whose
glances

Seemed like sunshine gleaming
round me ?

These the wild, bewildering fancies,
That with dithyrambic dances

As with magic circles bound me ?

Ah ! how cold are their caresses !

Pallid cheeks, and haggard bos-
oms !

Spectral gleam their snow-white
dresses,

And from loose, dishevelled tresses
Fall the hyacinthine blossoms !

O my songs ! whose winsome meas-
ures

Filled my heart with secret rap-
ture !

Children of my golden leisures !

Must even your delights and pleas-
ures

Fade and perish with the cap-
ture ?

Fair they seemed, those songs sono-
rous,

When they came to me unbidden ;

Voices single, and in chorus,

Like the wild birds singing o'er us
In the dark of branches hidden.

Disenchantment ! Disillusion !

Must each noble aspiration

Come at last to this conclusion,

Jarring discord, wild confusion,

Lassitude, renunciation ?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,

From the sun's serene dominions,

Not through brighter realms nor
vaster,

In swift ruin and disaster,
Icarus fell with shattered pinions!

Sweet Pandora! dear Pandora!
Why did mighty Jove create thee
Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,
Beautiful as young Aurora,
If to win thee is to hate thee?

No, not hate thee! for this feeling
Of unrest and long resistance
Is but passionate appealing,
A prophetic whisper stealing
O'er the chords of our existence.

Him whom thou dost once enamor,
Thou, beloved, never leavest;
In life's discord, strife, and clamor,
Still he feels thy spell of glamour;
Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted,
Struggling souls by thee are
strengthened,
Clouds of fear asunder rifted,
Truth from falsehood cleansed and
sifted,
Lives, like days in summer,
lengthened!

Therefore art thou ever dearer,
O my Sibyl, my deceiver!
For thou makest each mystery
clearer,
And the unattained seems nearer,
When thou fillest my heart with
fever!

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!
Though the fields around us
wither,
There are ampler realms and spaces,
Where no foot has left its traces:
Let us turn and wander thither!

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to
lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupa-
tions,
That is known as the Children's
Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-
light,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning to-
gether
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my
chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

ENCELADUS.

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
 The earth is heaped on his head;
 But the groans of his wild unrest,
 Though smothered and half sup-
 pressed,
 Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
 Are watching with eager eyes;
 They talk together and say,
 "To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
 Enceladus will arise!"

And the old gods, the austere
 Oppressors in their strength,
 Stand aghast and white with fear
 At the ominous sounds they hear,
 And tremble, and mutter, "At
 length!"

Ah me! for the land that is sown
 With the harvest of despair!
 Where the burning cinders, blown
 From the lips of the overthrown
 Enceladus, fill the air.

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
 Over vineyard and field and town,
 Whenever he starts and lifts
 His head through the blackened
 rifts
 Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see! the red light shines!
 'T is the glare of his awful eyes!
 And the storm-wind shouts through
 the pines
 Of Alps and of Apennines,
 "Enceladus, arise!"

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we
 lay,
 On board of the Cumberland,
 sloop-of-war;
 And at times from the fortress
 across the bay
 The alarum of drums swept
 past,
 Or a bugle blast
 From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
 A little feather of snow-white
 smoke,
 And we knew that the iron ship of
 our foes
 Was steadily steering its course
 To try the force
 Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
 Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
 Then comes a puff of smoke from
 her guns,
 And leaps the terrible death,
 With fiery breath,
 From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her
 straight
 Defiance back in a full broad-
 side!
 As hail rebounds from a roof of
 slate,
 Rebounds our heavier hail
 From each iron scale
 Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
 In his arrogant old plantation
 strain.
 "Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
 "It is better to sink than to
 yield!"
 And the whole air pealed
 With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
 She crushed our ribs in her iron
 grasp!
 Down went the Cumberland all a
 wrack,
 With a sudden shudder of death,
 And the cannon's breath
 For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the
 bay,
 Still floated our flag at the main-
 mast-head.
 Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
 Every waft of the air
 Was a whisper of prayer,
 *Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in
the seas!

Ye are at peace in the troubled
stream,

Ho! brave land! with hearts like
these,

Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the Air,

Out of the cloud-folds of her gar-
ments shaken,

Over the woodlands brown and bare

Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take

Suddenly shape in some divine ex-
pression,

Even as the troubled heart doth make

In the white countenance con-
fession,

The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,

Slowly in silent syllables recorded;

This is the secret of despair,

Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God! O perfect day:

Whereon shall no man work, but
play;

Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,

Through every nerve, through every
vein,

I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees

Playing celestial symphonies;

I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high

The splendid scenery of the sky,

Where through the sapphire sea the
sun

Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the
West,

Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,

Whose steep sierra far uplifts

Its craggy summits white with
drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all
the rooms

The snow-flakes of the cherry-
blossoms!

Blow, winds! and bend within my
reach

The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is
song!

O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

LABOR with what zeal we will,

Something still remains undone,

Something uncompleted still

Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,

At the threshold, near the gates,

With its menace or its prayer,

Like a mendicant it waits;

Waits, and will not go away;

Waits, and will not be gainsaid;

By the cares of yesterday

Each to-day is heavier made;

Till at length the burden seems

Greater than our strength can bear,

Heavy as the weight of dreams,

Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,
 Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
 Who, as Northern legends say,
 On their shoulders held the sky.

WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet! that such long years
 Must wander on through hopes and
 fears,

Must ache and bleed beneath your
 load;

I, nearer to the wayside inn
 Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
 Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
 Have still to serve or rule so long,

Have still so long to give or ask;
 I, who so much with book and pen
 Have toiled among my fellow-men,
 Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
 With such impatient, feverish heat,
 Such limitless and strong desires;
 Mine that so long has glowed and
 burned,

With passions into ashes turned
 Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
 And crystalline as rays of light
 Direct from heaven, their source
 divine;

Refracted through the mist of years,
 How red my setting sun appears,
 How lurid looks this soul of
 mine!

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

PRELUDE.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury town,

Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with fire-light through
the leaves

Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves

Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy
doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and
tall.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and
gleeds;

But noon and night, the panting
teams

Stop under the great oaks, that
throw

Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills.
Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of
hay,

Through the wide doors the breezes
blow,

The wattled cocks strut to and fro,

And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.
Round this old-fashioned, quaint
abode

Deep silence reigned, save when a
gust

Went rushing down the county road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance
of death,

And through the ancient oaks o'er-
head

Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlor of the inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
Like water rushing through a weir;
Oft interrupted by the din
Of laughter and of loud applause,
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.

The fire-light, shedding over all
The splendor of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlor large and
low;

It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,
It touched with more than wonted
grace

Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;
It bronzed the rafters overhead,
On the old spinet's ivory keys
It played inaudible melodies,
It crowned the sombre clock with
flame,

The hands, the hours, the maker's
name,

And painted with a livelier red
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;
And, flashing on the window-pane,
Emblazoned with its light and shade
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,
Writ near a century ago,
By the great Major Molineaux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal
made.

Before the blazing fire of wood
 Erect the rapt musician stood;
 And ever and anon he bent
 His head upon his instrument,
 And seemed to listen, till he caught
 Confessions of its secret thought,—
 The joy, the triumph, the lament,
 The exultation and the pain;
 Then, by the magic of his art,
 He soothed the throbbings of its
 heart,
 And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease
 There sat a group of friends, en-
 tranced
 With the delicious melodies;
 Who from the far-off noisy town
 Had to the wayside inn come down,
 To rest beneath its old oak-trees.
 The fire-light on their faces glanced,
 Their shadows on the wainscot
 danced,
 And, though of different lands and
 speech,
 Each had his tale to tell, and each
 Was anxious to be pleased and
 please.
 And while the sweet musician plays,
 Let me in outline sketch them all,
 Perchance uncouthly as the blaze
 With its uncertain touch portrays
 Their shadowy semblance on the
 wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace;
 Grave in his aspect and attire;
 A man of ancient pedigree,
 A Justice of the Peace was he,
 Known in all Sudbury as "The
 Squire."
 Proud was he of his name and
 race,
 Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
 And in the parlor, full in view,
 His coat-of-arms, well framed and
 glazed,
 Upon the wall in colors blazed;
 He beareth gules upon his shield,
 A chevron argent in the field,
 With three wolf's heads, and for the
 crest
 A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed

Upon a helmet barred; below
 The scroll reads, "By the name of
 Howe."
 And over this, no longer bright,
 Though glimmering with a latent
 light,
 Was hung the sword his grandsire
 bore,
 In the rebellious days of yore,
 Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways.
 A Student of old books and days,
 To whom all tongues and lands were
 known,
 And yet a lover of his own;
 With many a social virtue graced,
 And yet a friend of solitude;
 A man of such a genial mood
 The heart of all things he embraced,
 And yet of such fastidious taste,
 He never found the best too good.
 Books were his passion and delight,
 And in his upper room at home
 Stood many a rare and sumptuous
 tome,
 In vellum bound, with gold bedight,
 Great volumes garmented in white,
 Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.
 He loved the twilight that surrounds
 The border-land of old romance;
 Where glitter hauberk, helm, and
 lance,
 And banner waves, and trumpet
 sounds,
 And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
 And mighty warriors sweep along,
 Magnified by the purple mist,
 The dusk of centuries and of song.
 The chronicles of Charlemagne,
 Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthur,
 Mingled together in his brain
 With tales of Flores and Blanche-
 fleur,
 Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,
 Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,
 Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.
 A young Sicilian, too, was there:—
 In sight of Etna born and bred,
 Some breath of its volcanic air
 Was glowing in his heart and brain,
 And, being rebellious to his liege,
 After Palermo's fatal siege,

Across the western seas he fled,
In good King Bomba's happy reign.
His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light;
His hands were small; his teeth
shone white

As sea-shells, when he smiled or
spoke;
His sinews supple and strong as
oak;

Clean shaven was he as a priest,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
Save that upon his upper lip
His beard, a good palm's length at
least,

Level and pointed at the tip,
Shot sideways, like a swallow's
wings.

The poets read he o'er and o'er,
And most of all the Immortal Four
Of Italy; and next to those,
The story-telling bard of prose,
Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales
Of the Decameron, that make
Fiesole's green hills and vales
Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.
Much too of music was his thought;
The melodies and measures fraught
With sunshine and the open air,
Of vineyards and the singing sea
Of his beloved Sicily;
And much it pleased him to peruse
The songs of the Sicilian muse,—
Bucolic songs by Meli sung
In the familiar peasant tongue,
That made men say, "Behold! once
more

The pitying gods to earth restore
Theocritus of Syracuse!"

A Spanish Jew from Alicante
With aspect grand and grave was
there;

Vender of silks and fabrics rare,
And attar of rose from the Levant.
Like an old Patriarch he appeared,
Abraham or Isaac, or at least
Some later Prophet or High-Priest;
With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,
And, wildly tossed from cheeks and
chin,

The tumbling cataract of his beard.
His garments breathed a spicy scent
Of cinnamon and sandal blent,

Like the soft aromatic gales
That meet the mariner, who sails
Through the Moluccas, and the seas
That wash the shores of Celebes.
All stories that recorded are
By Pierre Alphonse he knew by heart,
And it was rumored he could say
The Parables of Sandabar,
And all the Fables of Pilpay,
Or if not all, the greater part!
Well versed was he in Hebrew books,
Talmud and Targum, and the lore
Of Kabala; and evermore
There was a mystery in his looks;
His eyes seemed gazing far away,
As if in vision or in trance
He heard the solemn sackbut play,
And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

A Theologian, from the school
Of Cambridge on the Charles, was
there;

Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to
men,

Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
With reverent feet the earth he trod,
Nor banished nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research
To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as is the love of God,
And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse;
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift
flight,

Of thoughts so sudden, that they
seem

The revelations of a dream.
All these were his; but with them
came

No envy of another's fame;
He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighboring street,
Nor rustling here in every breeze
The laurels of Miltiades.
Honor and blessings on his head
While living. good report when dead,

Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch, the
crown!

Last the Musician, as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect
blithe,

His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead
beamed,

The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
He lived in that ideal world
Whose language is not speech, but
song;

Around him evermore the throng
Of elves and sprites their dances
whirled;

The Strömkarl sang, the cataract
hurled

Its headlong waters from the height;
And mingled in the wild delight
The scream of sea-birds in their
flight,

The rumor of the forest trees,
The plunge of the implacable seas,
The tumult of the wind at night,
Voices of eld, like trumpets blow-
ing,

Old ballads, and wild melodies
Through mist and darkness pouring
forth,

Like Elivagar's river flowing
Out of the glaciers of the North.

The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolian forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the
blast:

Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the luthier's art;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it
came

Had written his unrivalled name,—
"Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmos-
phere

Was filled with magic, and the ear
Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,
The birds came down from bush
and tree,

The dead came from beneath the
sea,

The maiden to the harper's knee!

The music ceased; the applause
was loud,

The pleased musician smiled and
bowed;

The wood-fire clapped its hands of
flame,

The shadows on the wainscot stirred,
And from the harpsichord there
came

A ghostly murmur of acclaim,
A sound like that sent down at night
By birds of passage in their flight,
From the remotest distance heard.

Then silence followed; then began
A clamor for the Landlord's tale,—
The story promised them of old,
They said, but always left untold;
And he, although a bashful man,
And all his courage seemed to fail,
Finding excuse of no avail,
Yielded; and thus the story ran.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall
hear

Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in
Seventy-five;

Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day
and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British
march
By land or sea from the town to-
night,

Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry
 arch
 Of the North Church tower as a
 signal light,—
 One, if by land, and two, if by
 sea;
 And I on the opposite shore will
 be,
 Ready to ride and spread the alarm
 Through every Middlesex village
 and farm,
 For the country-folk to be up and
 to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and
 with muffled oar
 Silently rowed to the Charlestown
 shore,
 Just as the moon rose over the bay,
 Where swinging wide at her moor-
 ings lay
 The Somerset, British man-of-war;
 A phantom ship, with each mast
 and spar
 Across the moon like a prison bar,
 And a huge black hulk, that was
 magnified
 By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through
 alley and street,
 Wanders and watches with eager
 ears,
 Till in silence around him he hears
 The muster of men at the barrack
 door,
 The sound of arms, and the tramp
 of feet,
 And the measured tread of the gren-
 adiers,
 Marching down to their boats on the
 shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of
 the church,
 Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy
 tread,
 To the belfry-chamber overhead,
 And startled the pigeons from their
 perch
 On the sombre rafters, that round
 him made
 Masses and moving shapes of
 shade—

Up the trembling ladder, steep and
 tall,
 To the highest window in the wall,
 Where he paused to listen and look
 down
 A moment on the roofs of the town,
 And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the
 dead,
 In their night-encampment on the
 hill,
 Wrapped in silence so deep and
 still

That he could hear, like a sentinel's
 tread,
 The watchful night-wind, as it went
 Creeping along from tent to tent,
 And seeming to whisper, "All is
 well!"

A moment only he feels the spell
 Of the place and the hour, and the
 secret dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
 For suddenly all his thoughts are
 bent

On a shadowy something far away,
 Where the river widens to meet the
 bay,—

A line of black that bends and floats
 On the rising tide, like a bridge of
 boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and
 ride,

Booted and spurred, with a heavy
 stride

On the opposite shore walked Paul
 Revere.

Now he patted his horse's side,
 Now gazed at the landscape far and
 near,

Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
 And turned and tightened his
 saddle-girth;

But mostly he watched with eager
 search

The belfry-tower of the Old North
 Church,

As it rose above the graves on the
 hill,

Lonely and spectral and sombre and
 still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfrey's
height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of
light!

He springs to the saddle, the bridle
he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on
his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in
the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in
passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless
and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through
the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that
night;
And the spark struck out by that
steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its
heat.

He has left the village and mounted
the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad
and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean
tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its
edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on
the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he
rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into
Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows,
blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,

As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look
upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Con-
cord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the
trees,
And felt the breath of the morning
breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his
bed
Who at the bridge would be first to
fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books
you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and
fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for
ball,
From behind each fence and farm-
yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the
lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge
again
Under the trees at the turn of the
road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul
Revere;
And so through the night went his
cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and
farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at
the door,
And a word that shall echo forever-
more!
For, borne on the night-wind of the
Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril
and need,
The people will waken and listen to
hear

The hurrying hoof-beats of that
steed,
And the midnight message of Paul
Revere.

INTERLUDE.

THE Landlord ended thus his tale,
Then rising took down from its nail
The sword that hung there, dim
with dust,
And cleaving to its sheath with rust,
And said, "This sword was in the
fight."

The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,
"It is the sword of a good knight,
Though homespun was his coat-of-
mail;

What matter if it be not named
Joyeuse, Colada, Durindale,
Excalibar, or Aroundight,
Or other name the books record?
Your ancestor, who bore this sword
As Colonel of the Volunteers,
Mounted upon his old gray mare,
Seen here and there and every-
where,

To me a grander shape appears
Than old Sir William, or what not,
Clinking about in foreign lands
With iron gauntlets on his hands,
And on his head an iron pot!"

All laughed; the Landlord's face
grew red
As his escutcheon on the wall;
He could not comprehend at all
The drift of what the Poet said;
For those who had been longest dead
Were always greatest in his eyes;
And he was speechless with surprise
To see Sir William's plumed head
Brought to a level with the rest,
And made the subject of a jest.

And this perceiving, to appease
The Landlord's wrath, the others'
fears,
The Student said, with careless ease,
"The ladies and the cavaliers,
The arms, the loves, the courtesies,

The deeds of high emprise, I sing!
Thus Ariosto says, in words
That have the stately stride and ring
Of armed knights and clashing
swords.

Now listen to the tale I bring;
Listen! though not to me belong
The flowing draperies of his song,
The words that rouse, the voice
that charms.

The Landlord's tale was one of arms,
Only a tale of love is mine,
Blending the human and divine,
A tale of the Decameron, told
In Palmieri's garden old,
By Fiametta, laurel-crowned,
While her companions lay around,
And heard the intermingled sound
Of airs that on their errands sped,
And wild birds gossiping overhead,
And lisp of leaves, and fountain's
fall,

And her own voice more sweet than
all,
Telling the tale, which, wanting
these,
Perchance may lose its power to
please."

THE STUDENT'S TALE.

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO.

ONE summer morning, when the sun
was hot,
Weary with labor in his garden-
plot,
On a rude bench beneath his cottage
eaves,
Ser Federigo sat among the leaves
Of a huge vine, that, with its arms
outspread,
Hung its delicious clusters over-
head.
Below him, through the lovely
valley, flowed
The river Arno, like a winding road,
And from its banks were lifted high
in air
The spires and roofs of Florence
called the Fair;

To him a marble tomb, that rose
 above
 His wasted fortunes and his buried
 love.
 For there, in banquet and in tourna-
 ment,
 His wealth had lavished been, his
 substance spent,
 To woo and lose, since ill his woo-
 ing sped,
 Monna Giovanna, who his rival
 wed,
 Yet ever in his fancy reigned
 supreme,
 The ideal woman of a young man's
 dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and
 pain,
 To this small farm, the last of his
 domain,
 His only comfort and his only care
 To prune his vines, and plant the fig
 and pear;
 His only forester and only guest
 His falcon, faithful to him, when the
 rest,
 Whose willing hands had found so
 light of yore
 The brazen knocker of his palace
 door,
 Had now no strength to lift the
 wooden latch,
 That entrance gave beneath a roof
 of thatch.
 Companion of his solitary ways,
 Purveyor of his feasts on holi-
 days,
 On him this melancholy man be-
 stowed
 The love with which his nature
 overflowed.
 And so the empty-handed years
 went round,
 Vacant, though voiceful with pro-
 phetic sound,
 And so, that summer morn, he sat
 and mused
 With folded, patient hands, as he
 was used,
 And dreamily before his half-closed
 sight
 Floated the vision of his lost de-
 light.

Beside him, motionless, the drowsy
 bird
 Dreamed of the chase, and in his
 slumber heard
 The sudden, scythe-like sweep of
 wings, that dare
 The headlong plunge thro' eddying
 gulfs of air,
 Then, starting broad awake upon
 his perch,
 Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in
 a church,
 And, looking at his master, seemed
 to say,
 "Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-
 day?"

Ser Federigo thought not of the
 chase;
 The tender vision of her lovely
 face,
 I will not say he seems to see, he
 sees
 In the leaf-shadows of the trellises,
 Herself, yet not herself; a lovely
 child
 With flowing tresses, and eyes wide
 and wild,
 Coming undaunted up the garden
 walk,
 And looking not at him, but at the
 hawk.
 "Beautiful falcon!" said he, "would
 that I
 Might hold thee on my wrist, or see
 thee fly!"
 The voice was hers, and made
 strange echoes start
 Through all the haunted chambers
 of his heart,
 As an æolian harp through gusty
 doors
 Of some old ruin its wild music
 pours.

"Who is thy mother, my fair boy?"
 he said,
 His hand laid softly on that shining
 head.
 "Monna Giovanna.—Will you let
 me stay
 A little while, and with your falcon
 play?"

We live there, just beyond your
garden wall,
In the great house behind the pop-
lars tall."

So he spake on; and Federigo heard
As from afar each softly uttered
word,
And drifted onward through the
golden gleams
And shadows of the misty sea of
dreams,
As mariners becalmed through
vapors drift,
And feel the sea beneath them sink
and lift,
And hear far off the mournful
breakers roar,
And voices calling faintly from the
shore!
Then, waking from his pleasant re-
veries,
He took the little boy upon his knees,
And told him stories of his gallant
bird,
Till in their friendship he became a
third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her
prime,
Had come with friends to pass the
summer time
In her grand villa, half-way up the
hill,
O'erlooking Florence, but retired
and still;
With iron gates, that opened through
long lines
Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,
And terraced gardens, and broad
steps of stone,
And sylvan deities, with moss o'er-
grown,
And fountains palpitating in the
heat,
And all Val d'Arno stretched beneath
its feet.
Here in seclusion, as a widow may,
The lovely lady whiled the hours
away,
Pacing in sable robes the statued hall,
Herself the stateliest statue among
all,
And seeing more and more, with

secret joy,
Her husband risen and living in her
boy,
Till the lost sense of life returned
again,
Not as delight, but as relief from
pain.
Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his
strength;
Stormed down the terraces from
length to length;
The screaming peacock chased in
hot pursuit,
And climbed the garden trellises for
fruit.
But his chief pastime was to watch
the flight
Of a gerfalcon, soaring into sight,
Beyond the trees that fringed the
garden wall,
Then downward stooping at some
distant call;
And as he gazed full often wondered
he
Who might the master of the falcon
be,
Until that happy morning, when he
found
Master and falcon in the cottage
ground.
And now a shadow and a terror fell
On the great house, as if a passing-
bell
Tolled from the tower, and filled
each spacious room
With secret awe, and preternatural
gloom;
The petted boy grew ill, and day by
day
Pined with mysterious malady away.
The mother's heart would not be
comforted;
Her darling seemed to her already
dead,
And often, sitting by the sufferer's
side,
"What can I do to comfort thee?"
she cried.
At first the silent lips made no re-
ply,
But, moved at length by her im-
portunate cry,
"Give me," he answered, with im-
ploring tone,

“Ser Federigo’s falcon for my own!”

No answer could the astonished
mother make ;
How could she ask, e’en for her
darling’s sake,
Such favor at a luckless lover’s hand,
Well knowing that to ask was to
command ?
Well knowing, what all falconers
confessed,
In all the land that falcon was the
best,
The master’s pride and passion and
delight,
And the sole pursuivant of this
poor knight.
But yet, for her child’s sake, she
could no less
Than give assent, to soothe his rest-
lessness,
So promised, and then promising to
keep
Her promise sacred, saw him fall
asleep.

The morrow was a bright Sep-
tember morn;

The earth was beautiful as if new-
born;

There was that nameless splendor
everywhere,

That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the
city street

Congratulate each other as they
meet.

Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak
and hood,

Passed through the garden gate
into the wood,

Under the lustrous leaves, and
through the sheen

Of dewy sunshine showering down
between.

The one, close hooded, had the
attractive grace

Which sorrow sometimes lends a
woman’s face;

Her dark eyes moistened with the
mists that roll

From the gulf-stream of passion in
the soul;

The other with her hood thrown

back her hair

Making a golden glory in the air,
Her cheeks suffused with an auroral
blush,

Her young heart singing louder than
the thrush.

So walked, that morn, through
mingled light and shade,

Each by the other’s presence lovelier
made,

Monna Giovanna and her bosom
friend,

Intent upon their errand and its end.

They found Ser Federigo at his
toil,

Like banished Adam, delving in the
soil;

And when he looked and these fair
women spied,

The garden suddenly was glorified;
His long-lost Eden was restored

again,
And the strange river winding
through the plain

No longer was the Arno to his eyes,
But the Euphrates watering Para-
disel

Monna Giovanna raised her stately
head,

And with fair words of salutation
said:

“Ser Federigo, we come here as
friends,

Hoping in this to make some poor
amends

For past unkindness. I who ne’er
before

Would even cross the threshold of
your door,

I who in happier days such pride
maintained,

Refused your banquets, and your
gifts disdained,

This morning come, a self-invited
guest,

To put your generous nature to the
test,

And breakfast with you under your
own vine.”

To which he answered: “Poor
desert of mine,

Not your unkindness call it, for if

aught
 Is good in me of feeling or of thought,
 From you it comes, and this last
 grace outweighs
 All sorrows, all regrets of other
 days."

And after further compliment and
 talk,
 Among the dahlias in the garden
 walk

He left his guests; and to his cottage
 turned,
 And as he entered for a moment
 yearned

For the lost splendors of the days
 of old,
 The ruby glass, the silver and the
 gold,

And felt how piercing is the sting
 of pride,
 By want embittered and intensified.
 He looked about him for some means
 or way

To keep this unexpected holiday;
 Searched every cupboard, and then
 searched again,

Summoned the maid, who came, but
 came in vain;

"The Signor did not hunt to-day,"
 she said,

"There's nothing in the house but
 wine and bread."

Then suddenly the drowsy falcon
 shook

His little bells, with that sagacious
 look,

Which said, as plain as language to
 the ear,

"If anything is wanting, I am here!"
 Yes, everything is wanting, gallant
 bird!

The master seized thee without
 further word,

Like thine own lure, he whirled
 thee round; ah me!

The pomp and flutter of brave fal-
 conry,

The bells, the jesses, the bright scar-
 let hood,

The flight and the pursuit o'er field
 and wood,

All these forevermore are ended
 now;

No longer victor, but the victim
 thou!

Then on the board a snow-white
 cloth he spread,

Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of
 bread,

Brought purple grapes with autumn
 sunshine hot,

The fragrant peach, the juicy ber-
 gamot;

Then in the midst a flask of wine he
 placed,

And with autumnal flowers the
 banquet graced.

Ser Federigo, would not these suf-
 fice

Without thy falcon stuffed with
 cloves and spice?

When all was ready, and the courtly
 dame

With her companion to the cottage
 came,

Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell
 The wild enchantment of a magic
 spell;

The room they entered, mean and
 low and small,

Was changed into a sumptuous
 banquet-hall,

With fanfares by aerial trumpets
 blown;

The rustic chair she sat on was a
 throne;

He ate celestial food, and a divine
 Flavor was given to his country

wine,

And the poor falcon, fragrant with
 his spice,
 A peacock was, or bird of paradise!

When the repast was ended, they
 arose

And passed again into the garden-
 close.

Then said the lady, "Far too well I
 know,

Remembering still the days of long
 ago,

Though you betray it not, with
 what surprise

You see me here in this familiar wise.
 You have no children, and you can-

not guess
 What anguish, what unspeakable
 distress
 A mother feels, whose child is lying
 ill,
 Nor how her heart anticipates his
 will.
 And yet for this, you see me lay
 aside
 All womanly reserve and check of
 pride,
 And ask the thing most precious in
 your sight,
 Your falcon, your sole comfort and
 delight,
 Which if you find it in your heart to
 give,
 My poor, unhappy boy perchance
 may live."

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,
 With tears of love and pity in his
 eyes :

"Alas, dear lady ! there can be no
 task
 So sweet to me, as giving when you
 ask.

One little hour ago, if I had known
 This wish of yours, it would have
 been my own.

But thinking in what manner I
 could best

Do honor to the presence of my
 guest,
 I deemed that nothing worthier could
 be

Than what most dear and precious
 was to me,

And so my gallant falcon breathed
 his last

To furnish forth this morning our
 repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with
 dismay,

The gentle lady turned her eyes
 away,

Grieving that he such sacrifice
 should make,

And kill his falcon for a woman's
 sake,

Yet feeling in her heart a woman's
 pride,

That nothing she could ask for was

denied ;
 Then took her leave, and passed out
 at the gate
 With footsteps slow and soul dis-
 consolate.

Three days went by, and lo ! a pass-
 ing-bell

Tolled from the little chapel in the
 dell ;

Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and
 said,

Breathing a prayer, "Alas ! her
 child is dead !"

Three months went by and lo ! a
 merrier chime

Rang from the chapel bells at
 Christmas time ;

The cottage was deserted, and no
 more

Ser Federigo sat beside its door,
 But now, with servitors to do his
 will,

In the grand villa, half-way up the
 hill,

Sat at the Christmas feast, and at
 his side

Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,
 Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair,
 Enthroned once more in the old rustic
 chair,

High-perched upon the back of
 which there stood

The image of a falcon carved in
 wood,

And underneath the inscription,
 with a date,

"All things come round to him who
 will but wait."

INTERLUDE.

Soon as the story reached its end,
 One, over eager to commend,
 Crowned it with injudicious praise ;
 And then the voice of blame found
 vent,

And fanned the embers of dissent
 Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head ;
 "These old Italian tales," he said,

“From the much-praised Decameron
down

Through all the rabble of the rest,
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd;
The gossip of a neighborhood
In some remote provincial town,
A scandalous chronicle at best!
They seem to me a stagnant fen,
Grown rank with rushes and with
reeds,
Where a white lily, now and then,
Blooms in the midst of noxious
weeds
And deadly nightshade on its
banks.”

To this the Student straight replied,
“For the white lily, many thanks!
One should not say, with too much
pride,
Fountain, I will not drink of thee!
Nor were it grateful to forget,
That from these reservoirs and
tanks
Even imperial Shakspeare drew
His Moor of Venice and the Jew,
And Romeo and Juliet,
And many a famous comedy.”

Then a long pause; till some one
said,
“An Angel is flying overhead!”
At these words spake the Spanish
Jew,
And murmured with an inward
breath:
“God grant, if what you say is true
It may not be the Angel of Death!”

And then another pause; and then,
Stroking his beard, he said again:
“This brings back to my memory
A story in the Talmud told,
That book of gems, that book of
gold,
Of wonders many and manifold,
A tale that often comes to me,
And fills my heart, and haunts my
brain,
And never wearies nor grows old.”

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

RABBI Ben Levi, on the Sabbath,
read
A volume of the Law, in which it
said,
“No man shall look upon my face
and live.”
And as he read, he prayed that God
would give
His faithful servant grace with
mortal eye
To look upon His face and yet not
die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the
page
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim
with age,
He saw the Angel of Death before
him stand,
Holding a naked sword in his right
hand.
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous
man,
Yet through his veins a chill of
terror ran.

With trembling voice he said,
“What wilt thou here?”
The angel answered, “Lo! the time
draws near
When thou must die; yet first, by
God's decree,
Whate'er thou askest shall be
granted thee.”
Replied the Rabbi, “Let these living
eyes
First look upon my place in
Paradise.”

Then said the Angel, “Come with
me and look.”
Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred
book,
And rising, and uplifting his gray
head,
“Give me thy sword,” he to the
Angel said,
“Lest thou shouldst fall upon me
by the way.”

The angel smiled and hastened to
obey,
Then led him forth to the Celestial
Town,
And set him on the wall, whence,
gazing down,
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living
eyes,
Might look upon his place in
Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the
Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-
Angel's sword,
And through the streets there swept
a sudden breath
Of something there unknown, which
men call death.
Meanwhile the Angel stayed with-
out, and cried,
"Come back!" To which the
Rabbi's voice replied,
"No! in the name of God, whom I
adore,
I swear that hence I will depart no
more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy
One,
See what the son of Levi here has
done!
The kingdom of Heaven he takes by
violence,
And in Thy name refuses to go
hence!"
The Lord replied, "My Angels, be
not wroth;
Did e'er the son of Levi break his
oath?
Let him remain; for he with mortal
eye
Shall look upon my face and yet
not die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of
Death
Heard the great voice, and said,
with panting breath,
"Give back the sword, and let me
go my way."
Whereat the Rabbi paused, and
answered, "Nay!
Anguish enough already has it
caused

Among the sons of men." And
while he paused
He heard the awful mandate of the
Lord

Resounding through the air, "Give
back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent
prayer;
Then said he to the dreadful Angel,
"Swear,

No human eye shall look on it again;
But when thou takest away the
souls of men,

Thyself unseen, and with an unseen
sword,

Thou wilt perform the bidding of
the Lord."

The Angel took the sword again,
and swore,
And walks on earth unseen forever-
more.

INTERLUDE.

He ended: and a kind of spell
Upon the silent listeners fell.
His solemn manner and his words
Had touched the deep, mysterious
chords,

That vibrate in each human breast
Alike, but not alike confessed.
The spiritual world seemed near;
And close above them, full of fear,
Its awful adumbration passed,
A luminous shadow, vague and
vast.

They almost feared to look, lest
there,

Embodied from the impalpable air,
They might behold the Angel stand,
Holding the sword in his right hand.
At last, but in a voice subdued,
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,
Said the Sicilian: "While you
spoke,

Telling your legend marvellous,
Suddenly in my memory woke
The thought of one, now gone from
us,—

An old Abate, meek and mild,

My friend and teacher, when a
child,
Who sometimes in those days of old
The legend of an Angel told,
Which ran, if I remember, thus."

THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope
Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Al-
lemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and
squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly
sat
And heard the priests chant the
Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er
again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit
potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles*";
And slowly lifting up his kingly
head
He to a learned clerk beside him
said,
"What mean these words?" The
clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from
their seat,
And has exalted them of low
degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered
scornfully,
"'T is well thas such seditious
words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin
tongue;
For unto priests and people be it
known,
There is no power can push me
from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and
fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous
and deep.
When he awoke, it was already
night;

The church was empty, and there
was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glim-
mered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some
saint.
He started from his seat and gazed
around,
But saw no living thing and heard
no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it
was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and
then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and
complaints,
And imprecations upon men and
saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof
and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in
their stalls!

At length the sexton, hearing from
without
The tumult of the knocking and the
shout,
And thinking thieves were in the
house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking,
"Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King
Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 't is I, the King! Art thou
afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering,
with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond,
or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the
portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single
stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat
or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at
him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the
night,
And vanished like a spectre from his
sight.
Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope
Urbane

And Valmond, Emperor of Al-
 lemaine,
 Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
 Bare-headed, breathless, and be-
 sprengt with mire,
 With sense of wrong and outrage
 desperate,
 Strode on and thundered at the
 palace gate;
 Rushed through the court-yard,
 thrusting in his rage
 To right and left each seneschal and
 page,
 And hurried up the broad and sound-
 ing stair,
 His white face ghastly in the torches'
 glare.
 From hall to hall he passed with
 breathless speed;
 Voices and cries he heard, but did
 not heed,
 Until at last he reached the banquet-
 room,
 Blazing with light, and breathing
 with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
 Wearing his robes, his crown, his
 signet-ring,
 King Robert's self in features, form,
 and height,
 But all transfigured with angelic
 light!
 It was an Angel; and his presence
 there
 With a divine effulgence filled the
 air,
 An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
 Though none the hidden Angel
 recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless,
 amazed,
 The throneless monarch on the
 Angel gazed,
 Who met his looks of anger and
 surprise
 With the divine compassion of his
 eyes;
 Then said, "Who art thou? and
 why com'st thou here?"
 To which King Robert answered,
 with a sneer,

"I am the King, and come to claim
 my own
 From an impostor, who usurps my
 throne!"
 And suddenly, at these audacious
 words,
 Up sprang the angry guests, and
 drew their swords;
 The Angel answered, with unruffled
 brow,
 "Nay, not the King, but the King's
 Jester, thou
 Henceforth shalt wear the bells and
 scalloped cape,
 And for thy counsellor shalt lead an
 ape;
 Thou shalt obey my servants when
 they call,
 And wait upon my henchmen in the
 hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and
 cries and prayers,
 They thrust him from the hall and
 down the stairs;
 A group of tittering pages ran be-
 fore,
 And as they opened wide the fold-
 ing-door,
 His heart failed, for he heard, with
 strange alarms,
 The boisterous laughter of the men-
 at-arms,
 And all the vaulted chamber roar
 and ring
 With the mock plaudits of "Long
 live the King!"
 Next morning, waking with the
 day's first beam,
 He said within himself, "It was a
 dream!"
 But the straw rustled as he turned
 his head,
 There were the cap and bells beside
 his bed,
 Around him rose the bare, discolored
 walls,
 Close by, the steeds were champing
 in their stalls,
 And in the corner, a revolting shape,
 Shivering and chattering sat the
 wretched ape.
 It was no dream; the world he loved
 so much

Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again

To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign

The happy island danced with corn and wine,

And deep within the mountain's burning breast

Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,

Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,

With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,

Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,

By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,

His only friend the ape, his only food

What others left,—he still was unsubdued.

And when the Angel met him on his way,

And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,

Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel

The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,

"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe

Burst from him in resistless overflow,

And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling

The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came

Ambassadors of great repute and name

From Valmond, Emperor of Al-lemaine,

Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane

By letter summoned them forthwith to come

On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.

The Angel with great joy received his guests,

And gave them presents of embroidered vests,

And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,

And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.

Then he departed with them o'er the sea

Into the lovely land of Italy, Whose loveliness was more resplendent made

By the mere passing of that cavalcade,

With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir

Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,

Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,

His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,

The solemn ape demurely perched behind,

King Robert rode, making huge merriment

In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare

Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,

Giving his benediction and embrace,

Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers

He entertained the Angel unawares, Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,

Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,

"I am the King! Look, and behold in me

Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!

This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,

Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me ? does no voice
within

Answer my cry, and say we are
akin ? ”

The Pope in silence, but with
troubled mien,

Gazed at the Angel's countenance
serene ;

The Emperor, laughing, said, “ It is
strange sport

To keep a madman for thy Fool at
court ! ”

And the poor, baffled Jester in
disgrace

Was hustled back among the
populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went
by,

And Easter Sunday gleamed upon
the sky ;

The presence of the Angel, with its
light,

Before the sun rose, made the city
bright,

And with new fervor filled the hearts
of men,

Who felt that Christ indeed had
risen again.

Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted
splendor saw,

He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his cham-
ber floor,

He heard the rushing garments of
the Lord

Sweep through the silent air, ascend-
ing heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and
once more

Valmond returning to the Danube's
shore,

Homeward the Angel journeyed,
and again

The land was made resplendent with
his train,

Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by
sea.

And when once more within Pal-
ermo's wall,

And, seated on the throne in his
great hall,

He heard the Angelus from convent
towers,

As if the better world conversed
with ours,

He beckoned to King Robert to draw
nigher,

And with a gesture bade the rest
retire ;

And when they were alone, the
Angel said,

“ Art thou the King ? ” Then bow-
ing down his head,

King Robert crossed both hands
upon his breast,

And meekly answered him : “ Thou
knowest best !

My sins as scarlet are ; let me go
hence,

And in some cloister's school of
penitence,

Across those stones, that pave the
way to heaven,

Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul
is shriven ! ”

The Angel smiled, and from his
radiant face

A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud
and clear,

They heard the monks chant in the
chapel near,

Above the stir and tumult of the
street :

“ He has put down the mighty from
their seat,

And has exalted them of low de-
gree ! ”

And through the chant a second
melody

Rose like the throbbing of a single
string :

“ I am an Angel, and thou art the
King ! ”

King Robert, who was standing
near the throne,

Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was
alone !

But all apparelled as in days of
old,

With ermined mantle and with cloth
of gold ;

And when his courtiers came, they
found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in
silent prayer.

INTERLUDE.

AND then the blue-eyed Norseman
told
A Saga of the days of old.
"There is," said he, "a wondrous
book

Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,
Of the dead kings of Norrøway,—
Legends that once were told or
sung

In many a smoky fireside nook
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
By wandering Saga-man or Scald;
Heimskringla is the volume called;
And he who looks may find therein
The story that I now begin."

And in each pause the story made
Upon his violin he played,
As an appropriate interlude,
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes
That bound in one the separate
runes,

And held the mind in perfect mood,
Entwining and encircling all
The strange and antiquated rhymes
With melodies of olden times;
As over some half-ruined wall,
Disjointed and about to fall,
Fresh woodbines climb and inter-
lace,

And keep the loosened stones in
place

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF.

I.

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR.

I AM the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Mjölner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's-Day!

Thou art a God too,
O Galilean!
And thus singled-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee!

II.

KING OLAF'S RETURN.

AND King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed;
And the red light glanced and
gleamed

On the armor that he wore;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

To avenge his father slain,
And reconquer realm and reign,
Came the youthful Olaf home,
Through the midnight sailing,
sailing,
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,
And the dashing of the foam.

To his thoughts the sacred name
Of his mother Astrid came,
And the tale she oft had told
Of her flight by secret passes
Through the mountains and mo-
rasses,
To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded
back
Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and
wrack,

And a hurried flight by sea;
Of grim Vikings, and their rapture
In the sea-fight, and the capture,
And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face
In the Esthonian market-place,
Scanned his features one by one,
Saying, "We should know each
other;

I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son!"

Then as Queen Allogia's page,
Old in honors, young in age,
Chief of all her men-at-arms;
Till vague whispers, and mysterious,
Reached King Valdemar, the im-
perious,

Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas,
Westward to the Hebrides,
And to Scilly's rocky shore;
And the hermit's cavern dismal,
Christ's great name and rites bap-
tismal,

In the ocean's rush and roar.

All these thoughts of love and strife
Glimmered through his lurid life,
As the stars' intenser light

Through the red flames o'er him
trailing,
As his ships went sailing, sailing,
Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,
Skilful in each manly sport,
Young and beautiful and tall;
Art of warfare, craft of chases,
Swimming, skating, snow-shoe
races,
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,
He along the bending oars
Outside of his ship could run.
He the Smalsor Horn ascended,
And his shining shield suspended
On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand,
Wield his sword with either hand,
And at once two javelins throw;
At all feasts where ale was strongest
Sat the merry monarch longest,
First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen
One so beautiful of mien,
One so royal in attire,
When in arms completely furnished,
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,
Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night-wind blown
Passed that cry along the shore;
And he answered, while the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and
shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

III.

THORA OF RIMOL.

"THORA of Rimol! hide me! hide
me!
Danger and shame and death betide
me!
For Olaf the King is hunting me
down
Through field and forest, through
thorp and town!"

Thus cried Jarl Hakon
To Thora, the fairest of women.

"Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear
thee
Neither shall shame nor death come
near thee!
But the hiding-place wherein thou
must lie
Is the cave underneath the swine in
the sty."

Thus to Jarl Hakon
Said Thora, the fairest of
women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall
Karker
Crouched in the cave, than a dun-
geon darker,
As Olaf came riding, with men in
mail,
Through the forest roads into Orka-
dale,
Demanding Jarl Hakon
Of Thora, the fairest of women.

"Rich and honored shall be who-
ever
The head of Hakon Jarl shall dis-
sever!"

Hakon heard him, and Karker the
slave,
Through the breathing-holes of the
darksome cave.

Alone in her chamber
Wept Thora, the fairest of
women.

Said Karker, the crafty, "I will not
slay thee!
For all the king's gold I will never
betray thee!"

"Then why dost thou turn so pale,
O churl,
And then again black as the earth?"
said the Earl.

More pale and more faithful
Was Thora, the fairest of
women.

From a dream in the night the thrall
started, saying,
"Round my neck a gold ring King
Olaf was laying!"

And Hakon answered, "Beware of
the king!

He will lay round thy neck a blood-
red ring."

At the ring on her finger
Gazed Thora, the fairest of
women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with
sorrows encumbered,

But screamed and drew up his feet
as he slumbered;

The thrall in the darkness plunged
with his knife,

And the Earl awakened no more in
this life.

But wakeful and weeping
Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At Nidarholm the priests are all
singing,

Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are
swinging;

One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his
thrall's,

And the people are shouting from
windows and walls;

While alone in her chamber
Swoons Thora, the fairest of
women.

IV.

QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY.

QUEEN Sigrid the Haughty sat
proud and aloft

In her chamber, that looked over
meadow and croft.

Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was
besprent,

Filling the room with their fragrant
scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw
the sun shine,

The air of summer was sweeter than
wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the
bright river lay

Between her own kingdom and
Norway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her
hand,
The sword would be sheathed, the
river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her
knee,
Working bright figures in tapestry.
And one was singing the ancient
rune
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath
of Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and
over it all
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring
of gold,
From the door of Ladé's Temple
old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding
gift,
But her thoughts as arrows were
keen and swift.

She had given the ring to her gold-
smiths twain,
Who smiled, as they handed it back
again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her
haughty way,
Said, "Why do you smile, my gold-
smiths, say?"

And they answered: "O Queen!
if the truth must be told,
The ring is of copper, and not of
gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her fore-
head and cheek,
She only murmured, she did not
speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be,
There will be no gold in his love to
me."

A footstep was heard on the outer
stair,
And in strode King Olaf with royal
air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he
whispered of love,
And swore to be true as the stars
are above.

But she smiled with contempt as
she answered: "O King,
Will you swear it, as Odin once
swore, on the ring?"

And the King: "O speak not of
Odin to me,
The wife of King Olaf a Christian
must be."

Looking straight at the King, with
her level brows,
She said, "I keep true to my faith
and my vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was
darkened with gloom,
He rose in his anger and strode
through the room.

"Why, then, should I care to have
thee?" he said,—
"A faded old woman, a heathenish
jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or
love,
And he struck the Queen in the
face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in
anger he fled,
And the wooden stairway shook
with his tread,

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said
under her breath,
"This insult, King Olaf, shall be
thy death!"
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

V.

THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS.

Now from all King Olaf's farms
His men at-arms

Gathered on the Eve of Easter ;
To his house at Angvalds-ness
Fast they press,
Drinking with the royal feaster.

Loudly through the wide-flung
door
Came the roar
Of the sea upon the Skerry ;
And its thunder loud and near
Reached the ear,
Mingling with their voices merry.

"Hark !" said Olaf to his Scald,
Halfred the Bald,
"Listen to that song, and learn it !
Half my kingdom would I give,
As I live,
If by such songs you would earn it !

"For of all the runes and rhymes
Of all times,
Best I like the ocean's dirges,
When the old harper heaves and
rocks,
His hoary locks
Flowing and flashing in the surges !"

Halfred answered : "I am called
The Unappalled !
Nothing hinders me or daunts me.
Hearken to me, then, O King,
While I sing
The great Ocean Song that haunts
me."

"I will hear your song sublime
Some other time,"
Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,
And retires ; each laughing guest
Applauds the jest ;
Then they sleep till day is dawning

Pacing up and down the yard,
King Olaf's guard
Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping
O'er the sands, and up the hill,
Gathering still
Round the house where they were
sleeping.

It was not the fog he saw
Nor misty flaw,
That above the landscape brooded ;

It was Eyvind Kallda's crew
Of warlocks blue,
With their caps of darkness hooded !

Round and round the house they go
Weaving slow
Magic circles to encumber
And imprison in their ring
Olaf the King,
As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapors dun
The Easter sun
Streamed with one broad track of
splendor !
In their real forms appeared
The warlocks weird,
Awful as the witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,
They groped and stared
Round about with steps unsteady ;
From his window Olaf gazed,
And, amazed,
"Who are these strange people ?"
said he.

"Eyvind Kellda and his men !"
Answered then
From the yard a sturdy fatmer ;
While the men-at-arms apace
Filled the place,
Busily buckling on their armor.

From the gates they sallied forth,
South and north,
Scoured the island coast around
them,
Seizing all the warlock band,
Foot and hand
On the Skerry's rocks they bound
them.

And at eve the king again
Called his train,
And, with all the candles burning,
Silent sat and heard once more
The sullen roar
Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair
Filled the air,
Growing fainter as they listened ;

Then the bursting surge alone
Sounded on ;—
Thus the sorcerers were christened !

“Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,
Your ocean-rhyme,”
Cried King Olaf : “it will cheer me !”
Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,
“The Skerry of Shrieks
Sings too loud for you to hear me !”

VI.

THE WRAITH OF ODIN.

- THE guests were loud, the ale was strong,
King Olaf feasted late and long ;
The hoary Scalds together sang ;
O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din ;
A blast of cold night-air came in,
And on the threshold shivering stood
A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The King exclaimed, “O gray-beard pale !
Come warm thee with this cup of ale.”
The foaming draught the old man quaffed,
The noisy guests looked on and laughed.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Then spake the King : “Be not afraid ;
Sit here by me.” The guest obeyed,
And, seated at the table, told
Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er,
The King demanded yet one more ;
Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,
“’Tis late, O King, and time for bed.”

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The King retired ; the stranger guest
Followed and entered with the rest ;
The lights were out, the pages gone,
But still the garrulous guest spake on.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

As one who from a volume reads,
He spake of heroes and their deeds,
Of lands and cities he had seen,
And stormy gulfs that tossed between.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Then from his lips in music rolled
The Havamal of Odin old,
With sounds mysterious as the roar
Of billows on a distant shore.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

“Do we not learn from runes and rhymes

Made by the gods in elder times,
And do not still the great Scalds teach

That silence better is than speech ?”
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Smiling at this, the King replied,
“Thy lore is by thy tongue belied ;
For never was I so enthralled
Either by Saga-man or Scald.”

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The Bishop said, “Late hours we keep !
Night wanes, O King ! ’t is time
for sleep !”

Then slept the King, and when he
woke
The guest was gone, the morning
broke.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-
sang.

They found the doors securely
barred,
They found the watch-dog in the
yard,
There was no footprint in the grass,
And none had seen the stranger pass.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-
sang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said :
"I know that Odin the Great is
dead ;
Sure is the triumph of our Faith,
The one-eyed stranger was his
wraith."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-
sang.

VII.

IRON-BEARD.

OLAF the King, one summer
morn,
Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
Sending his signal through the land
of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at
Mere
Gathered the farmers far and
near,
With their war weapons ready to
confront him.

Ploughing under the morning
star,
Old Iron-Beard in Yriar
Heard the summons, chuckling with
a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from
his brow,
Unharnessed his horses from the
plough,
And clattering came on horseback to
King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the
churls ;
Little he cared for king or earls ;
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his
foaming passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he
wore,
And by the Hammer of Thor he
swore ;
He hated the narrow town, and all
its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his
farm,
His ale at night by the fireside
warm,
Gudrun his daughter, with her
flaxen tresses.

He loved his horses and his
herds,
The smell of the earth, and the
song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with
its water-cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his
frame ;
His beard, from which he took
his name,
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer
the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-
Beard,
On horseback, with an attitude de-
fiant.

And to King Olaf he cried
aloud,
Out of the middle of the crowd,
That tossed about him like a stormy
ocean :

"Such sacrifices shalt thou
bring ;
To Odin and to Thor, O King,
As other kings have done in their
devotion !"

King Olaf answered : "I command

This land to be a Christian land,
Here is my Bishop who the folk
baptizes !

"But if you ask me to restore
Your sacrifices, stained with
gore,
Then will I offer human sacrifices !

"Not slaves and peasants shall
they be,
But men of note and high degree,
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar
of Gryting !"

Then to their Temple strode he
in,
And loud behind him heard the
din
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants
fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in
wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme
among them.

King Olaf smote them with the
blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold in-
laid,
And downward shattered to the
pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose with-
out,
From the contending crowd, a
shout,
A mingled sound of triumph and of
wailing.

And there upon the trampled
plain
The farmer Iron-Beard lay
slain,
Midway between the assailed and
the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway
spoke :

"Choose ye between two things,
my folk,
To be baptized or given up to
slaughter !"

And seeing their leader stark
and dead,
The people with a murmur said,
"O King, baptize us with thy holy
water !"

So all the Drontheim land be-
came
A Christian land in name and
fame,
In the old gods no more believing
and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun ;
And thus in peace ended the Dron-
theim Hus-Ting !

VIII.

GUDRUN.

ON King Olaf's bridal night
Shines the moon with tender light,
And across the chamber streams
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour,
When all evil things have power,
In the glimmer of the moon
Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast,
Something in her hand is pressed ;
Like an icicle, its sheen
Is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes
Where her murdered father lies,
And a voice remote and drear
She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this !
Cold will be the dagger's kiss ;
Laden with the chill of death
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps
To the couch where Olaf sleeps ;
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,
His eyes meet hers.

"What is that," King Olaf said,
"Gleams so bright above thy head ?
Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight ?"

"'T is the bodkin that I wear
When at night I bind my hair ;
It woke me falling on the floor ;
'T is nothing more."

Forests have ears, and fields have
eyes ;
Often treachery lurking lies
Underneath the fairest hair !
Gudrun beware !"

Ere the earliest peep of morn
Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn ;
And forever sundered ride
Bridegroom and bride !

IX.

THANGBRAND THE PRIEST.

SHORT of stature, large of limb,
Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
When in Iceland he appeared.
"Look !" they said,
With nodding head,
"There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chryso-
stome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,
Everywhere
Would drink and swear,
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest.

In his house this malecontent
Could the King no longer bear,
So to Iceland he was sent
To convert the heathen there,
And away
One summer day
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books
Pored the people day and night,
But he did not like their looks,
Nor the songs they used to write.
"All this rhyme
Is waste of time !"
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
Came the Scalds and Saga men ;
Is it to be wondered at,
That they quarrelled now and
then,
When o'er his beer
Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest ?

All the folk in Altafiord
Boasted of their island grand ;
Saying in a single word,
"Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon !"
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest.

And he answered : "What's the use
Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town !"
Every Scald
Satires scrawled
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that ;
And what vexed him most of all
Was a figure in shovel hat,
Drawn in charcoal on the wall ;
With words that go
Sprawling below,
"This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,
Then he smote them might and
main,

Thorvald Veile and Veterlid
 Lay there in the alehouse slain.
 "To-day we are gold,
 To-morrow mould!"
 Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
 Back to Norway sailed he then.
 "O, King Olaf! little hope
 Is there of these Iceland men!"
 Meekly said,
 With bending head,
 Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

X.

RAUD THE STRONG.

"ALL the old gods are dead,
 All the wild warlocks fled;
 But the White Christ lives and
 reigns,
 And throughout my wide domains
 His Gospel shall be spread!"
 On the Evangelists
 Thus swore King Olaf.

But still in dreams of the night
 Beheld he the crimson light,
 And heard the voice that defied
 Him who was crucified,
 And challenged him to the fight.
 To Sigurd the Bishop
 King Olaf confessed it.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,
 "The old gods are not dead,
 For the great Thor still reigns,
 And among the Jarls and Thaness
 The old witchcraft still is spread."
 Thus to King Olaf
 Said Sigurd the Bishop.

"Far north in the Salten Fiord,
 By rapine, fire, and sword,
 Lives the Viking, Raud the Strong;
 All the Godoe Isles belong
 To him and his heathen horde."
 Thus went on speaking
 Sigurd the Bishop.

"A warlock, a wizard is he,
 And lord of the wind and the sea;

And whichever way he sails,
 He has ever favoring gales,
 By his craft in sorcery."
 Here the sign of the cross made
 Devoutly King Olaf.

"With rites that we both abhor,
 He worships Odin and Thor;
 So it cannot yet be said,
 That all the old gods are dead,
 And the warlocks are no more,"
 Flushing with anger
 Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Then King Olaf cried aloud:
 "I will talk with this mighty Raud,
 And along the Salten Fiord
 Preach the Gospel with my sword,
 Or be brought back in my shroud!"
 So northward from Drontheim
 Sailed King Olaf!

XI.

BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN FIORD.

LOUD the angry wind was wailing
 As King Olaf's ships came sailing
 Northward out of Drontheim haven
 To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray
 drenches
 Fore and aft the rowers' benches,
 Not a single heart is craven
 Of the champions there on
 board.

All without the Fiord was quiet,
 But within it storm and riot,
 Such as on his Viking cruises
 Raud the Strong was wont to
 ride.

And the sea through all its tide-ways
 Swept the reeling vessels sideways,
 As the leaves are swept through
 sluices,
 When the flood-gates open wide.

"'T is the warlock! 't is the demon
 Raud!" cried Sigurd to the seamen;
 "But the Lord is not affrighted
 By the witchcraft of his foes."

To the ship's bow he ascended,
By his choristers attended,
Round him were the tapers lighted,
And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,
In his robes, as one transfigured,
And the Crucifix he planted
High amid the rain and mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled
All the ship; the mass-bells tinkled;
Loud the monks around him
chanted,
Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted,
On each side the water parted;
Down a path like silver molten
Steadily rowed King Olaf's
ships;

Steadily burned all night the tapers,
And the White Christ through the
vapors
Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,
As through John's Apoc-
alypse,—

Till at last they reached Raud's
dwelling
On the little isle of Gelling;
Not a guard was at the doorway,
Not a glimmer of light was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded,
Lay the dragon-ship he builded;
'T was the grandest ship in Norway,
With its crest and scales of
green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping,
To the loft where Raud was sleep-
ing,
With their fists they burst asunder
Bolt and bar that held the door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they
found him,
Dragged him from his bed and
bound him,
While he stared with stupid wonder,
At the look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said: "O Sea-
King!

Little time have we for speaking,
Choose between the good and evil;
Be baptized, or thou shalt die!"

But in scorn the heathen scoffer
Answered: "I disdain thine offer;
Neither fear I God nor Devil;
Thee and thy Gospel I defy!"

Then between his jaws distended,
When his frantic struggles ended,
Through King Olaf's horn an adder'
Touched by fire, they forced to
glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,
As he gnawed through bone and
marrow;
But without a groan or shudder,
Raud the Strong blaspheming
died.

Then baptized they all that region—
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,
Far as swims the salmon, leaping,
Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his
sword.

Then he took the carved and gilded
Dragon-ship that Raud had builded,
And the tiller single-handed,
Grasping, steered into the main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er
him,
Southward sailed the ship that bore
him,
Till at Drontheim haven landed
Olaf and his crew again.

XII.

KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS,

At Drontheim, Olaf the King
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,
As he sat in his banquet-hall,

Drinking the nut-brown ale,
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests,
And his horn filled up to the
brim ;

But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
He made of the cross divine,
As he drank, and muttered his
prayers ;

But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of
Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the
King ;

And he cries to Halfred the Scald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
"Sing !"

"Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward."
And he loosened the belt at his
waist,
And in front of the singer placed
His sword.

"Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,
Wherewith at a stroke he hewed
The millstone through and
through,
And Foot-breadth of Thoralf the
Strong,
Were neither so broad nor so long,
Nor so true."

Then the Scald took his harp and
sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining word ;
And the harp-strings a clangor
made,
As if they were struck with the
blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
Broke forth into a shout
That made the rafters ring :
They smote with their fists on the
board,
And shouted, "Long live the
Sword,
And the King !"

But the King said, "O my son,
I miss the bright word in one
Of thy measures and thy
rhymes."
And Halfred the Scald replied,
"In another 't was multiplied,
Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse ;
Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross :
Choose !"

And Halfred the Scald said, "This
In the name of the Lord I kiss,
Who on it was crucified !"
And a shout went round the board,
"In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died !"

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists re-
vealed,
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword,
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Was-hael !
To the Lord !"

XIII.

THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT.

THORBERG SKAFTING, master-
builder,
In his ship-yard by the sea,
Whistled, saying, "'T would be-
wilder

Any man but Thorberg Skafting,
Any man but me !”

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,
Built of old by Raud the Strong,
And King Olaf had commanded
He should build another Dragon,
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skaft-
ing,

As he sat with half-closed eyes,
And his head turned sideways, draft-
ing

That new vessel for King Olaf
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and ham-
mered

Mallet huge and heavy axe ;
Workmen laughed and sang and
clamored ;

Whirled the wheels, that into rig-
ging
Spun the shining flax !

All this tumult heard the master,—
It was music to his ear ;
Fancy whispered all the faster,
“ Men shall hear of Thorberg Skaft-
ing
For a hundred year !”

Workmen sweating at the forges
Fashioned iron bolt and bar,
Like a warlock's midnight orgies
Smoked and bubbled the black cal-
dron
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,
Thorberg Skafting, any curse ?
Could you not be gone a minute
But some mischief must be doing,
Turning bad to worse ?

'T was an ill wind that came waft-
ing,

From his homestead words of
woe ;

To his farm went Thorberg Skaft-
ing,

Oft repeating to his workmen,
Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning
Came the master back by night ;
To his ship-yard longing, yearning,
Hurried he, and did not leave it
Till the morning's light.

“ Come and see my ship, my dar-
ling !”

On the morrow said the King ;
“ Finished now from keel to carling ;
Never yet was seen in Norway
Such a wondrous thing !”

In the ship-yard, idly talking,
At the ship the workmen stared :
Some one, all their labor balking,
Down her sides had cut deep gashes,
Not a plank was spared !

“ Death be to the evil-doer !”
With an oath King Olaf spoke ;
“ But rewards to his pursuer !”
And with wrath his face grew redder
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling,
Answered thus the angry King :
“ Cease blaspheming and reviling,
Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting
Who has done this thing !”

Then he chipped and smoothed the
planking,

Till the King, delighted, swore,
With much lauding and much
thanking,

“ Handsomer is now my Dragon
Than she was before !”

Seventy ells and four extended
On the grass the vessel's keel ;
High above it, gilt and splendid,
Rose the figure-head ferocious
With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the
tressels,

In the ship-yard by the sea ;
She was the grandest of all vessels,
Never ship was built in Norway
Half so fine as she !

The Long Serpent was she
christened,
'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer !
They who to the Saga listened
Heard the name of Thorberg Skafft-
ing
For a hundred year !

XIV.

THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT.

SAFE at anchor in Drontheim bay
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,
And, striped with white and blue,
Downward fluttered sail and banner,
As alights the screaming lanner;
Lustily cheered, in their wild man-
ner,
The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the
Red;
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
His teeth as large and white;
His beard, of gray and russet
blended,
Round as a swallow's nest descended;
As standard-bearer he defended
Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,
Like the King in garb and face,
So gallant and so hale;
Every cabin-boy and varlet
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet;
Like a river, frozen and star-lit,
Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,
A figure gaunt and grand;
On his hairy arm imprinted
Was an anchor, azure-tinted;
Like Thor's hammer, huge and
dinted
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
To the winds his golden hair,
By the mainmast stood ;
Graceful was his form, and slender,
And his eyes were deep and tender
As a woman's, in the splendor
Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork
Watched the sailors at their work :
Heavens ! how they swore !
Thirty men they each commanded,
Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,
Shoulders broad, and chests ex-
panded,
Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,
With King Olaf sailed the seas,
Till the waters vast
Filled them with a vague devotion,
With the freedom and the motion,
With the roll and roar of ocean
And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,
How they roared through Dron-
theim's street,
Boisterous as the gale !
How they laughed and stamped and
pounded,
Till the tavern roof resounded,
And the host looked on astounded
As they drank the ale !

Never saw the wild North Sea
Such a gallant company
Sail its billows blue !
Never, while they cruised and
quarrelled,
Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth
Harald,
Owned a ship so well apparelled,
Boasted such a crew !

XV.

A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR.

A LITTLE bird in the air
Is singing of Thyri the fair,
The sister of Svend the Dane;
And the song of the garrulous bird
In the streets of the town is heard,
And repeated again and again.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

To King Burislaf, it is said,
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,
And a sorrowful bride went she ;

And after a week and a day,
She has fled away and away,
From his town by the stormy sea.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and
through cold,
Through weald, they say, and
through wold,

By day and by night, they say,
She has fled ; and the gossips report
She has come to King Olaf's court,
And the town is all in dismay.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,
Has talked with the beautiful
Queen ;

And they wonder how it will end ;
For surely, if here she remain,
It is war with King Svend the
Dane,

And King Burislaf the Vend !
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

O, greatest wonder of all !
It is published in hamlet and hall,
It roars like a flame that is
fanned !

The King—yes, Olaf the King—
Has wedded her with his ring,
And Thyri is queen in the land !
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

XVI.

QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS.

NORTHWARD over Drontheim,
Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,
Sang the lark and linnet
From the meadows green ;

Weeping in her chamber,
Lonely and unhappy,
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,
On the roof above her
Softly cooed the dove ;

But the sound she heard not,
Nor the sunshine heeded,
For the thoughts of Thyri
Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,
Beautiful as morning,
Like the sun at Easter
Shone his happy face ;

In his hand he carried
Angelicas uprooted,
With delicious fragrance
Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Even the smile of Olaf
Could not cheer her gloom ;

Nor the stalks he gave her
With a gracious gesture,
And with words as pleasant
As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,
And her jewelled fingers
Through the green leaves glistened
Like the dew of morn ;

But she cast them from her,
Haughty and indignant,
On the floor she threw them
With a look of scorn.

" Richer presents," said she,
" Gave King Harald Gormson
To the Queen, my mother,
Than such worthless weeds ;

" When he ravaged Norway,
Laying waste the kingdom,
Seizing scatt and treasure
For her royal needs.

" But thou darest not venture
Through the Sound to Vendland,
My domains to rescue
From King Burislaf ;

"Lest King Svend of Denmark,
Forked Beard, my brother,
Scatter all thy vessels
As the wind the chaff."

Then up sprang King Olaf,
Like a reindeer bounding,
With an oath he answered
Thus the luckless Queen :

"Never yet did Olaf
Fear King Svend of Denmark ;
This right hand shall hale him
By his forked chin !"

Then he left the chamber,
Thundering through the doorway,
Loud his steps resounded
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult,
Through the streets of Drontheim
Strode he red and wrathful,
With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered,
Summoned all his forces,
Making his war levy
In the region round ;

Down the coast of Norway,
Like a flock of sea-gulls,
Sailed the fleet of Olaf
Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless,
Steered he the Long Serpent,
Strained the creaking cordage,
Bent each boom and gaff ;

Till in Vendland landing,
The domains of Thyri
He redeemed and rescued
From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing,
"Not ten yoke of oxen
Have the power to draw us
Like a woman's hair !

"Now will I confess it,
Better things are jewels
Than angelica stalks are
For a Queen to wear."

XVII.

KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD

LOUDLY the sailors cheered
Svend of the Forked Beard,
As with his fleet he steered
Southward to Vendland ;
Where with their courses hauled
All were together called,
Under the Isle of Svald
Near to the mainland.

After Queen Gunhild's death,
So the old Saga saith,
Plighted King Svend his faith
To Sigrid the Haughty ;
And to avenge his bride,
Soothing her wounded pride,
Over the waters wide
King Olaf sought he.

Still on her scornful face,
Blushing with deep disgrace,
Bore she the crimson trace
Of Olaf's gauntlet ;
Like a malignant star,
Blazing in heaven afar,
Red shone the angry scar
Under her frontlet.

Oft to King Svend she spake,
"For thine own honor's sake
Shalt thou swift vengeance take
On the vile coward !"
Until the King at last,
Gusty and overcast,
Like a tempestuous blast
Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared,
Svend of the Forked Beard
High his red standard reared,
Eager for battle ;
While every warlike Dane,
Seizing his arms again,
Left all unsown the grain,
Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King
Summoned in haste a Thing,
Weapons and men to bring
In aid of Denmark ;

Eric the Norseman, too,
As the war-tidings flew,
Sailed with a chosen crew
From Lapland and Finmark.

So upon Easter day
Sailed the three kings away,
Out of the sheltered bay,
In the bright season ;
With them Earl Sigvald came,
Eager for spoil and fame ;
Pity that such a name
Stooped to such treason !

Safe under Svald at last,
Now were their anchors cast,
Safe from the sea and blast,
Plotted the three kings ;
While, with a base intent,
Southward Earl Sigvald went,
On a foul errand bent,
Unto the Sea-kings.

Thence to hold on his course,
Unto King Olaf's force,
Lying within the hoarse
Mouths of Stet-haven ;
Him to ensnare and bring,
Unto the Danish king,
Who his dead corse would fling
Forth to the raven !

XVIII.

KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD

On the gray sea-sands
King Olaf stands,
Northward and seaward
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl
The sea-tides curl,
Washing the sandals
Of Sigvald the Earl.

Th mariners shout,
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted,
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,
The anchors are weighed,
Like moths in the distance
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,
The harbor lies dead,
As a corse on the sea-shore,
Whose spirit has fled !

On that fatal day,
The histories say,
Seventy vessels
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide
O'er the billows they ride,
While Sigvald and Olaf
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl : " Follow me !
I your pilot will be,
For I know all the channels
Where flows the deep sea ! "

So into the strait
Where his foes lie in wait,
Gallant King Olaf
Sails to his fate !

Then the sea-fog veils
The ships and their sails ;
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,
Thy vengeance prevails !

XIX.

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS.

" STRIKE the sails ! " King Olaf
said ;
Never shall men of mine take flight ;
Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes !
Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight ! "

" Sound the horns ! " said Olaf the
King ;
And suddenly through the drifting
brume
The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Regnarock,
On the Day of Doom !

Louder and louder the war-horns
sang
Over the level floor of the flood ;
All the sails came down with a
clang,

And there in the mist overhead
The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were
lashed,
So that neither should turn and re-
treat ;
In the midst, but in front of the rest
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-
deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak,
His gilded shield was without a
fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold,
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red
Watched the lashing of the ships ;
" If the Serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here,"
Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,
" Have I a coward on board ?" said
he.
" Shoot it another way, O King !"
Sullenly answered Ulf,
The old sea-wolf ;
" You have need of me !"

In front came Svend, the King of
the Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty
rowers ;
To the right, the Swedish king with
his thanes ;
And on board of the Iron Beard
Earl Eric steered
On the left with his oars.

" These soft Danes and Swedes,"
said the King,
" At home with their wives had
better stay,
Than come within reach of my Ser-
pent's sting :

But where Eric the Norseman leads
Heroic deeds
Will be done to-day !"

Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide,
With which King Olaf's ships were
lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and
snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting !
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King !

XX.

EINAR TAMBERSKELVER.

It was Einar Tamberskelver
Stood beside the mast ;
From his yew-bow, tipped with
silver,
Flew the arrows fast ;
Aimed at Eric unavailing,
As he sat concealed,
Half behind the quarter-railing,
Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,
Just above his head ;
" Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,"
Then Earl Eric said.
" Sing the song of Hakon dying,
Sing his funeral wail !"
And another arrow flying
Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,
As the arrow passed,
Said Earl Eric, " Shoot that bowman
Standing by the mast."
Sooner than the word was spoken
Flew the yeoman's shaft ;
Einar's bow in twain was broken,
Einar only laughed.

" What was that ?" said Olaf,
standing
On the quarter-deck.

"Something heard I like the strand-
ing

Of a shattered wreck."

Einar then, the arrow taking

From the loosened string,

Answered, "That was Norway
breaking

From thy hand, O king !"

"Thou art but a poor diviner,"

Straightway Olaf said ;

"Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,

Let thy shafts be sped."

Of his bows the fairest choosing,

Reached he from above ;

Einar saw the blood-drops oozing

Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow ;

At the first assay,

O'er his head he drew the arrow,

Flung the bow away ;

Said, with hot and angry temper

Flushing in his cheek,

"Olaf ! for so great a Kämper

Are thy bows too weak !"

Then, with smile of joy defiant

On his beardless lip,

Scaled he, light and self-reliant,

Eric's dragon-ship.

Loose his golden locks were flowing,

Bright his armor gleamed ;

Like Saint Michael overthrowing

Lucifer he seemed.

XXI.

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

ALL day has the battle raged,

All day have the ships engaged,

But not yet is assuaged

The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,

The arrows of death are sped,

The ships are filled with the dead,

And the spears the champions
hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,

The grappling-irons are plied,

The boarders climb up the side,

The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah ! never shall Norway again
See her sailors come back o'er the
main ;

They all lie wounded or slain,

Or asleep in the billows blue !

On the deck stands Olaf the King,

Around him whistle and sing

The spears that the foemen fling,

And the stones they hurl with
their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the
spears,

Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,

His shield in the air he uprears,

By the side of King Olaf he
stands.

Over the slippery wreck

Of the Long Serpent's deck

Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,

His lips with anger are pale ;

He hews with his axe at the mast,

Till it falls, with the sails overcast,

Like a snow-covered pine in the vast
Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,

He rushes aft with his men,

As a hunter into the den

Of the bear, when he stands at
bay.

'Remember Jarl Hakon !' he cries ;

When lo ! on his wondering eyes,

Two kingly figures arise,

Two Olafs in warlike array !

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear

Of King Olaf a word of cheer,

In a whisper that none may hear,

With a smile on his tremulous
lip ;

Two shields raised high in the air,

Two flashes of golden hair,

Two scarlet meteors' glare,

And both have leaped from the
ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats

Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,

And cry, from their hairy throats,

"See ! it is Olaf the King !"

While far on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide,
Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
How the King stripped off his mail,
Like leaves of the brown sea-kale,
As he swam beneath the main ;

But the young grew old and gray,
And never, by night or by day,
In his kingdom of Norroway
Was King Olaf seen again !

XXII.

THE NUN OF NIDAROS.

IN the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking,
Without in the darkness.
In gusts of the night-wind
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered,
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,
The beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle !
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wicdest !

"Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry !
Patience is powerful ;
He that overcometh
Hath power o'er the nations !

"As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains ;

"So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining !

"Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit ;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is,
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth !

"Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless ;
Day dawns and thou art not !

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless ;
Love is eternal !
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us ;
Christ is eternal !"

INTERLUDE.

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,
That with its cadence, wild and
sweet,
Made the long Saga more complete.

"Thank God," the Theologian said,
"The reign of violence is dead,

Or dying surely from the world ;
While Love triumphant reigns in-
stead,

And in a brighter sky o'erhead
His blessed banners are unfurled.
And most of all thank God for this :
The war and waste of clashing
creeds

Now end in words, and not in deeds,
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,
For thoughts that men call heresies.

' I stand without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer, with words that
scorch

Like sparks from an inverted torch,
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threatenings of the last
account.

And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's
Prayer,
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

" Must it be Calvin, and not Christ ?
Must it be Athanasian creeds,
Or holy water, books, and beads ?
Must struggling souls remain con-
tent

With councils and decrees of Trent ?
And can it be enough for these
The Christian Church the year em-
balms

With evergreens and boughs of
palms,
And fills the air with litanies ?

" I know that yonder Pharisee
Thanks God that he is not like me ;
In my humiliation dressed,
I only stand and beat my breast,
And pray for human charity.

" Not to one church alone, but
seven,
The voice prophetic spake from
heaven ;

And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same ;
For him that overcometh are
The new name written on the stone,

The raiment white, the crown, the
throne,
And I will give him the Morning
Star !

" Ah ! to how many Faith has been
No evidence of things unseen,
But a dim shadow, that recasts
The creed of the Phantasiasts,
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,
For whom the Tragedy Divine
Was but a symbol and a sign,
And Christ a phantom crucified !

" For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead.
The passing of their beautiful feet
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,
Not as a vulture, but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above.

" And this brings back to me a tale
So sad the hearer well may quail,
And question if such things can be ;
Yet in the chronicles of Spain
Down the dark pages runs this
stain,
And naught can wash them white
again,
So fearful is the tragedy."

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

TORQUEMADA.

In the heroic days when Ferdinand
And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,
And Torquemada, with his subtle
brain,
Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor of
Spain,
In a great castle near Valladolid,
Moated and high and by fair wood-
lands hid,
There dwelt, as from the chronicles
we learn,
An old Hidalgo proud and taciturn,
Whose name has perished, with his
towers of stone,

And all his actions save this one
 alone ;
 This one, so terrible, perhaps 'twere
 best
 If it, too, were forgotten with the
 rest ;
 Unless, perchance, our eyes can see
 therein
 The martyrdom triumphant o'er the
 sin ;
 A double picture, with its gloom
 and glow,
 The splendor overhead, the death
 below.

This sombre man counted each day
 as lost
 On which his feet no sacred thresh-
 old crossed ;
 And when he chanced the passing
 Host to meet,
 He knelt and prayed devoutly in
 the street ;
 Oft he confessed ; and with each
 mutinous thought,
 As with wild beasts at Ephesus, he
 fought.
 In deep contrition scourged himself
 in Lent,
 Walked in processions, with his
 head down bent,
 At plays of Corpus Christi oft was
 seen,
 And on Palm Sunday bore his bough
 of green.
 His only pastime was to hunt the
 boar
 Through tangled thickets of the
 forest hoar,
 Or with his jingling mules to hurry
 down
 To some grand bull-fight in the
 neighboring town,

Or in the crowd with lighted taper
 stand,
 When Jews were burned, or ban-
 ished from the land.
 Then stirred within him a tumultu-
 ous joy ;
 The demon whose delight is to de-
 stroy

Shook him, and shouted with a
 trumpet tone,
 " Kill ! kill ! and let the Lord find
 out his own ! "

And now, in that old castle in the
 wood,
 His daughters, in the dawn of
 womanhood,
 Returning from their convent school,
 had made
 Resplendent with their bloom the
 forest shade,
 Reminding him of their dead
 mother's face,
 When first she came into that
 gloomy place,—
 A memory in his heart as dim and
 sweet
 As moonlight in a solitary street,
 Where the same rays, that lift the
 sea, are thrown
 Lovely but powerless upon walls of
 stone.

These two fair daughters of a
 mother dead
 Were all the dream had left him as
 it fled.
 A joy at first, and then a growing
 care,
 As if a voice within him cried,
 " Beware ! "
 A vague presentiment of impending
 doom,
 Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant
 room,
 Haunted him day and night ; a
 formless fear
 That death to some one of his house
 was near,
 With dark surmises of a hidden
 crime,
 Made life itself a death before its
 time.
 Jealous, suspicious, with no sense
 of shame,
 A spy upon his daughters he be-
 came ;
 With velvet slippers, noiseless on
 the floors,
 He glided softly through half-open
 doors ;

Now in the room, and now upon the
 stair,
 He stood beside them ere they were
 aware ;
 He listened in the passage when they
 talked,
 He watched them from the casement
 when they walked,
 He saw the gypsy haunt the river's
 side,
 He saw the monk among the cork-
 trees glide ;
 And, tortured by the mystery and
 the doubt
 Of some dark secret, past his find-
 ing out,
 Baffled he paused ; then reassured
 again
 Pursued the flying phantom of his
 brain.
 He watched them even when they
 knelt in church ;
 And then, descending lower in his
 search,
 Questioned the servants, and with
 eager eyes
 Listened incredulous to their re-
 plies ;
 The gypsy ? none had seen her in
 the wood !
 The monk ? a mendicant in search
 of food !
 At length the awful revelation
 came,
 Crushing at once his pride of birth
 and name,
 The hopes his yearning bosom for-
 ward cast,
 And the ancestral glories of the past ;
 All fell together, crumbling in dis-
 grace,
 A turret rent from battlement to
 base.
 His daughters talking in the dead
 of night
 In their own chamber, and without
 a light,
 Listening, as he was wont, he over-
 heard,
 And learned the dreadful secret,
 word by word ;
 And hurrying from his castle, with
 a cry

He raised his hands to the unpitying
 sky,
 Repeating one dread word, till bush
 and tree
 Caught it, and shuddering answered,
 " Heresy ! "
 Wrapped in his cloak, his hat drawn
 o'er his face,
 Now hurrying forward, now with
 lingering pace,
 He walked all night the alleys of his
 park,
 With one unseen companion in the
 dark,
 The Demon who within him lay in
 wait,
 And by his presence turned his love
 to hate,
 Forever muttering in an undertone,
 " Kill ! kill ! and let the Lord find
 out his own ! "
 Upon the morrow, after early Mass,
 While yet the dew was glistening
 on the grass,
 And all the woods were musical
 with birds,
 The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful
 words,
 Walked homeward with the Priest,
 and in his room
 Summoned his trembling daughters
 to their doom.
 When questioned, with brief
 answers they replied,
 Nor when accused evaded or denied ;
 Expostulations, passionate appeals,
 All that the human heart most fears
 or feels,
 In vain the Priest with earnest voice
 essayed,
 In vain the father threatened, wept,
 and prayed ;
 Until at last he said, with haughty
 mien,
 " The Holy Office, then, must inter-
 vene ! "
 And now the Grand Inquisitor of
 Spain,
 With all the fifty horsemen of his
 train,
 His awful name resounding, like the
 blast

Of funeral trumpets, as he onward
 passed,
 Came to Valladolid, and there
 began
 To harry the rich Jews with fire and
 ban.
 To him the Hidalgo went, and at
 the gate
 Demanded audience on affairs of
 state,
 And in a secret chamber stood be-
 fore
 A venerable graybeard of fourscore,
 Dressed in the hood and habit of a
 friar ;
 Out of his eyes flashed a consuming
 fire,
 And in his hand the mystic horn he
 held,
 Which poison and all noxious charms
 dispelled.
 He heard in silence the Hidalgo's
 tale,
 Then answered in a voice that made
 him quail :
 "Son of the Church ! when Abra-
 ham of old
 To sacrifice his only son was told,
 He did not pause to parley nor pro-
 test,
 But hastened to obey the Lord's be-
 best.
 In him it was accounted righteous-
 ness ;
 The Holy Church expects of thee no
 less !"

A sacred frenzy seized the father's
 brain,
 And Mercy from that hour implored
 in vain.
 Ah ! who will e'er believe the words
 I say ?
 His daughters he accused, and the
 same day
 They both were cast into the dun-
 geon's gloom,
 That dismal antechamber of the
 tomb,
 Arraigned, condemned, and sen-
 tenced to the flame,
 The secret torture and the public
 shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once
 more
 The Hidalgo went, more eager than
 before,
 And said : " When Abraham offered
 up his son,
 He clave the wood wherewith it
 might be done.
 By his example taught, let me too
 bring
 Wood from the forest for my offer-
 ing !"
 And the deep voice, without a pause,
 replied :
 "Son of the Church ! by faith now
 justified,
 Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou
 wilt ;
 The Church absolves thy conscience
 from all guilt !"

Then this most wretched father
 went his way
 Into the woods, that round his castle
 lay,
 Where once his daughters in their
 childhood played
 With their young mother in the sun
 and shade.
 Now all the leaves had fallen ; the
 branches bare
 Made a perpetual moaning in the
 air,
 And screaming from their eyries
 overhead
 The ravens sailed athwart the sky
 of lead.
 With his own hands he lopped the
 boughs and bound
 Fagots, that crackled with forebod-
 ing sound,
 And on his mules, caparisoned and
 gay
 With bells and tassels, sent them on
 their way.

Then with his mind on one dark pur-
 pose bent,
 Again to the Inquisitor he went,
 And said : " Behold, the fagots I
 have brought,
 And now, lest my atonement be as
 naught,

Grant me one more request, one last desire,—

With my own hand to light the funeral fire!"

And Torquemada answered from his seat,

"Son of the Church! Thine offering is complete;

Her servants through all ages shall not cease

To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace!"

Upon the market-place, builded of stone

The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own.

At the four corners, in stern attitude, Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood,

Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes

Upon this place of human sacrifice, Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd,

With clamor of voices dissonant and loud,

And every roof and window was alive

With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.

The church-bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near,

Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear,

A line of torches smoked along the street,

There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet,

And, with its banners floating in the air,

Slowly the long procession crossed the square,

And, to the statues of the Prophets bound,

The victims stood, with fagots piled around.

Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook,

And louder sang the monks with bell and book,

And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,

Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,

Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,

Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead!

O pitiless skies! why did your clouds retain

For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain?

O pitiless earth! why opened no abyss To bury in its chasm a crime like this?

That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke

From the dark thickets of the forest broke,

And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away,

Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day.

Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed,

And as the villagers in terror gazed, They saw the figure of that cruel knight

Lean from a window in the turret's height,

His ghastly face illumined with the glare,

His hands upraised above his head in prayer,

Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell

Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones

Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones;

His name has perished with him, and no trace

Remains on earth of his afflicted race;

But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,

Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,

Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,

Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath!

INTERLUDE.

THUS closed the tale of guilt and gloom,
That cast upon each listener's face
Its shadow, and for some brief space
Unbroken silence filled the room.
The Jew was thoughtful and distressed;
Upon his memory thronged and pressed
The persecution of his race,
Their wrongs and sufferings and disgrace;
His head was sunk upon his breast,
And from his eyes alternate came
Flashes of wrath and tears of shame.

The student first the silence broke,
As one who long has lain in wait,
With purpose to retaliate,
And thus he dealt the avenging stroke.

"In such a company as this,
A tale so tragic seems amiss,
That by its terrible control
O'ermasters and drags down the soul
Into a fathomless abyss.
The Italian Tales that you disdain,
Some merry Night of Straparole,
Or Machiavelli's Belphegor,
Would cheer us and delight us more,
Give greater pleasure and less pain
Than your grim tragedies of Spain!"

And here the poet raised his hand,
With such entreaty and command,
It stopped discussion at its birth,
And said: "The story I shall tell
Has meaning in it, if not mirth;
Listen, and hear what once befell
The merry birds of Killingworth!"

THE POET'S TALE.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

It was the season, when through all
the land
The merle and mavis build, and
building sing

Those lovely lyrics, written by His
hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the
Blithe-heart King;
When on the boughs the purple
buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of
the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and
leap,
And wave their fluttering signals
from the steep.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping
loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards
with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still
were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should
mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a
crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer in-
cessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry,
and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our
daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of pas-
sage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language
strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing
hailed
The village with the cheers of all
their fleet;
Or quarrelling together, laughed
and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the
street
Of seaport town, and with out-
landish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening
girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in
Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred
years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled
the earth,

Heard with alarm the cawing of
the crow,
That mingled with the universal
mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating
woe ;
They shook their heads, and doomed
with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race
of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened
straightway
To set a price upon the guilty
heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of
pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden
beds
And corn-fields, and beheld without
dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his
fluttering shreds ;
The skeleton that waited at their
feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was
increased.

Then from his house, a temple
painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof
of red,
The Squire came forth, august and
splendid sight !
Slowly descending, with majestic
tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking
left nor right,
Down the long street he walked,
as one who said,
" A town that boasts inhabitants
like me
Can have no lack of good society ! "

The Parson, too, appeared, a man
austere,
The instinct of whose nature was
to kill ;
The wrath of God he preached from
year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards
on the Will ;
His favorite pastime was to slay
the deer

In summer on some Adirondac
hill ;
E'en now, while walking down the
rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with
his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry
crowned
The hill of Science with its vane
of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly
round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the
green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries pro-
found
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as
bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his
door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth,
white as snow ;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore ;
His form was ponderous, and his
step was slow ;
There never was so wise a' man be-
fore ;
He seemed the incarnate " Well,
I told you so ! "
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him
in town.

These came together in the new
town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the
region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and
tall,
His air impressive and his reason-
ing sound ;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great
and small ;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd
they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes
beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place
apart,

Rose the Preceptor, to redress the
wrong,

And, trembling like a steed before
the start,

Looked round bewildered on the
expectant throng;

Then thought of fair Almira, and
took heart

To speak out what was in him,
clear and strong,

Alike regardless of their smile or
frown,

And quite determined not to be
laughed down.

“Plato, anticipating the Reviewers’
From his Republic banished with-
out pity

The Poets; in this little town of
yours;

You put to death, by means of a
Committee,

The ballad-singers and the Trouba-
dours,

The street-musicians of the
heavenly city,

The birds, who make sweet music
for us all

In our dark hours, as David did for
Saul.

“The thrush that carols at the dawn
of day

From the green steeples of the
piny wood;

The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his
food;

The blue-bird balanced on some
topmost spray,

Flooding with melody the neigh-
borhood;

Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the
throng

That dwell in nests, and have the
gift of song.

“You slay them all! and where
fore? for the gain

Of a scant handful more or less of
wheat,

Or rye, or barley, or some other
grain,

Scratched up at random by in-
dustrious feet,

Searching for worm or weevil after
rain!

Or a few cherries, that are not so
sweet

As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable
breasts.

“Do you ne’er think what wondrous
beings these?

Do you ne’er think who made
them, and who taught

The dialect they speak, where melo-
dies

Alone are the interpreters of
thought?

Whose household words are songs
in many keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man
e’er caught!

Whose habitations in the tree-tops
even

Are half-way houses on the road to
heaven!

“Think, every morning when the
sun peeps through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of
the grove,

How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of
love!

And when you think of this, re-
member too

’T is always morning somewhere,
and above

The awakening continents, from
shore to shore,

Somewhere the birds are singing
evermore.

“Think of your woods and orchards
without birds!

Of empty nests that cling to
boughs and beams

As in an idiot’s brain remembered
words

Hang empty ’mid the cobwebs of
his dreams!

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of
herds

Make up for the lost music, when
your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and
no more
The feathered gleaners follow to
your door?

'What! would you rather see the
incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the
hay,
And hear the locust and the grass-
hopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies
play?
Is this more pleasant to you than
the whirr
Of meadow-lark, and its sweet
roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as
you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush
and brake?

"You call them thieves and pil-
lagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of
your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the
insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a
hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the
crow,
Renders good service as your
man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of
mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and
snail.

"How can I teach your children
gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reve-
rence
For Life, which, in its weakness or
excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnip-
otence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness,
is no less
The selfsame light, although
averted hence,

When by your laws, your actions,
and your speech,
You contradict the very things I
teach?"

With this he closed; and through
the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of
dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded,
and some bent
Their yellow heads together like
their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun senti-
ment
Who put their trust in bullocks
and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the
record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of
crows.

There was another audience out of
reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in
making laws,
But in the papers read his little
speech,
And crowned his modest temples
with applause,
They made him conscious, each one
more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished
in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won
from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er
woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-
stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight
of man,
While the young died of famine
in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not
words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!
The Summer came, and all the birds
were dead;

